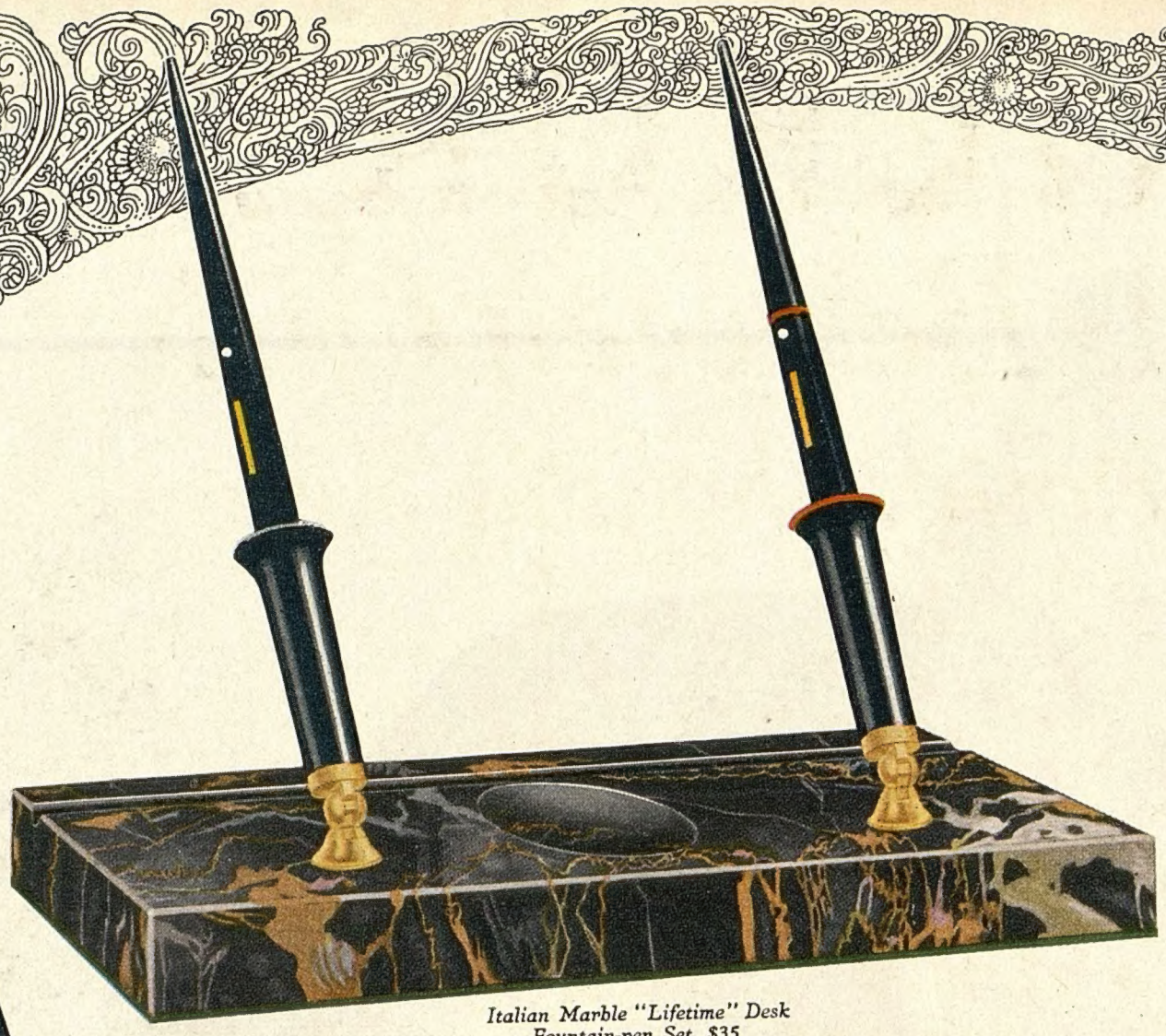
WEEK ENDING NOV. 5, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

In this Issue THE PROFESSOR STRUTS HIS STUFF *by* ACHMED ABDULLAH *and* NORTH OF FIFTY-THIRD *by* VIÑA DELMAR



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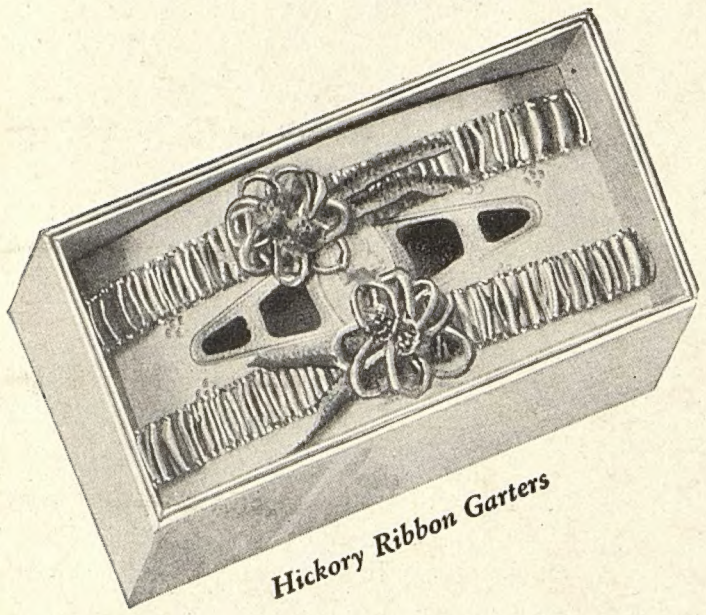

Hickory Ribbon Garters

For the Girl who's dainty and sweet and loves pretty things—buy Hickory Ribbon Garters. You'll enjoy choosing them—so many new designs, so many smart colors, such a variety of pert bows and bright buckles, sheer lace and fine flowers. Hickory Garters have the clever touches that make them *New!* In lovely embossed box, 50c, $1 and up.

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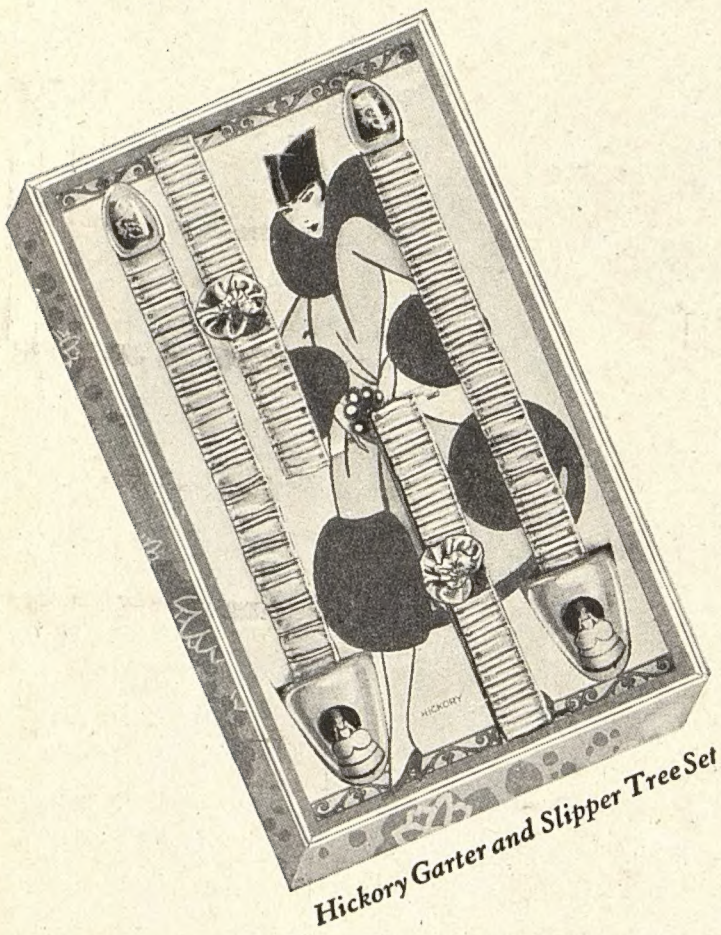
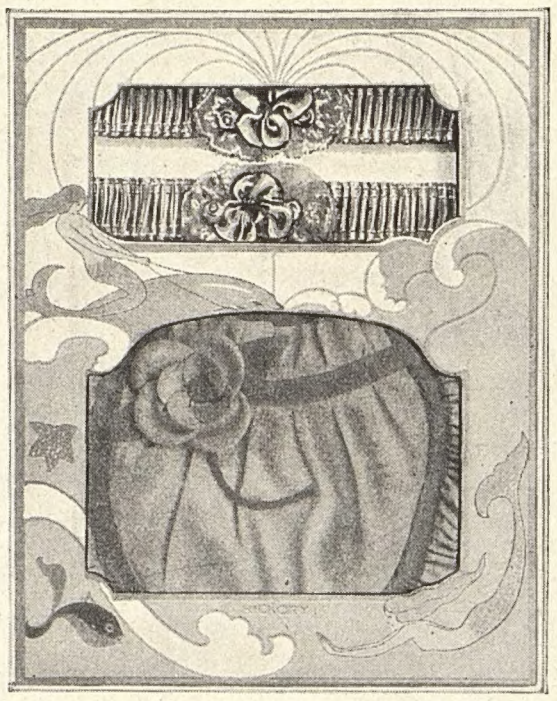


Hickory Garter and Slipper Tree Set

For the Girl "who has everything" this novelty set solves what-to-give. Shirred ribbon slipper trees and shirred ribbon garters—isn't that a useful combination? The garters are flower trimmed and the shoe trees have stenciled ends. The set, any shade, in colorful box, $1.



Hickory Garter and Tea Apron Set

For the girl who has her own home, or likes to do things domestic, choose this Hickory Garter and Tea Apron set. The garters are shirred with toned ribbon, and the frilled rubber tea apron harmonizes in color and presents a flower trimmed pocket. These sets, in her favorite color, in attractive gift box, $1 and up.

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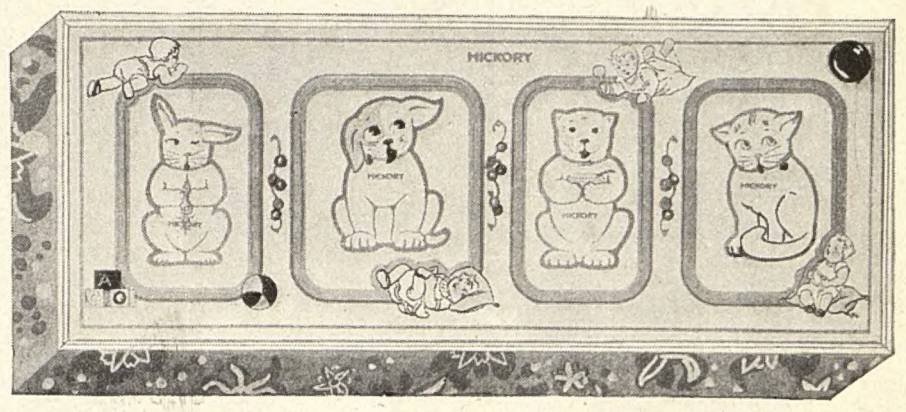

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Nov. 5, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 4 No. 27

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WAR AND LANGUAGE

The delusion is today encouraged that because people speak the same language they will not go to war with each other. It is a dangerous delusion. Dangerous because it is easy to believe. It springs from the familiar psychological saw that "the wish is father to the thought."

John Daniels, secretary of the English-Speaking Union of the United States, gave new voice to this delusion recently.

"The underlying unity that is born and grows from common speech makes war between English-speaking peoples next to impossible," said Mr. Daniels. How can a man go so glibly counter to the lessons of history?

In our brief national career we have engaged in five foreign wars and two of them were with England. We won the first after seven years and were whipped through most of the second.

Our worst war, and one that nearly wrecked us, was between ourselves. Common language certainly did not lessen the ferocity of the combats at Fredericksburg, Shiloh, Gettysburg, or the Wilderness.

England's own bloodiest conflicts have been Britons against Britons. The Wars of the Roses all but finished them. Roundhead and Cavalier in Cromwell's time exterminated each other with a right good will.

The whole of history, from the Peloponnesian wars on down, proves that unity of speech never prevented armed clashes.

It would be calamitous for both nations as well as for the entire world should we go to war with England. But that patent fact will not necessarily prevent such a war. The world has plunged gaily enough into catastrophes and calamities many times ere this. It will do so again in the future.

People lack the capacity for clear thinking about war. They will not be realists. We all remember back before 1914 that a world war was "impossible." But it came. That if it came it could not last. But it lasted.

Propaganda that seeks to bring about a closer understanding among English-speaking peoples is praiseworthy. But it is always wise to remember that the closest ties of blood kinship and language do not stop war. Just as quarrels between brothers or cousins often are bitterest. Common sense is a better foundation than sentimentality to build toward permanent peace. When the next war comes—perhaps against bolshevism—let us hope we stand with Britain, not against her.

LINDBERGH'S COLLEGE EDUCATION

The records of the University of Wisconsin, where Colonel Lindbergh passed a brief career, show that he set no rivers afire because of his scholastic brilliance.

Lindbergh and college didn't agree.

He displayed a peculiar aptitude in courses that require precise muscular co-ordination, manual dexterity. In the theoretical studies he did not do so well.

He seems to have struggled along through his freshman year and part of his sophomore year without being able to get up much interest in his work. At the end of the first semester of his second year he "withdrew from the university."

"I wasn't canned from the university—I kicked myself out."

That is Lindbergh's own explanation of what happened.

His failure to adjust himself to the demands of academic life is not unusual. As a college student he just didn't "click." History offers many notable examples of similar maladjustment.

Edgar Allan Poe was a complete dud as a West Pointer and undoubtedly was miserable all the time he was there.

Shelley could not adjust himself to life at Oxford and finally was kicked out. The social theories he advocated were more severely frowned upon then than they are now.

Lindbergh's temperament is active, dynamic. Probably he did himself no harm by "kicking himself out" of college. His subsequent career indicates that he knew his own needs better than the profs did.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

WHEN Richthofen swooped down upon what he thought would be his eighty-first victim, a Canadian boy's bullet ended the career of the greatest German ace. The thrilling, detailed story of his death is told in the next instalment of The Red Knight of Germany, by Floyd Gibbons.

Arthur Somers Roche, in a short story, Success, proves that there is no definition of the word.

Also, Edward Doherty, in The Fall of the House of Armour, tells of a great business tragedy, while Ruth Ridenour shows you why you're what you are in The Inferiority Complex—What of It?

November 5, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 4, No. 27

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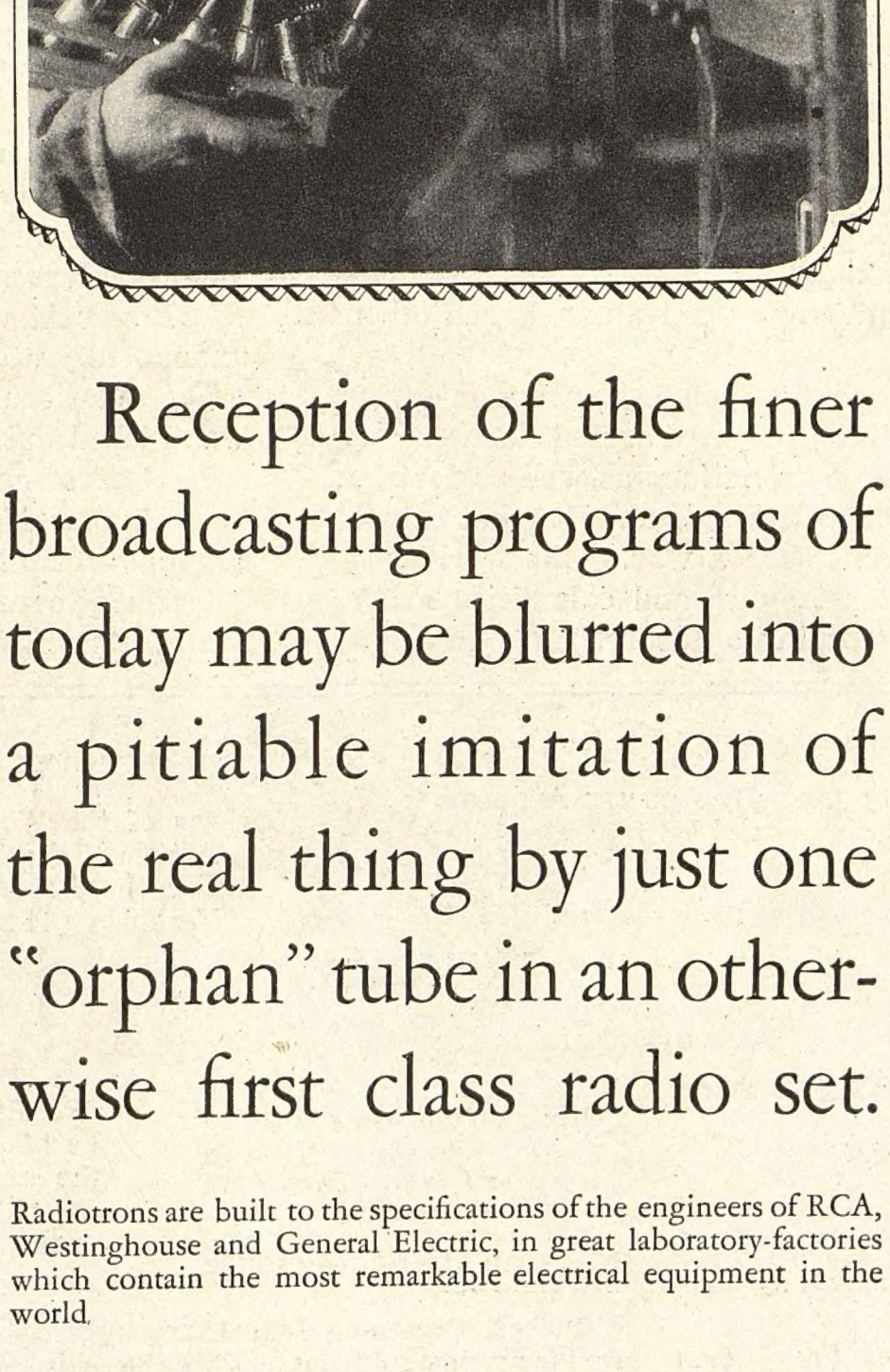

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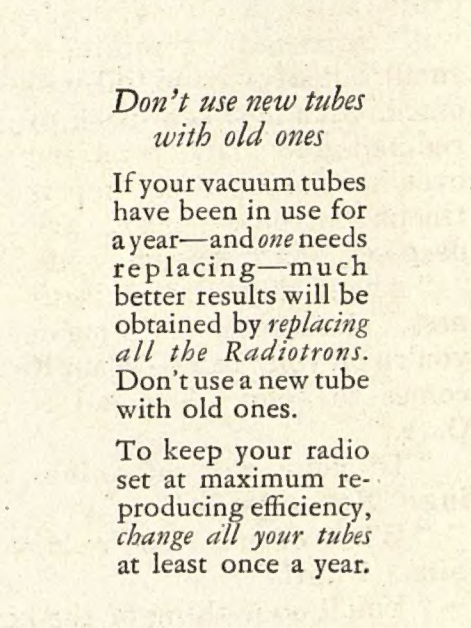

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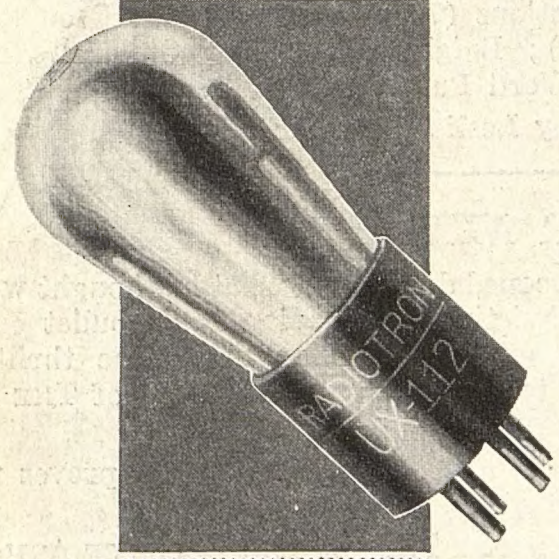

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The Professor STRUTS His Stuff

The Romance of an Accidental Hero

A Short Story by

ACHMED ABDULLAH

(Reading time: 21 minutes 10 seconds.)

"OH, Dad—you're all wet—at least about John!"

"Mind translating?"

"For the love o' Pete! Don't you know English?"

"Nothing else. That's why I asked you to translate."

"Swell!" she exclaimed admiringly. "You scored there!"

She smiled. So did he. His wife had died when Priscilla was a young girl, and father and daughter had always been very close; were very much alike in their salient traits of loyalty, stubbornness, and rather audacious self-reliance.

Somehow they even looked alike, though Cyrus W. Wade was intensely masculine with his bulky frame, his square chin, his shock of curly iron-gray hair, while Priscilla was intensely feminine—small, but strong and full-bosomed, with a silken mesh of reddish-gold hair tumbling over her forehead, an impertinent retroussé nose, and deep-set, hazel-brown eyes.

"About that all-wet business," she went on. "I mean you're off your base—when it comes to John. The lad is O. K."

"To your way of thinking. Not to mine."

"What of it? You're not going to marry him. I am!"

"You'll do nothing of the kind."

"How come?"

"Because he is what he is."

"Not to forget because *you* are what you *are!* A bloated plutocrat—while John has only his professorial stipend."

"You're doing me an injustice. I'm not that sort of a snob. Money has nothing to do with it."

"What has?"

"Manhood. Spunk."

"What makes you so sure John hasn't spunk, Dad?"

"I can tell. Why—just look at him!" And he pointed toward a young man who was approaching their table, sifting his near-sighted way across the veranda of the Grand Hôtel d'Afrique, that was crowded with people sipping their after-dinner coffee and liqueurs.

SHE walked away, leaving the two men helplessly facing each other. They were both silent.

Indeed, Professor John Cartwright seemed decidedly insignificant. Thin he was, pale, with a head inclined to droop and rather too large for his body. It would have taken more than a casual glance—and he seldom got more than a casual glance—to notice that his lips were firm, his forehead a bold, uncompromising dome, and his blue eyes, behind the large spectacles, frank and good-humored.

"Look at him!" repeated Cyrus W. Wade.

"I *am* looking at him!" replied Priscilla. "I *like* looking at him. That's why I'll marry him."

Pictures by J. W. SCHLAIKJER

"You won't!"

"Oh—won't I?" Then, as Professor Cartwright stopped at their table, she turned to him: "Won't I, John?"

"Won't you—what?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE PROFESSOR STRUTS HIS STUFF]
Continued from Page Seven

"Won't I marry you?"

"Oh—" the Professor sank into a chair—"if—if—" he slurred; stammered.

"Come through with the rest of the sentence!"

"If you feel like it, dear!"

"Good Lord! If I feel like it! You're the punkest sweetheart who ever . . . I'll have to teach you—lots—after we're married."

She rose. "I've a bridge date with three cunning little Frenchmen. You and Dad better talk over the wedding arrangements."

And she walked away, leaving the two men helplessly facing each other.

They were both silent; stared into the distance, where, beyond the hotel veranda, the ancient Moorish town of Farrakesh etched its bulbous domes and lance-sharp minarets against the flaming evening sky; listened distractedly to the froth of malicious, ironic conversation that was tossed from table to table:

"Such a gorgeously unlikely town—don't you think?"

"Quite so. The Arabian Nights overlaid by Manchester!"

"The Koran by Bradstreet!"

"The Prophet Mohammed by David Belasco!"

"Harun-al-Raschid by Charlie Chaplin!"

"I love it! There are no conventions here!"

"Conventions . . . ah—the suspenders on the hose of respectability!"

"Conventions?" echoed a beautiful dark woman with eyes full of sultry and brooding promises. "I don't know the meaning of the word."

"Personally, I class them with the comic virtues, *Principessa mia.*"

"Comic virtues . . .?"

"Yes—like chastity . . ."

And laughter, followed by another shimmering, mazed avalanche of repartee.

SOME of the people, like Cyrus W. Wade, his daughter, and Professor Cartwright, were tourists, while the majority were either business men or adventurers—the new type of adventurer who, unlike the former type with rifle across shoulder and knife in his boot, blends a spurious bank-account with slightly less spurious social credentials.

For, since the French occupation, Farrakesh—once, during the rule of the Moroccan sultans, a sleepy, medieval town, though the heart of a rich territory that had hardly been scratched—was rapidly becoming a jazzy boom town of almost Florida pattern, but retaining a tense Oriental undertone and adding thereto a cloying, sickly aroma of everything smart and unwholesome between Paris and London, between Barcelona and Berlin.

They came like jackals to the reek of carrion. They came as fast as steamers could carry and automobiles could bump them overland from the little seaport of Mogador: bankers, usurers, merchants, gamblers, concession-hunters, mineral prospectors, oil experts, traveling salesmen, land speculators—all the elements of that warring, illogical motley which, rightly or wrongly, treks through the pages of history under the banner of modern civilization.

Decent business men, a few.

Hard-boiled adventurers, mostly.

And their local Mecca was the Grand Hôtel d'Afrique. There, nightly, on the veranda, with a palm-screened orchestra hiccuping the latest lascivious Tin-Pan Alley Charleston, they gossiped, lied, bartered, made love, got drunk; while below, through the narrow, zigzagging streets, passed the natives—a clashing, melodramatic North African hodgepodge; bare-legged, vulpine Riffians, in earth-gray folds of camel's wool, stalking along in the arrogance of ancient dirt and ancient pride; boisterous, laughing Moroccan Jews, ludicrously topping flowing robes with bowler hats, those first-fruits of European progress; thin-featured Berbers, with a crackle and threat of steel in their tightly twisted waist-shawls; impassive,

"I'll kill you! I'll kill you!" "No,"

statuesque Arabs, many with a hint of Vandal or Goth in reddish gold of hair and greenish blue of eyes; Negroes of a dozen tribes and tints, ranging from the chocolate brown of Timbuktu to the amazing shiny ebony of the Great Lakes.

Workers all, toiling hard for lean comforts.

Yet chattels all, serfs, helots to be exploited and sucked dry, according to the adventurers on the veranda. And among the latter, the acknowledged bully and cock-o'-the-walk, was a certain Captain Malcolm Wren, a tall, beefy Yorkshireman, whose military rank was apocryphal and who was president of the Anglo-African Development Company—a concern the shares of which were most decidedly not considered a sound investment for widows, orphans, and savings-banks.

Captain Wren had just come up from the street; stepped out on the veranda with a swagger and strut.

"Have a drink?" a Frenchman hailed him.

"Drinks are on me!"

"Oh—business looking up?"

"Shame to take the money." Wren talked in a loud voice, so that all the world might know

cried the Professor.

and admire. "Remember Si Abdelkadr, that decrepit Arab aristocrat?"

"Yes. What about him?"

"I bought his place—his olive orchards."

People heard; crowded near. Si Abdelkadr's orchards were famous, had long been coveted.

"I tried to buy his place the other day," said a Belgian. "He wanted too much—ninety thousand francs—"

"I gave him a hundred thousand," announced Wren.

"You got bilked, old trout."

"I didn't. You see—I didn't pay cash."

"Notes?"

"Even better. I paid him in shares—of my company."

Came laughter.

"Drinks *are* on good old Wren!"

"Champagne!"

"Champagne all round!"

"Waiter! Waiter!"

"Cheerio!"

"Crooks!" commented Professor Cartwright under his breath, succinctly and unacademically.

"Crooks indeed!" agreed Cyrus W. Wade.

HE looked at the other consideringly. In a way he liked him. He did not want to hurt his feelings.

Still, for the reason he had told his daughter, he did not care for him as a son-in-law; and here he saw an entering wedge for trenchant argument. So he continued:

"Crooks or not—they've something in their favor—something which you haven't."

"Oh . . .?"

"Mind if I use plain Anglo-Saxon?"

"Not at all."

"You see—oh"—the older man hesitated—"I don't like to offend you . . ."

"Don't worry, Mr. Wade. I taught school—in South Boston. . . ."

"Very well. These men—these adventurers—have guts . . ."

"And I haven't?"

"At least I don't think you have."

"You believe it necessary for people to have physical courage?"

"Necessary in your case!"

"In *my* case? Why—I am a professor. I am not a policeman, or a sailor, or a . . ."

"But you want to marry Priscilla!"

"What has she to do with . . .?"

"Lots! My daughter says she loves you—is convinced she does. And you—pardon me—you love her?"

"With all my heart!"

Cyrus W. Wade sighed.

"I'm sorry for you," he went on.

"Why?"

"You don't know my little girl as I do. She's a regular tomboy. She can ride like a cavalry officer—swim like a duck—play golf like Walter Hagen"—paternal pride was soaring high—"and tennis almost as well as Tilden. She's athletic. And she's afraid of nothing—absolutely nothing. That's what she admires in others—strength and courage . . ."

"Then what can she see in me? I'm not strong—and I don't think I'm very courageous. . . ."

"That's just what's worrying me. Suppose you and she get married . . . you'll be happy, doubtless, for a while. People always are. But—imagine—afterward—when she finds out . . ."

"That I have no—ah—guts . . .?"

"Yes. I hate to admit it—about my own daughter. But I'm afraid she'll lead you one hell of a dance. Take my tip!" And Cyrus W. Wade was perfectly sincere. "Don't marry her. She'll be disappointed in you—and you in her. And then—well—divorce! And I hate divorce. . . ."

"So do I."

"There you are! Think it over!"

And Cyrus W. Wade, rather pleased with himself, rose and walked away, leaving Professor Cartwright to his own coiling thoughts.

He wondered:

"Am I a coward?"

His thoughts roamed back, back through the years.

He was a Bostonian. Back Bay. Just that sort of a Bostonian. His parents had died many years ago. He had been brought up by his guardian, a dear old white-haired Harvard professor of English literature, and by the latter's plump little spinster sister who kept house for him.

All so safe and sure and sane. Even timid. Respectably, irreproachably timid.

Professor of English literature at a Mid-Western university after a few years of teaching school.

Mental work, always. Never physical work. Never even a chance at physical work—nor physical strife. Not even as a schoolboy. He had always been so near-sighted—and so well behaved.

No. Never a fight.

Still, he recalled—smiled as he recalled—how, as a boy, he had liked to imagine himself a hero; how at night, snugly tucked into his bed, he had peopled the dark corners of his room with picaresque figures—fighters, most of them, others explorers, stout sea-captains, famous baseball and football players, a gallant, kilted Highland gentleman or two out of Sir Walter Scott's novels, Paul Revere, *D'Artagnan*, Alexander of Macedon, Chevalier Bayard . . . but all of them heroes, and all with the homely features, the blue eyes, the stringy, dust-yellow hair of one John Cartwright.

He had not become a hero. Life—not to mention near-sightedness—had decreed otherwise. This little trip to North Africa was the only adventure he had ever had.

He smiled. Not much of an adventure!

Still, at least it looked like adventure—this ancient Moorish town—even smelled like adventure.

Glorious, fascinating smells—he thought—drifting up from the crooked streets.

Smells of opium—of sandalwood—of jasmine—of overripe fruit!

Smells that lured him; beckoned to him!

And he finished his mild brandy-and-soda; looked out at the Arab town that squatted below; rose. He would go for a walk through the bazaars. He'd think better walking; think about Priscilla.

HE loved her. So deeply. Dear she was to him. Dearer than the dwelling of kings. And yet—rather lose her, rather never see her again, than some day feel her contempt—because he was a coward. . . . *Was* he a coward?

"I say!" came Captain Wren's strident accents as John Cartwright, in passing, bumped against his chair. "Can't you see where you're going, you bloody fool?"

The Professor blushed.

"I—" he stammered—"I—b-b-beg your pardon."

He crossed the veranda threshold; blushed again as he heard, in back of him, hooting laughter and comments:

"Of all the asses!"

"A Yank!"

"And they say they won the war!"

Laughter once more.

The Professor turned. He was about to exclaim:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE PROFESSOR STRUTS HIS STUFF]
Continued from Page Nine

"We *did* win the war!"

But he reconsidered. He did not know how to fight. And fight it would be. Not that he was afraid of being beaten; not afraid physically. But he was afraid, morally, of the ignominy of being beaten, the shame of defeat.

He shrugged his shoulders. After all, what did it matter? These adventurers—these crooks—half drunk—no good, the whole crew of them . . . let them laugh . . . let them make remarks!

He left the hotel.

AT the corner of the Street of the One-Eyed Jew a youth stepped up to him. He was really only a child; perhaps twelve years of age. His name was Abderrahman—though, because of his diminutive size, he was known throughout Farrakesh as The Eyebrow.

"The salute, Mister Amerikani!" said Abderrahman, giving a polite salaam.

The child's smile was charming; and the Professor smiled too.

"How are you?" he replied.

He was about to pass on, when Abderrahman plucked at his sleeve.

"Come with me, mister! I am dragoman, guide—best damn guide in Morocco."

"I don't need a guide."

"Show you swell damn sights! Elegant! Ah—*hi chouffi!*"—shamelessly lifting his robe waist-high and giving a wiggly dance that would have spelled fame or jail, or both, on Broadway—"hoochee-koochee! Desert women! Swell dance!"

"Good heavens—no, no!"

"Maybe French ladies, mister? Show you elegant French ladies!"

"Oh"—the Professor was shocked, as well as getting slightly annoyed—"be quiet, you indecent little heathen! I don't want women!"

At which the child laughed loudly; threw up his hands; spoke in Arabic to a passing Berber:

"*Ullah hadiq!* Verily I declare that the Lord Allah hath created all Christians mad!"

Then, in English, to the Professor:

"All right. No women. Show you swell bazaars, mister!"

"I know the bazaars."

"Not as well as I do."

And, calmly, the Eyebrow drew his arm through the American's and led him toward the purple maze of the native town, talking volubly the while:

"*Kadesh?* How much do I charge for being guide, you ask?"—though Cartwright had asked nothing of the sort.

"By Allah the Compassionate Compassioner!—am I an Armenian or a Greek, that I should haggle about money with the friend of my soul? For I *am* your friend."

"Since when?" laughed the other.

"Since I saw you with these eyes—and, seeing you, loved you! Yes—by my own and my mother's honor—I love you, mister! I love you damn much! I show you bazaars, I let nobody cheat you—no damn Jew, no damn Arab, no damn Maltese. I know how to buy cheap! *Wah!*—by the honor of my teeth—throw me in the river, and I rise with a fish in my mouth! I jolly damn clever!"

"I've an idea you are. Clever—and persistent—like a flea."

The child smiled with a flash of even, white teeth. Here, to his way of reasoning, was a compliment to be treasured.

"I like you, mister!" he insisted—and meant it.

"And I rather like you, you little heathen!" replied the Professor—and meant it too.

They reached the Bazaar of the Saharan Traders; a labyrinth that filtered the rays of flickering oil lamps on silks and rugs, on copper vessels and clay pots, on weapons and jewels, in ever-shifting patterns, rose and heliotrope and peacock green.

In spite of the late hour—for the tourist season spelled trade—people were still up and about.

The symphony of the mart screamed and coiled.

A chorus of Buy! Buy! Buy!

A raucous chorus of Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!

A chorus, by the same token, of Lies! Lies! Lies!—picturesque lies—good-humored lies—harmless lies, since everybody knew.

Lies quickly and insultingly nailed to the mast by The Eyebrow, who led the American past many a glittering temptation of depleting his purse and purchasing Oriental antiques made in New Jersey or Birmingham.

No doubt about it. Abderrahman was shrewd.

But his language . . .

The Professor did not know Arabic; would have been horrified could he have understood the full, salty abuse which the child heaped on the heads of Arab and Jew, Negro and Berber, Maltese and Tuareg.

"What, O pimple on the nose of the world?" This to a jeweler. "Flawless—this emerald? As flawless as your wife—and she the one with the seventeen lovers!"

Or, to a rug-dealer:

"*Wah!* Why speak courteously to a stinking Saharan? Why anoint a snake's head with rose-oil? Do not speak to me, O less nourishing than a pig's grunt!"

Or, to a wheedling, persistent Jerba Jew:

"Out of my way, O goat cheese at noon! Do not annoy the *Amerikani Effendi!* Or I shall introduce my slippers to your ignoble backside!"

SO they walked on, looking, never buying, until a display of supposedly ancient Moorish weapons caught the Professor's attention. Abderrahman also was attracted; examined some of them; inclined his head.

"Jolly damn good!" he gave judgment. "Want to buy, mister?"

"This one—" Cartwright picked up a small revolver, its butt made of exquisitely damascened silver, overlaid with a delicate pattern of ruby chips.

"I bargain," said Abderrahman. "I know how."

He turned to the merchant, a white-bearded Arab, who began by demanding a thousand francs, to be promptly assured that his female ancestors had been shameless and noseless for seventeen generations, while his male ancestors—by Allah the Redeemer!—Abderrahman was embarrassed to mention the subject . . . still, he had heard in the bazaars that the other's grandfather's grandfather had been blood-brother to nine mangy and illegitimate dogs. . . .

The old Arab laughed.

"Give salaam!" he exclaimed, in honest admiration. "Ah—by the Prophet, on Him the salute!—happy your mother to have such a son! And now—since we are friends—and since you are the Effendi's friend—eight hundred francs—and I am losing money!"

"One hundred francs, O dearly beloved!"

"A delightful jest, O heart of my heart! Seven hundred and fifty francs!"

"One hundred and three!"

At last, triumphantly, in English, Abderrahman said to the Professor:

"You bought it!"

"How much?"

"Two hundred and nine francs. And cheap—cheap."

"Cheap indeed," agreed the American.

He paid; slipped the revolver into his pocket. He would give it to Priscilla.

He smiled at the idea. It was so incongruous. A weapon—from him, the man of peace, to Priscilla.

But it was a beautiful little thing—such delicate workmanship.

"Where we go now, mister?" asked Abderrahman.

"Personally, I'm going home."

They walked along beneath the gathering night. The sky was purple, dipping at the horizon's edge into pallid gold and glittering heliotrope. Against it the minaret of the Mosque of Swords rose like a plume of smoke, immobile in the still air. A wooden drum sobbed in the distance.

Suddenly Cartwright turned to the child trotting patiently by his side.

"Oh—I forgot. How much do I owe you?"

"Owe—*me?*"

"Yes. For being my guide—my dragoman."

Abderrahman stopped; drew himself up haughtily. "You owe me nothing, mister. I like you. I am your friend."

"Forgive me!" The Professor was quite serious. "Tell me," he added, after a pause, "how old are you?"

"Twelve."

"Just the proper age for a large plate of ice-cream . . . what do you think?"

"Oh"—there was in Abderrahman's answer not a trace of the worldly, wicked wisdom of Moorish bazaars, but only the greedy joy of childhood—"I would love it, mister!"

"Come on, then! All the ice-cream your little tummy can hold—and we'll wash it down with enormous quantities of lemonade!"

A FEW minutes later they reached the Grand Hôtel d'Afrique. Out of the African night it leaped at them with a belching, brutal mass of sounds: alcoholic laughter, up there on the veranda; clinking glasses; bursts of speech—the hectic, bilious, futile talk of Europeans in the tropics, in English, French, Italian, German—the usual boastings and international lies—one man disparaging his neighbor's race to prove how great his own was . . . the tail-end of an obscene Parisian gutter joke . . . the Professor could imagine the speaker rolling the words over his tongue, savoring their nastiness.

Hand in hand with Abderrahman he stepped out on the veranda; sat down at a corner table; called the waiter and gave his order.

The café was filled. Captain Wren was still there. Otherwise the crowd had changed quite a little. For the more polite elements of local white society had gone on their way to rather less polite evening entertainments, and their places had been taken by a genteel variety of the genus beach-comber—desert-comber, to be exact, since the ocean was far away.

Oh, yes. Quite genteel. For they still pipe-clayed their shoes; still stepped wide of opium and native liquor.

They earned a precarious living; were nearly always broke; usually, after sundown, drifted over to the Grand Hôtel d'Afrique to cadge for drinks and cigars.

Lots of drinks tonight.

Lots of cigars.

Lots of praise for Captain Wren, who was relating, for the seventeenth time, how he had cheated Si Abdelkadr.

They flattered him; fawned on him. For he paid.

"Waiter!"

"Whisky!"

"No—" roared Captain Wren thickly, the liquor beginning to affect his brain—"ch-ch-champagne . . . oodles of ch-ch-champagne!"

"*For he's a jolly good fellow—*" a voice struck up.

Other voices joined:

"For he's a jolly good fellow—
Which nobody can deny."

They laughed. Abderrahman, eating his ice-cream, laughed too.

How amusing they were—these Christians, these foreigners! Ah—he thought, and the Professor would have been amazed could he have read what was passing through the child's mind—he, also, would like to be a big man some day and drink his fill of French wine and roar

songs and generally behave like a real *kataa-n't'tureek*, a magnificent rowdy . . . for that's what the Captain was doing.

He was stalking up and down, convinced that the others were right, convinced that he *was* a jolly good fellow—and a great man—and strong . . .

So strong!

He stood up straight; flexed his arms.

"Anybody want a fight?" he cried. "Come on! I can lick the lot of you!"

"Yes, yes! Of course you can!" agreed the crowd.

Nor did they have to lie and flatter. Tall he was, broad, as powerful as a bull.

"Anybody want a fight?" he repeated, threateningly.

"Nobody does!"

"Sit down!"

"You need a drink!"

"Good old Wren!"

"All right!" Momentarily he was mollified; staggered back toward his table.

Then he saw Abderrahman. He had not noticed him before. He stared at the child.

"Say!" he yelled. "What are you doing here? No natives allowed! Get out, you damned little nigger!"

"Nigger? I?" The child screamed with rage. "I am Arab—Arab!"

"Nigger all the same! Get out—before I kick you out!"

The crowd yelled its approval:

"That's right!"

"Out with him!"

"No natives allowed here!"

"Out!"

The Professor rose. He was conscious of three different, conflicting emotions. He was embarrassed. He was indignant. And he was afraid.

"Please"—he stammered—"I b-b-beg of you."

The other cut him short:

"Host to this little beast, are you?"

"I invi-vi-vited him t-t-to—"

"Well—take my tip! You keep your chocolate-éclair friends out of a white man's hotel, d'you hear?"

"You haven't the right—"

"Right? Hell! Shut up! What are you trying to do? Open an American Y. M. C. A. in Farrakesh?"

The crowd laughed.

Jolly good show—that's what it was!

And Captain Wren continued:

"Out—both of you!"—and he advanced toward the Professor.

INSTINCTIVELY the latter gave way. Fight? He didn't have a chance.

But there was the child. He cou'd not leave the child—the child who, at this precise moment, was picking up a bottle and savagely hurling it at the Englishman.

It missed him. But he saw red. He rushed toward Abderrahman—

"I'll kill you! I'll kill you!"

"No!" cried the Professor.

Quickly he took the child by the arm; jerked him out of harm's way. He felt conscious of hate, perhaps for the first time in his life. This hulking brute of a man—trying to hurt a child. . . .

"Coward!" he yelled. "Coward!"

Then, once more, his own fear returned to him. Fear—and common sense.

He didn't have a chance.

"Run!" he said to the child—who obeyed, his bare feet pattering rapidly away; and Cartwright was about to do likewise when his foot caught in a torn grass mat, precipitating him forward.

He reeled directly against Captain Wren. His hand went up,

THEY reached the Bazaar of the Saharan Traders.

automatically, clutching for support, for something, anything solid to hold on to.

And, not knowing, never imagining what he was doing, he gripped the other's nose firmly, tweaking it with the despair of a body which feels itself falling and helpless.

The Captain jumped back with a bellow of rage. He let drive from the shoulder, struck the Professor square in the chest, and threw him four or five feet.

Cartwright reeled again. Again he clutched for support. Found none.

His right hip bumped smartly against the corner of a table. Instinctively he put his hand in his pocket, to rub the hurt place—and encountered the revolver which he had bought in the bazaar. . . .

His fingers curled around it—pulled at something.

He had no idea that it was loaded.

But it was.

For, suddenly, there was a terrible explosion; thick, acrid smoke; a bullet smashing against a wall!

Cries from the crowd:

"Did you see that?"

"Shot through his pocket!"

"Typical Yankee trick!"

And more cries—and a flop—and there was Captain Wren, the bully, the strong man, on his knees before the Professor, howling for mercy.

Quite sober he was now, and more afraid than the Professor had ever been.

"Oh"—he stuttered—"I was only jesting."

AND then John Cartwright strutted his stuff. He had seen many a motion-picture; had watched and admired more than one screen cowboy twirling his six-gun between two fingers and thumb. He did it now, with fair success.

"Jesting—were you?" he addressed Captain Wren. "Well—I was not! Ah"—with a stentorian voice—"get out of here before I kick you out!"

And, for good measure, as the Englishman was running away, he fired a second shot over his head; and when, attracted by the turmoil, hotel guests, among them Priscilla and her father, came out on the veranda, they saw to their surprise that a new king, a red-handed warrior and mighty chief, had risen in Israel—and his name was Professor John Cartwright.

"Why"—Cyrus W. Wade heard one man tell another—"that Yankee has guts—the genuine article. Imagine him standing up to Captain Wren—and taking a shot at him!"

Cyrus W. Wade stepped up to the Professor.

"My boy," he said, just a little pompously, "I'm proud of you."

"Thank you, sir."

"Call me father. Father-in-law is too long."

But it was a very meek young man who late that night, walking with Priscilla in the hotel garden, confessed to her that the whole thing had been an accident, that he had not even known the revolver was loaded. "I was really terribly afraid," he wound up.

She shook her head.

"No!" she said. "You are brave."

"I—brave? Oh, no—" he sighed.

"Yes—you are!"

"But—"

"For two reasons. It takes a brave man to confess his own fear—to himself. And it takes a yet braver man to confess this same fear, this same truth, to a woman."

He was utterly astonished.

"Why—of course I'd tell you the truth—of course!"

"Of course!" she echoed with a little laugh. "Because you have—well—what father said you hadn't!"

There was a silence.

Then she whispered:

"I love you, John!"

"And I love you!"

So they kissed. . . .

THE END

A Woman Who Did

Experiences on the Road of Broken Conventions

An Article

(Reading time: 14 minutes.)

Pictures by
FRANCES ROGERS

IF I told him my troubles, I was promptly given to understand that I was being a nuisance.

WHEN I was twenty I ran away from home to become the mistress of a married man.

As I am going to try and estimate honestly what effect this had on my life, I must admit that the home I left was miserable.

Nobody drank, and we had enough money. But my father was weak and utterly unable to make himself felt in his own house; and my mother, though I think she was genuinely fond of all of us, was as bad-tempered as anybody I have ever met.

She was irritated by everything that happened; and this spoiled all of our lives. Though I am writing of England, we never could keep any servants.

We would get along nicely for a fortnight or so; but perhaps then my mother would overhear the cook laughing in the kitchen, and would upbraid her so sharply for what would seem to her hypersensitive nerves an outrageous noise that the whole staff would give notice.

She turned even the things nearest to her heart into tormenting distresses. It was her dearest wish that I should be a fine violinist, as she had been in her youth, and I had an unusual gift. But when I was practising I never knew whether she would not run in and snatch my violin away from me in rage because I was playing some passage faultily.

So there were days when, much as I loved music, I trembled with fear because I knew there was some passage in my work which would invite such a descent on me; and if I tried to dodge the trouble by not practising at all, there would be another scene over my idleness.

Everything led to trouble in our home.

Mother's nerves were too bad for her to go with us to parties. And that introduced another element of family discord. I had to go with my brother and my two sisters, and we were a divided family.

My brother Jim was six years older than I, my sister Ida five years older, and my sister Maisie was a year younger than I was. This separation of age marked a real cleavage of spirit.

Jim and Ida never thought that anything Maisie and I could do was right. It was, I suppose, the survival of an old childish jealousy at seeing the grown-ups' attention shifting to the new babies.

At any rate, its practical effects were that we never went to a party without Jim and Ida coming home with some story that Maisie and I had looked untidy, had been forward, had danced with the same partners too often, had neglected to say good-by to our hostess properly, or something of the sort.

There was no justification for this at all. Nevertheless, there was always this midnight scene in mother's bedroom, with Maisie and me standing sleepily and tearfully while Jim and Ida stormed, and mother lit indiscriminately on one or all of us with her petulance.

Before we had been out long, Maisie and I gave up going to parties. Social life was difficult in any case, because we could not return any hospitality, as mother found entertaining too trying on her nerves.

I have, therefore, if I am to be honest, to say that I think in certain ways it was a good thing I ran away with a married man. I am quite sure of it when I look at Maisie, who is thirty-eight and still living at home with mother and Ida, and is worn to a shadow between their two tempers.

She has had just as rotten a time as I have, and she hasn't a pretty daughter to show for it. But I have had a rotten time.

THINKING it over quite coldly, I am sure I have wasted the best part of my life. If it had not been for the child, I should say that my youth had been poured down the sink. I have had more pain than most women, and far more humiliations. I say this, though I have avoided most of the humiliations that are usually supposed to befall women in my position.

I was not deserted. It was I who left my lover. I have not been an outcast from society—not, at any rate, after the first few years. My daughter knows the circumstances of her birth and does not care.

I let myself in for it without clearly knowing what I was doing: without, that is, meaning to have a child. I met the man I ran away with at a charity fête held near our home. He, a famous lawyer, was opening it, and I was playing the violin.

He was there without his wife, and he gave me a lift home in his automobile. He was then about forty-five, an age at which men are apt to go crazy about young girls.

I found him very good-looking and amusing, and it was wonderful for me to meet somebody from the outer world who was ready to admire me and be nice to me without going through one of those terrible party ordeals with Jim and Ida. To do him justice, we met the second time by accident.

IT was in Kensington Gardens. I was walking back from tea with a school friend, and suddenly he stepped forward from the shadow of a tree and spoke to me. I felt flattered that he remembered me, and I was amused when he told me that he was sitting there trying to make up a speech he had to deliver in the Courts next morning.

He repeated it to me, half burlesquing it, half seriously submitting it for my admiration. He was always very good company.

Then we met for tea. And after we had done that a couple of times we took to going to his apartment. His wife was never there. She lived down in the country with their three children, and he went down for the week-ends.

I was given to understand that his wife did not count as an obstacle between us, because they had not lived together as man and wife for many years, and she had not objected when he had a love-affair which had ended disastrously some time before.

Of course, our friendship began on a strictly platonic basis, and I had no thought of it becoming anything else. Neither had he. But it did.

I don't think it would have affected my life so much if it had stopped there. It might have been found out at home, and I might have run away just the same. But most of our friends thought it natural enough that I should want to get away from mother and Ida.

Then, sooner or later, I suppose we would have got tired of each other and the thing would have been as if it had never happened. But it did not stop there.

He had told me that I would not have a child; and I did not know that no man can promise that definitely to a woman. I don't suppose he knew it, either. But about three months after we began to live together I knew there would be one.

So one afternoon I left a note on my mother's dressing-table, and that evening I moved into rooms in a south coast watering-place.

And, for eleven years after, I was deep in every sort of misery: servants, money, difficulties with my child. Personal deprivation of every sort—no friends, no real home life, no career as a violinist.

If I hadn't been unusually lucky in finding a way to compensate me in part for that loss, I should have been worse off than I was. And never, never, never a moment's peace. Always the situation was up and nagging at me.

I stayed in that watering-place until two months after my baby was born. I was just twenty. I was alone except at the week-ends. These were pleasant, for my lover was very

much in love with me. The rest was horrible.

My family fussed a great deal, and when I was alone I used to fret myself sick for fear that they might try to harm my lover's reputation in public, come after me and frighten me, or harm my baby.

The landlady was a nervous, restless little woman whose main passion was her house. She longed to refurnish the upstairs sitting-room with a suite of bird's-eye-maple furniture she had seen in a local emporium. Very soon she found out that we were not properly married.

Thereafter, when she was feeling overwrought, she would long to turn me out of doors; but she would be restrained by the thought of the extremely high price she was getting for a six months' let, which would leave her mistress of the coveted suite when we left.

I count the worst moment of my life the one when my daughter came to me with a picture in a paper of my lover's wife and his children in the garden of their beautiful home.

AT first I was too young and unsuspecting to see what was the matter. I didn't fully understand till about two months before my baby was born. Then I used to watch with agony the gathering storm: the ominous glances, the mouth drawn down at the corners, the cryptic remarks, the swallowing of further comment which meant the financial element had been remembered and respected.

I really don't know what I might have done if I had known how much of the next eleven years I was to spend in watching the same sort of exhibition.

Ultimately she did make rather a scene; but she was obliged to terminate it in order to call the doctor.

Of all these things my lover emphatically did not want to hear. He said, and with reason, that he needed complete relaxation in his week-ends, and he wished I wouldn't quarrel with landladies and servants and people of that sort. He said his wife didn't.

He also said the landlady was always perfectly civil to him—which she was, for the same reason that "a fallen woman" is a phrase in the language and "a fallen man" isn't.

I was glad when we left. There was a disagreeable incident one night three weeks after my baby was born. The landlady made a row because the nurse was sitting in the drawing-room instead of in my bedroom, thus wasting the gas.

"It's because she doesn't like sitting with the likes of you," she told me.

Really it was because the nurse wanted to leave me alone so that I could rest. It was imperative I should have perfect quiet.

Later on, the nurse did turn against me. When we moved to the furnished home my lover had taken for me near London, she had to hand over the baby to the new nurse, and she talked unwisely about me. It turned out that she was bitterly disappointed, because she had thought that I might hand my child over to her, with a good annual allowance.

These two experiences were repeated over and over again.

My lover always said I was tactless with servants; but that was nonsense. Since I have got rid of the situation, I have no difficulty in managing them. He made that accusation only because he hated admitting he had brought any real trouble on me.

In point of fact, all my servants have liked me, except a few who felt that a woman who was living with a man to whom she was not married must be vile. Contact with these was enough to age me for life.

One temporary nurse was so convinced that I must be criminal in every sort of way that she refused to leave me alone with my own child for fear I might ill-treat it. But the rest felt friendly enough.

It was only that my position put me so much at their mercy that it wasn't in human nature not to profit by it.

I could not begin to tell you the effects of this. The impudent demands for undeserved

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A WOMAN WHO DID
Continued from Page Thirteen]

increases in wages, for days off, for this and that absurd privilege. And, once or twice, open blackmail.

I went through all this in my early twenties. And I learned very soon that to all intents and purposes I was going to go through it alone. If I told my lover anything about it, I was promptly given to understand I was being a nuisance.

I don't want to make him out a bad man; but it was literally true that the only times he came to me were his rest times, when he oughtn't to have been worried. And, as I say, to admit that the position he had put me into was the cause of these difficulties would have been to blame himself, which no man wants to do.

I could have the most delightful and sparkling companionship in the world, provided I kept my mouth shut—and that is what I usually did. But it was an ordeal for a young girl.

For five years I lived this intolerable life of discomfort.

I HAD no friends. I could not mix socially with the neighbors in the district in which we lived, for country folk are always strict. Indeed, I never could walk down the village street without a hush falling on the people standing at their doors. I was always worn out with struggling with the domestic situation.

I very often looked after my little girl myself, and would have preferred to do so altogether; for I was terrified of the servants' saying things about me in front of her; but my lover was always angry if I wasn't free to be his companion when he came down. And I was short of money.

Here, also, I don't want to make my lover appear as a bad man. He had to keep up his legitimate home on a first-rate standard suited to his position, and he could not afford to maintain two such houses.

But he was used to such a home, and he reproached me with inefficient housekeeping if he was not as comfortable with me as with his wife. This started a vicious circle, because he would grow chary of giving money, on the ground that I was such a bad manager.

So it was that presently I cried myself to sleep every night, worn out by worry, by loneliness, by hunger for sympathy. And I couldn't see any way of getting out of it. My violin-playing had long ago gone to pieces. I used to feel like a rat in a trap.

Then my lover went for a trip abroad—and I went to town to consult one of the few friends I had in the world, a colleague of my lover's whom he had brought to stay with us.

I told him more or less how it was, and that I was at the breaking-point.

He told me that I must come to London. That was the first step. Then, he told me, I must capitalize my good looks. I must rest, and buy a good dress, and go to a theatrical manager to whom he would give me an introduction.

It shows how utterly down I had been, that I had completely forgotten I was unusually good-looking. I just felt like a tired old drudge.

Well, I did it. I did not renew the lease of our furnished house.

One of the trials of our illicit existence was that we were always moving from furnished house to furnished house, in the hope that somewhere the story wouldn't leak out; and always there was the same business of people calling, and then getting stiff. I think this was the eighth house.

I turned my back on all that, discharged all the servants but the nurse, and took her and my baby to a cheap hotel in Kensington. For a fortnight I just loafed about, having a wonderful time, loving being on my own and unscolded.

Then I went to the theatrical manager and got the job. That was the only piece of luck I have ever had. I was not a good actress, but I was not a bad one, and I was able to earn a fairly good living on the stage all the time it was necessary I should do so.

My lover was furious when he came back. He had liked having me all to himself, and he loathed the idea of the stage. But we smoothed that down and started afresh in an apartment in London. I did want to make a go of it this time.

THE landlady made a row because the maternity nurse was sitting in the drawing-room.

But still it didn't work. I wasn't so lonely and depressed, and there is no street in London where the people stop talking as you go by because you are not properly married. But there was the servant difficulty again, and there was the money difficulty.

I earned a lot for a beginner, enough to keep me if I had been alone. He gave me an allowance, but even with my salary this had to be stretched to its limits to provide the kind of home he expected.

And this situation was complicated by the fact that because he paid me that allowance he resented my not being at his beck and call.

HE resented that he would call me up in the morning and find I had gone out to rehearsal, and I would always find him sitting about grumbling with boredom when I came back from the theater. And now that I was a busy woman, I was bored to death by the telephoning and writing and wiring that our relationship involved.

I longed for us to live like ordinary married people and not have the bother of fixing appointments as if we were each other's dentist or doctor.

Another thing that distressed me was the increasing difficulties that arose as my little girl grew to school age. Schoolmistresses are timorous creatures, and get terrified in case a rumor should get around and parents should withdraw their children.

So, though my Yvonne is an exceptionally pretty and bright child, I have several times had to withdraw her from school because of unpleasant experiences.

One elderly woman, who had evidently gone quite insane on the subject, heard a rumor about Yvonne's parentage, and always afterward insisted on the child sitting apart from the others in class. And she took her into the wash-room at the recess and made her wash her hands over and over again.

You can imagine how I felt when the puzzled child reported this curious conduct.

At another kindergarten, Yvonne got her daddy to call for her in his new automobile. He simply drove up and lifted her in off the pavement. He did not go into the school.

The next day I got a letter from the headmistress coldly requesting that nothing "so likely to cause talk detrimental to the school" should happen again. What broke my heart over it was that my lover took the letter simply as an insult to himself.

It didn't upset him at all that he had put the little girl in a position where she couldn't have her daddy fetch her from school, or that he had put me in a position where a schoolmistress could write that sort of letter to me.

ALL these factors sent me into a nursing-home with a nervous breakdown, and I caught myself feeling again like a rat in a trap.

I decided there was nothing to do but to break up an impossible relationship, and when I came out I refused to live with my lover any more.

That there had been something real and fine in our companionship was shown in his reluctance to let me go, and his handsome provision for Yvonne.

After I had done it, I was able to have a happy, orderly home and be a sensible, calm, healthy mother to her. But, all the same, leaving him was a terrible wrench. I am convinced that if we could have married and had not had these peculiar difficulties, we would have been an ideally mated couple.

I say that quite unsentimentally and not because he has been the only man in my life.

Three years ago I married, and I am very happy with my husband; and it is in the light of my harmonious marriage that I say I believe that the reasons for my unhappiness with my lover were due to our situation.

Mercifully, Yvonne does not hold the facts of her parentage against me. But that is not to say she has not suffered from being an illegitimate child.

I count the worst moment of my life the one when she was about ten, and came to me with a picture in an illustrated paper of my lover's wife and children in the garden of their beautiful country home.

She said: "Why doesn't daddy give us a lovely place like this to live in? Does he love these people more than he does us?"

That is not a wound that ought to be inflicted on any young thing.

She has had a poor time, and I have had a poor time. And I advise any woman who is thinking of doing what I did to spend the years in prison instead. There will be less heartbreak.

THE END

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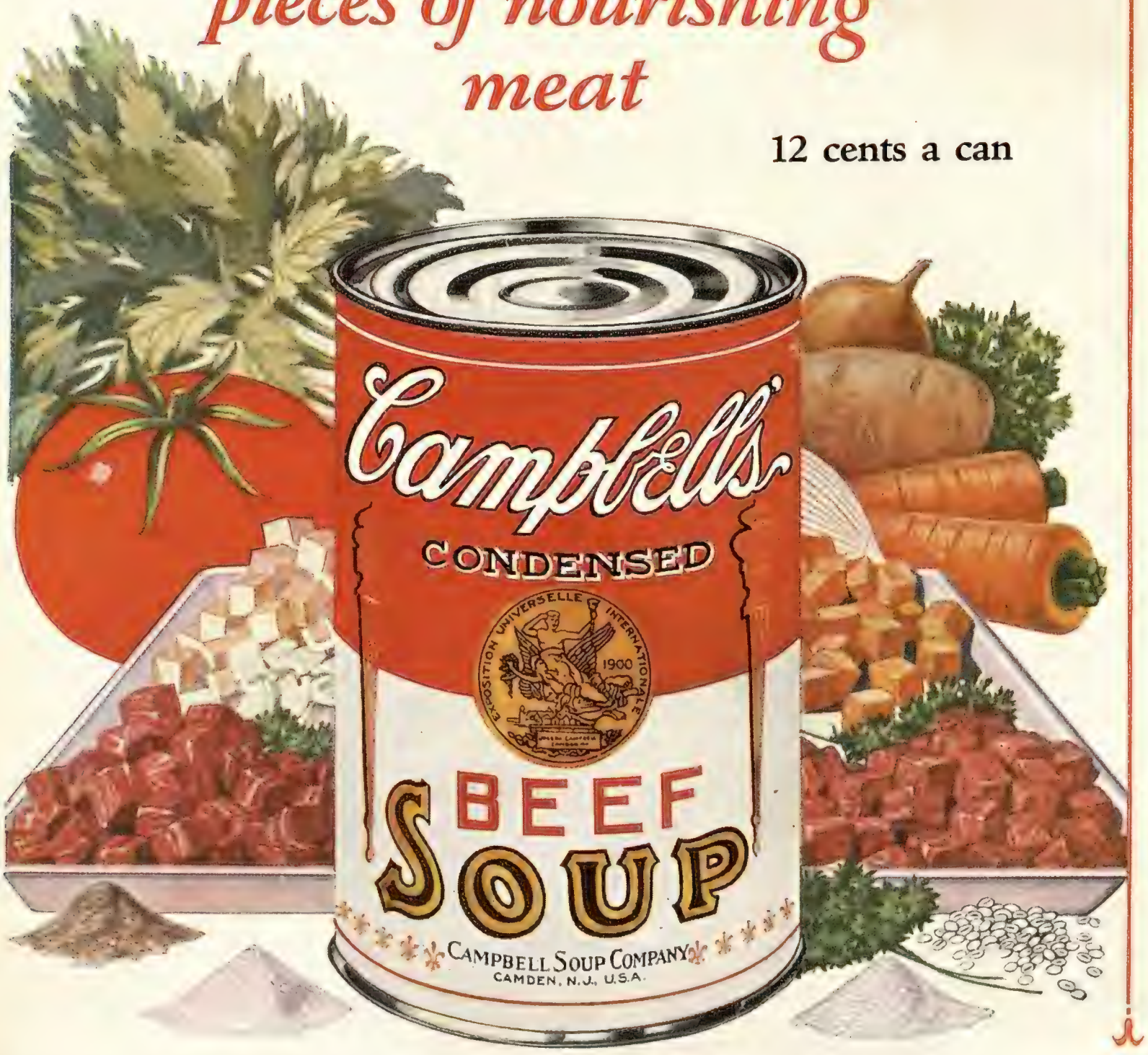

SOUP

and the man behind the desk

PERHAPS you are surprised at the headline which appears above this column. At first glance it may seem to you that soup and the daily work at the desk have no connection with each other. But we have purposely printed this headline with the hope that it will catch your eye and call your attention to some very important facts that have a real bearing on your success and your health.

You know that man (we'll call him Brown) who never seems to get tired out. "There's at least one in every office," as Briggs would say. How you envy him! He seems to come up fresh and smiling at any time of the day or night. That zero hour from four to five in the afternoon, has no terrors for him. "Give me Brown's vitality and my brains, and I'd lick the world," you have often thought, no doubt.

WELL, why not *get* Brown's vitality? Why not take yourself in hand and follow a few simple rules every day.

Take your appetite, for example. Is *it* always on the job? Do you give it the right chance to keep active and normal? Do you eat the right food? Tomorrow at noontime, instead of eating a heavy meal that makes you drowsy and listless throughout the afternoon, eat a plateful of hot, substantial, invigorating soup as the main part of your lunch. Soup stimulates and spurs the appetite. Its delicious flavor tempts you, even on those days when you don't feel like eating other food. In the middle of the office worker's day, soup revives the energies and supplies nourishment in just the right quantity and form. It sends him back to his work refreshed and feeling fit.

AND to the woman behind the man behind the desk, we have this special message: Remember that your husband leads a sedentary life. His case is different from the man who is moving about and active all day long. Physicians and food experts will tell you that the sedentary man—the man who sits at a desk most of the day and gets very little chance for physical exercise—is apt to suffer a falling-off in appetite. He must be tempted and coaxed with the right selection of healthful foods, or he is in risk of being undernourished. Good nourishing soup, so easy for you to get at the store! Serve it to him regularly. There are 21 different Campbell's Soups—all listed on the label.

My counting's best, I lead the rest
When Campbell's Soup I see
For here's my rule, not learned at school:
Just add a plate for me!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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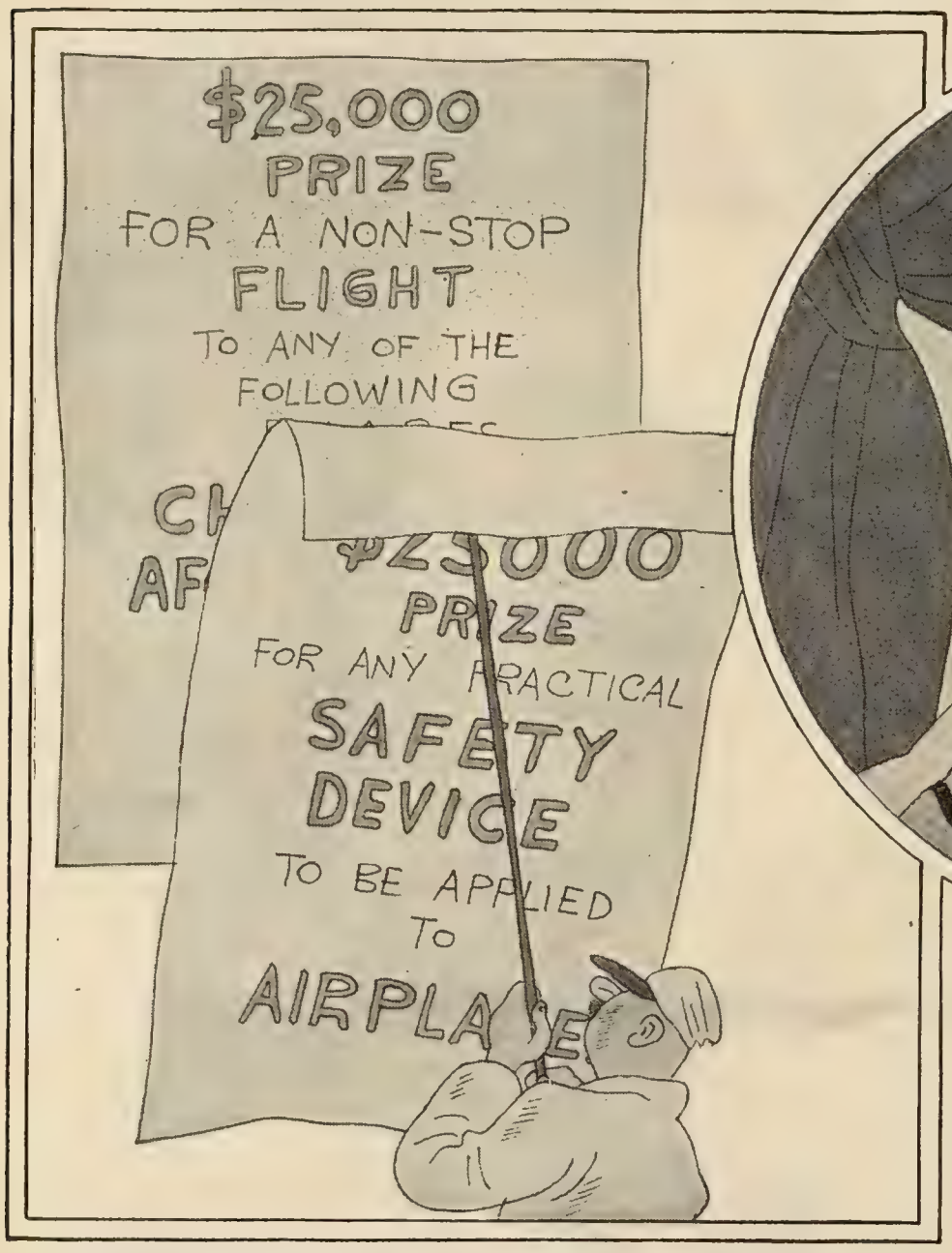
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



WHERE PRIZES SHOULD BE OFFERED AT THIS STAGE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF FLYING-MACHINES: To the inventors, whose work is not yet finished, and not to the aviators, whose courage has been proved.

ODDITIES OF NATURE. Rag-bone-hank-of-hair school of allure still extant. Miss Hulda Swenson of a Hammerfest suburb, who claims to be the only living woman still doing the vampire stuff.

MOST DECORATED LEGIONNAIRE at Paris Convention. Dudley P. Quent of Oswego, automobile instructor. Eleven war medals and thirty-six hero medals for teaching women to drive in post-war life.

THE SEVEN INFALLIBLE SIGNS OF SENILITY. Diagram showing the average age at which man begins to sputter and fume about:

Modern Art Modern Youth Modern Books Modern Dress Modern Dancing Modern Inventions Modern Anything

Aztec Mystery

The Screen Story of Ramon Novarro and His Latest Photoplay

A Film Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 50 seconds.)

THREE or four motion-picture stars have managed to keep an atmosphere of the mysterious about them. Lon Chaney is one of these. Ramon Novarro is another.

Slightly over ten years ago a young Mexican, named Ramon Gil Samaniegos, drifted into Hollywood. He had danced for a year in vaudeville pantomime, and had played stage bits.

The Hollywood barriers were not easily overcome by Samaniegos and he got a job as usher in the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles. Later he was a $7.50-a-day extra in The Four Horsemen.

Then Ferdinand Pinney Earle began making a film version of The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam and needed a cheap cast. Samaniegos landed the leading rôle.

The celluloid Rubaiyat got nowhere, but Rex Ingram needed a successor to Rudolph Valentino for his Prisoner of Zenda. Earle suggested the young Mexican—and Samaniegos got the picturesque rôle of *Rupert of Hentzau.*

The dapper scoundrel *Rupert* made Samaniegos famous. People began asking how to pronounce his name. Thus the shift to Novarro came about.

He went on to a four-figure salary—to hits in Where the Pavement Ends, Ben-Hur, The Midshipman—but Hollywood knows as little about him now as when he was an usher.

Novarro has brought his whole family to Hollywood. His father was a dentist in Durango, Mexico, and there are five brothers and five sisters. Three of the sisters are nuns. Novarro lives entirely within his home circle.

He has built a miniature theater in his house and here he gives probably the oddest performances in all Hollywood, frequently appearing in song recitals.

He sings Irish lullabies and makes his family like them.

His voice attracted attention when he was attending a Jesuit School in Mexico City. He practises steadily and sang for several years in a Los Angeles church without the movie colony or the congregation knowing it.

Novarro would rather be a singer than a film star. It has been said that he planned to enter a monastery. Since he is a devout Catholic, this is possible.

He can trace his ancestry back to the Aztecs—and the court of Montezuma at the coming of Cortez' conquistadors. The Aztecs had their music, sculpture, poetry, and even their philosophy, before Columbus came to America.

Back through fourteen generations on his mother's side, the line goes to an Aztec noble. His father's family can be traced to a cavalier serving under Cortez.

Marceline Day becomes a señorita as Novarro's leading woman.

Ramon Novarro (center) encounters two fierce obstacles in The Road to Romance.

It was only when Novarro was chosen to play the young Judean hero of General Lew Wallace's Ben-Hur that his Aztec ancestry became known. Even then, it was disclosed only because it gave a new slant to the old theory that the Aztecs were the lost tribes of the Israelites, for a twentieth-century Aztec had been chosen as best fitted to play the young chieftain of the oppressed Jewish race.

Recently Novarro has been doing little of cinematic importance. His last effort, The Road to Romance, is passable, although its basic material, Joseph Conrad's Romance, does not lend itself to screening. The result is almost musical-comedyish.

This story of pirates and dire deeds seems gaudy and unreal in celluloid form, despite Director John Robertson's fine feeling for screen beauty and sensitive character-drawing. The players are none too able.

Novarro is an interesting example of a manufactured star. He was carefully groomed for the electric lights by a young newspaper man, Herbert Howe. He has a distinct flair for romantic rôles such as he played in Ben-Hur.

From a shy, retiring chap, he is transformed before the camera into a new figure.

There are few film players who are effective in action, but Novarro is easy and flashing. A lot of this eludes the camera. He needs sympathetic direction, and certainly he deserves better rôles.

Do you know that—

Jetta Goudal has left the Cecil De Mille forces and Betty Bronson is departing from Famous Players? . . . Vera Veronica has succeeded Greta Nissen as Jack Barrymore's leading woman in The Tempest? . . . Fay Wray has been selected to play the lead in The Legion of the Condemned, the sequel to Wings? . . . Wallie Beery and Raymond Hatton are going to kid lion-shooting in their next, The Big-Game Hunt?

Lady Louis Mountbatten · ·

Loveliest member of English Aristocracy sets the feminine world an exquisite example

BRIGHT chestnut hair that warms to red-gold in the light; eyes as blue as the delphinium, her favorite flower; a complexion smooth and delicate as an English hedge rose unfolding in the coolness of dawn! This is Lady Louis Mountbatten, loveliest woman in London Society.

The brief and thrilling year that followed her debut reached its climax in her marriage to a cousin of the King of England and great-grandson of Queen Victoria—the second son of the first Marquess of Milford Haven.

The world remembers still her brilliant wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, where the altar was massed with delphinium, blue as the bride's own eyes. With four princesses as bridesmaids, attended by royalty from every country of Europe, it rivalled in splendor that of the Royal Princess, celebrated but a few months before.

Lady Louis Mountbatten occupies with consummate grace the high position she holds as a member of the British Royal Family. She knows that the eyes of the world are upon her, shining with pride as long as she is perfection itself, quick to criticise should any flaw appear in the elegance of her attire, in the graciousness of her bearing, in her fair, delicate beauty.

On her spirited Arabian mount, Messaoud, the ease and skill of Lady Louis's horsemanship are revealed. Her preference for the informal riding costume has increased its popularity in the smart world

Brook House, Park Lane, Lady Louis's London Mansion, inherited from her grandfather

LADY LOUIS never fails to set the feminine world an exquisite example. Beautiful to an unusual degree, she also possesses the wisdom that teaches her how to guard her loveliness. She chooses Two Creams, Pond's, which she uses daily. One to cleanse and keep her skin firm, supple; the other to add a delicate bloom.

This is how you should use them:

Before retiring, cleanse your skin deeply with Pond's delicate Cold Cream, letting it stay on several moments. Now with soft tissues remove all the cream and the dirt and dust brought to the surface from the depths of your pores. Repeat the process. If your skin is dry, pat more cream on and leave it overnight.

Several times by day, especially after you've returned from out-of-doors, cleanse your face, throat and neck with Pond's Cold Cream the same way, and finish with a dash of cold water.

After these daytime cleansings, smooth over your refreshed skin ever so little of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its soft protection against wind and dust and chapping cold makes it delightful to use just before going out. But what pleases you most of all is the even, exquisite tone it lends your skin. Flick on your powder and see how evenly it lies, how natural is the glow it gives your skin.

Use these Two Creams daily and, like Lady Louis Mountbatten, keep your skin firm, supple and velvety. Read the offer below.

On Lady Louis's Sheraton dressing table, crystal and gold, and cloudy amber, blend with a gay note of jade green in the jars of Pond's Two Creams—her favorites—which she uses daily

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

Her husband is cousin to His Majesty, the King of England. Before her marriage she was Miss Edwina Ashley, granddaughter of the late Right Honorable Sir Ernest Cassel, the well-known British financier, from whom came the vast fortune which made her one of the wealthiest heiresses in England.

Her marriage to a great-grandson of Queen Victoria—the second son of the first Marquess of Milford Haven—gave her a position in English life second only to that of the immediate members of the Royal Family.

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Flying Against DEATH

The Story Behind the Tragic Air Race to Honolulu

An Article by

BOGART ROGERS

(Reading time: 17 minutes 20 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Captain Bogart Rogers, author of this article, was a combat flight officer with the British Army from April, 1918, until the Armistice. He has since done considerable flying along the Pacific Coast and was in close touch with the conditions of which he writes. Much has been published of the trans-Atlantic flights in which, from the disappearance of Nungesser and Coli to the present writing, ten lives have been lost. But little has been told of the reasons that brought failure and tragedy to seven fliers in the Honolulu air race. Captain Rogers tells about it here.]

FIFTEEN gamblers entered a mad scramble for fame and fortune. Nine men and one woman died, the latter and six of the men in the ocean.

A naval lieutenant was abused and strenuously opposed in his efforts to prevent them from committing suicide.

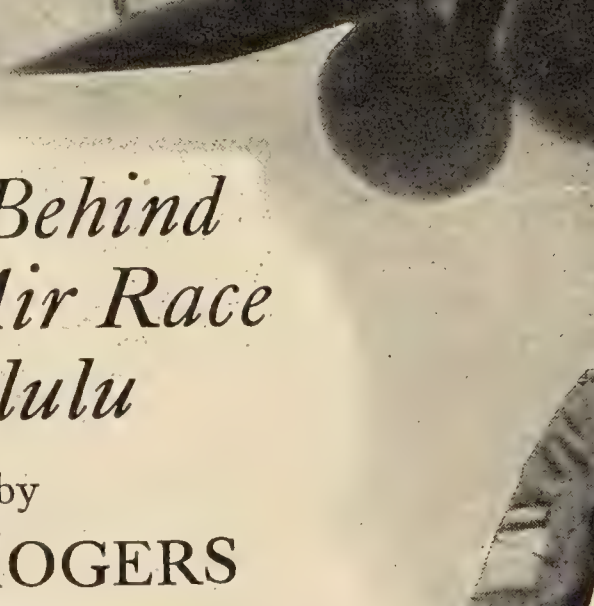
There was no law to keep them from killing themselves if they cared to.

Eight airplanes, representing a considerable outlay of capital, were destroyed.

The United States navy spent a small fortune in a vain attempt at rescue.

The brilliant successes of Lindbergh, Chamberlin, Byrd, and Maitland were practically nullified. Public confidence in the airplane was shaken. The nation was profoundly shocked.

The future of aerial transportation was plunged back into the doubt from which it was just emerging. Flying received a black eye it might have avoided.



The race-course on which seven lives were lost.

P. & A. photo

Miss Mildred Doran, whose plane, carrying herself and two companions, disappeared in the Pacific.

And so the race from San Francisco to Hawaii for the Dole prizes will go down in the books as the "Great What-Was-It" of aviation.

The records of hazardous sport show no event that claimed so many lives and accomplished so little. It is a black page in flying history.

How did it happen, and why? Who was to blame? Could it have been avoided? What did it accomplish? Was it worth the cost in lives and money? What was it all about?

Let's check back and see if we can discover.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

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RICHARD DIX in

"SHANGHAI BOUND"

With Mary Brian, Jocelyn Lee and George Irving. Directed by Luther Reed.

ADOLPHE MENJOU in

"A GENTLEMAN OF PARIS"

With Shirley O'Hara and Arlette Marchal. Directed by H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast.

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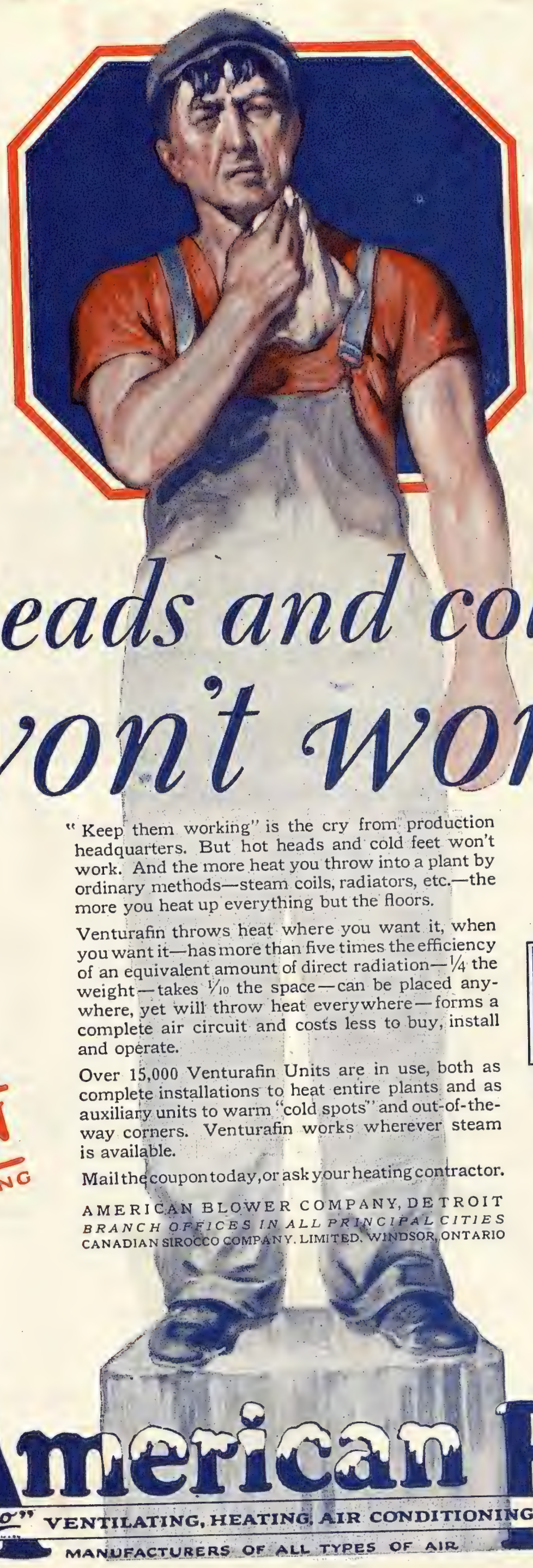

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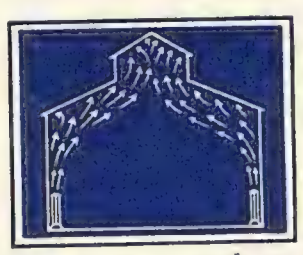
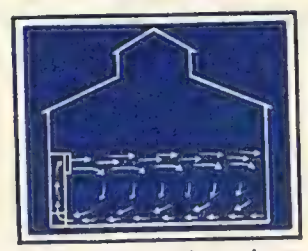


Diagram above shows how heated air rises from radiators, steam coils, etc.



This diagram shows how the Venturafin Method distributes heat *evenly* in working areas.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

The average American aviator is the most optimistic cuss on earth. He will try anything once—try it if he has a chance of succeeding; try it if he hasn't—for glory, for the advancement of his calling, for money, marbles, or chalk.

He is living proof that "hope springs eternal in the human breast," that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and, sometimes, that "perseverance conquers all."

He will succeed or die in the attempt—as the Dole race demonstrated.

Four succeeded, ten died, in the attempt. Never, since the Wrights soared aloft at Kitty Hawk, have so many men rushed blindly in to take a desperate gamble, to throw their lives in the scales against glory and money, with such a slim chance of winning, as they did in the Hawaiian contest.

Fliers will try anything once, but whether or not they should be permitted to is a question due for serious discussion.

IT all began with Lindbergh. When he arrived in Paris, aviation in America suddenly emerged from a state of coma. While he was being acclaimed a world hero and shaking hands with kings and potentates, several hundred aviators concluded they were saps.

"I might have been Lindbergh," was their doleful meditation. They knew he had performed a tremendous task, but if he could do it, they could have done it.

There were other long faces. A considerable number of inventors, designers, and builders of planes felt the same way about it. The winning plane might have been their plane.

They all wanted to be Lindberghs, so they started looking for new aerial worlds to conquer—for a cash prize if possible.

Like a messenger from the gods to comfort these mournful spirits came James D. Dole of Honolulu. Dole, who probably owns more pineapples than the rest of the world together, was a public-spirited citizen of the islands and a fine sportsman to boot.

He was interested in flying and enthused by Lindbergh's success. He also thought that anything which might reduce traveling time between the mainland and the islands was worth encouraging.

Furthermore, being a member in good standing of the Chamber of Commerce of Honolulu, he had never shied away from anything that might advertise the Pearl of the Pacific.

On May 25, while Lindbergh was still the toast of Europe, Dole laid $35,000 on the table and announced that it belonged to the first two fliers who would make a non-stop flight from North America to Hawaii, or, more specifically, to the Island of Oahu and preferably the John Rodgers Airport at Honolulu. The first flier to arrive could pocket $25,000 and the rest of the money would go to the second.

The Bank of Hawaii held the money. The Honolulu chapter of the National Aeronautic Association, the body authorized by the Department of Commerce to govern all aerial sporting events, was to handle the competition.

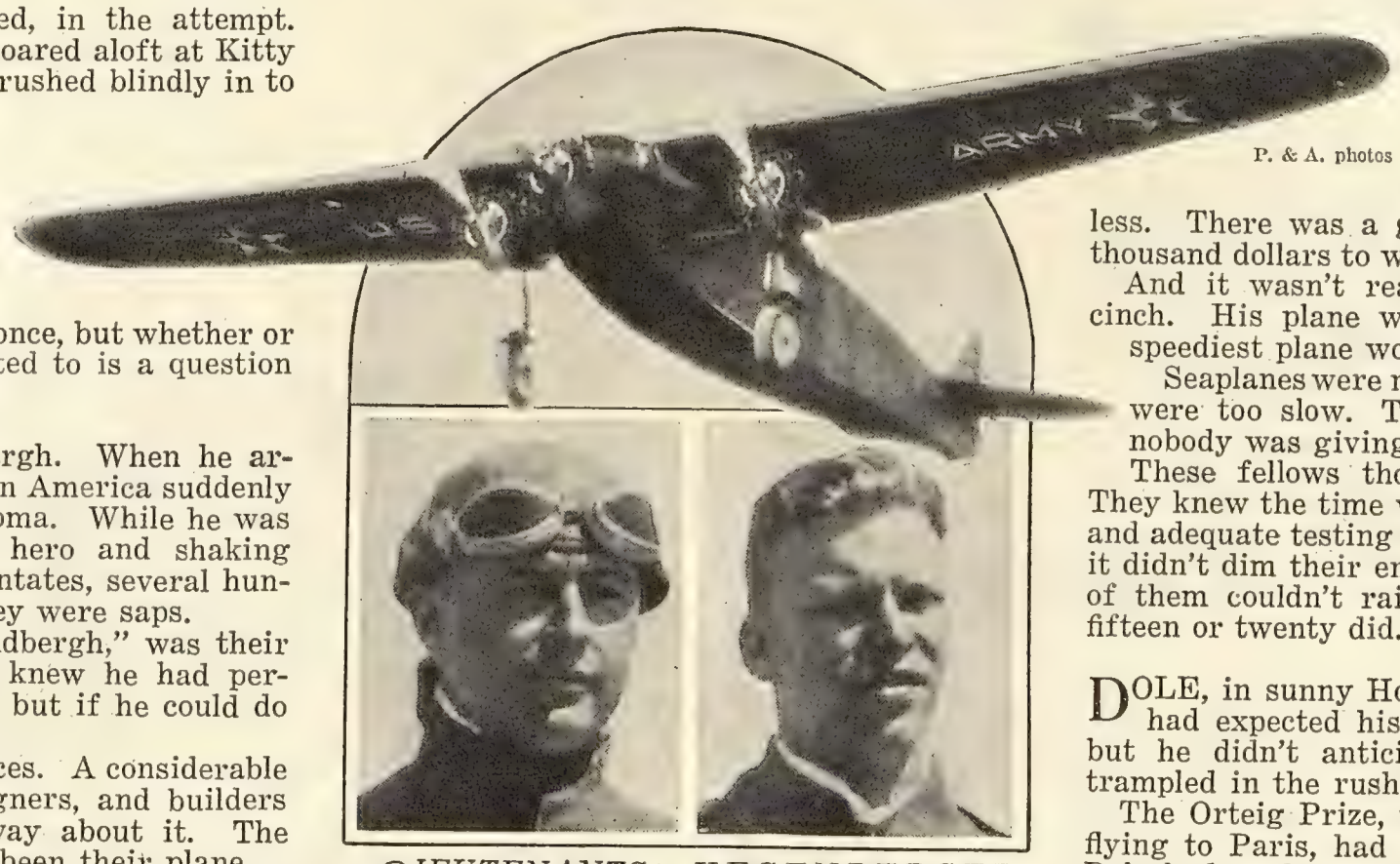
Concurrent with the Dole announcement, the report was printed that members of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco had expressed willingness to underwrite additional prize-money for the winner, providing he started from San Francisco.

The report said the prize-money might total $100,000, including the Dole offer and a rumored $50,000 from San Francisco.

When the boys read this they gave three rousing cheers, decided they should eat more pineapples, and wired for entry blanks. Rumors sprang up like mushrooms after a rain.

Lindbergh would enter. So would Chamberlin and his Columbia monoplane, and Byrd and the America. Dozens of others expressed their intention of competing. The National Aeronautic Association, or N. A. A., was besieged with inquiries.

When the rules were drawn up they disclosed that the flight could start any time after noon, August 12, which was eleven weeks away. It could be made either with landplanes or seaplanes. The offer was open for one year. There were certain inspection, fuel, and safety requirements.



P. & A. photos

LIEUTENANTS HEGENBERGER (left) and Maitland, and the plane in which they made their flight to Honolulu.

The start could be made from any point on the North American continent. Every one planned, of course, to hop off from San Francisco and grab the extra $50,000.

THE rules said landplanes or seaplanes. Well? Would you try to fly from Los Angeles to New York in a seaplane? Would you attempt to cross Lake Michigan in an automobile, or to float down the Mississippi on a bicycle?

It's solid water every inch of the way from North America to Hawaii. The infallible airplane engine has yet to be built. Then why add to the risks of an already difficult flight by making it in the wrong type of plane?

John Rodgers and his crew floated safely for nine days off the islands in a seaplane and were rescued. Records show that more than two-thirds of the landplanes attempting to alight on water are wrecked.

Seaplanes or landplanes! Perhaps that was the first mistake.

The fliers and builders snapped at this opportunity. The definite cash prize for the Paris flight was only $25,000, but Lindbergh was receiving princely offers to do a number of things. The Hawaiian winner would get close to $100,000 cash, with fat gleanings thereafter. It was almost too good to believe.

Then started the insane scramble. Lindbergh had proved a transoceanic flight could be made cheaply. It was said his total investment for the Paris trip was around $15,000. All the prospective entrants thought they could get by for a reasonable sum by using a single-motored plane.

The persons who were approached to help finance entrants in the Hawaii race couldn't be jammed into the Yale Bowl. Fliers, for the most part, are not affluent. Wealthy individuals by the score and clubs and societies were solicited.

Even cities were asked to scrape together enough cash to equip and enter some favorite flying son. If the necessary wherewithal had been forthcoming, there would have been twenty times the final fifteen entries.

The whole aviation world was burning with fly-to-Hawaii fever.

A stereotyped method was employed to lure the bashful dollars. The prospective entrant pushed the prospective backer in a corner and explained how easy it would be. He needed $12,000—might do it for less. There was a gamble for you! Twelve thousand dollars to win $100,000 or more.

And it wasn't really a gamble—it was a cinch. His plane would be speedy, and the speediest plane would win the prize.

Seaplanes were not being considered—they were too slow. They might be safer, but nobody was giving much thought to safety.

These fellows thought they couldn't fail. They knew the time was short—that thorough and adequate testing would be impossible—but it didn't dim their enthusiasm. Naturally, all of them couldn't raise the money, but some fifteen or twenty did.

DOLE, in sunny Honolulu, was amazed. He had expected his offer to arouse interest, but he didn't anticipate any one would be trampled in the rush.

The Orteig Prize, which Lindbergh won by flying to Paris, had been up for eight years. Dole had made his offer good for a year. A week would have been sufficient.

For three or four weeks everything was serene. The successful money-raisers were working day and night on their planes. The N. A. A. was preparing to handle the start and finish.

And then, on June 28, a horrible thing happened—horrible for the pursuers of fame and fortune. Lieutenants Lester J. Maitland and Albert F. Hegenberger, of the Army Air Service, hopped off from Oakland and a day later arrived at Honolulu.

Experienced and clever fliers and navigators, splendidly equipped with a tri-motored and proven plane, they made the trip look foolishly simple. But, far worse than that, when they glided down to Wheeler Field, the potential rewards to the winner of the Dole race disappeared. They were the first to fly from North America to Hawaii.

Offhand it looked as if the Maitland flight came under the general heading of a dirty trick. The Dole race promised to be a great sporting event. The Air Service sneaked in and stole the glory.

If sufficient pressure had been brought to bear, the Air Service might have agreed, as a sporting proposition, to at least wait and start with the others on August 12. But the Air Service is jealous of its reputation.

It has pioneered long-distance flying. A flight to Honolulu had been under consideration for some time. And the people who might have brought pressure to bear couldn't ask the Air Service not to start until August 12 without being able to guarantee no civilian flier would make the trip in the meantime.

Maitland cost the prospective Dole flight-winner a lot of money. Strangely enough, while the Hawaiian flight was 400 miles longer than the Atlantic crossing, from land to land, and fully as hazardous, Maitland and Hegenberger did not become second Lindberghs.

They were royally welcomed in the islands, and enthusiastically greeted when they returned, and that was about all.

On July 14 came another punch in the nose. Ernest Smith and Elmer Bronte, his navigator, flew from Oakland to the islands. They didn't

P. & A. photo

Captain W. P. Erwin, lost on a rescue flight.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

The Coach Ideal for Owner–Rider–Driver

THIS great era of motor travel has developed a vigorous need for a coach of *medium* capacity, of *tested* performance, providing the *maximum* in comfort, safety, and attractiveness, *moderate* in price, and serviced *"around the corner."*

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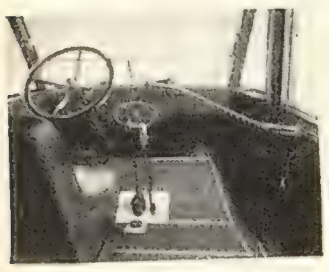

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

reach Honolulu—they crashed in a forced landing on the leper island of Molokai—but they had successfully spanned the Pacific in a single-motored plane and stolen another clap of thunder from the Dole fliers.

When they returned home, the police reserves were not required to handle the crowds that greeted them.

Then, either as a result of the flight having been made successfully or for other reasons, the San Francisco contributors who were being counted on for $50,000 prize-money followed the quaint old Arabian custom of folding their tents and silently stealing away.

The money just simply failed to materialize. The planes were all going to start from San Francisco anyway. It offered the best facilities.

Their prospective rewards reduced from a handsome fortune to comparative small change, it was too late for the entrants to back out. Planes were contracted for and half built. Pride and prestige were involved. And the Dole prizes were still in the vaults of the Bank of Hawaii.

Ten days before the start, fifteen entries said they would be ready to push off at noon, August 12. A number of candidates dropped out at the last moment. Several of the entered planes were not completed and wouldn't have time for adequate testing, but they'd start just the same.

"Ready or not, here I come!" —that was the slogan.

They assembled at San Francisco slowly and with difficulty. A couple of planes were on hand early. The others were flying in from everywhere and having trouble doing it.

Lieutenant Covell's plane landed twice during a short trip to San Diego. Bennett Griffin's motor failed flying from Oklahoma. The Miss Doran was forced down between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Captain W. P. Erwin flew away from Dallas and had to go back for repairs. They couldn't even get to the starting-point without misfortune.

THE starting committee had been functioning through Major Clarence M. Young, inspector of aeronautics for the Department of Commerce, and Captain Walter Parkin and Major N. W. Breingan, aircraft experts assigned to inspect the planes and issue the required licenses.

As the entries arrived, the committee and the inspectors began to get nervous. The planes weren't ready; they hadn't been properly tested; they weren't properly equipped; their navigation instruments were inaccurate, and some of the navigators didn't look so good.

None of the planes had been tested with a full load. Very few of the pilots had had extensive night-flying experience.

Some of them had flown in darkness, but had found their way by landmarks and ground lights—not by relying solely on navigation instruments and that delicate feel of balance that comes only with hours of practise at night. Every plane was dependent on a single motor, and some of them had been acting badly.

COMMANDER BYRD crossed the Atlantic with the experience of a flight to the North Pole under his belt, a splendid plane, and a crew of three fliers and navigators as capable as himself.

P. & A. photos

JACK FROST and his monoplane, Golden Eagle—victims of the Pacific.

Chamberlin was highly trained and had a world's endurance record to his credit, made with the same plane he was flying to Europe.

Lindbergh had never made a mistake from the time his flight was contemplated until the day he finished it. "We" had been through the crucible test of two long, perfect trips—from San Diego to St. Louis and from there to New York.

The most meticulous preparation and planning preceded the flights of all three across the Atlantic. No less could be said about Maitland.

The plans of fifteen aviators and navigators to cross 2,100 miles of open water to Honolulu were so different. There scarcely would be time to assemble some of the planes and fill them with gasoline.

Some of the pilots had no navigators—they even failed to realize that success would rest with accurate navigation as largely as with skilful flying.

Enter then the villain, dressed in the uniform of the United States navy. His name was Lieutenant Ben H. Wyatt. A navigator by training and instinct, he was an expert on compasses and destinations.

Wyatt had been flying and navigating long enough not to believe in Santa Claus. He was a pessimist in a beehive of optimists.

The lieutenant had been loaned by the navy to help the starting committee with navigation problems. It took him about twenty minutes to conclude that a lot of the entrants stood a first-class chance of starting for Hawaii and finishing almost anywhere from Alaska to Panama—or on the bottom of the sea.

He drew up a list of seventeen questions. Some of them were easy. The others were headaches.

He wanted to know, "Do you intend to make celestial observations? If so, what instruments have you for this purpose? What method of working out your sights will you use?"

Another question was, "Assuming a wind of seventeen miles from fifty minutes true 600 miles from Honolulu, what will be your compass course? Give compass error on this heading."

A lot of the boys didn't know the answers and didn't care. They had come to fly to Hawaii, not to answer foolish questions.

Young, Parkin, and Breingan inspected the planes. Some of them were really excellent examples of design and construction. As they were all powered with the same type of Wright Whirlwind motor used by the trans-Atlantic fliers, their chances were equal in this respect.

With one exception, the planes had fuel capacity 15 per cent in excess of the amount necessary for the distance, as the rules required. Martin Jensen's plane was a bit shy on fuel-tanks, but he said he'd carry his gasoline in five-gallon cans and dump it in as it was needed.

ALL this was preliminary. Two days before the start, August 10, the first fatalities occurred. Lieutenants George D. Covell and R. S. Waggener were killed at San Diego when their Tremaine monoplane, embodying radical ideas of design, crashed in flames as they were starting from San Francisco. The machine had performed badly from the first day it was flown, but the two naval lieutenants were willing to start to the islands with it.

Fully alarmed over the situation, officials of the N. A. A., the starting committee, the inspectors, and Wyatt met at the Athens Club, in Oakland, that night to decide what could be done to prevent an impending disaster.

Wyatt said it would be plain first-degree murder to let these fellows start. One or two of them were ready. The rest absolutely were not. Every one present knew Wyatt was right.

Something had to be done and done immediately. Death and disaster were in the air. Fifteen men and a very pretty girl were intent on committing suicide. There

[CONCL'D ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

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Aqua Velva is for the *newly shaven skin*. It protects a delicate surface when it most needs protection—guards it from dust and germs, wind and weather.

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Coupe	$745	Sport Cabriolet	$795
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The New Oakland All-American Six, $1045 to $1265. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

must be some way to prevent them.

Why couldn't they stop the flight? They had no legal means. Dole had made his offer in good faith and probably wouldn't withdraw it.

He was justified in assuming nobody would be silly enough to start without adequate preparation. The backers had to be considered. They had put up somewhere around $300,000 on the guaranty that prize-money would be available.

The result of the meeting was a cablegram to the Honolulu chapter of the N. A. A., the only body that could authorize a postponement. Wyatt thought he could get the navigators straightened out in a few days, and a two weeks' delay was requested on the grounds that a start on August 12 would be hazardous and "the result could easily be unfavorable."

P. & A. photo

James D. Dole, pineapple king, who put up $35,000 in prizes for the Pacific air race.

When the pilots and their backers heard of the committee's cable, they filled the air with wailing and moaning. Wyatt was the target for a dozen salvos of protest, objection, and strong language. He didn't seem to mind. He was fortified with the knowledge that he was fighting for their lives.

The backers, whose money was in jeopardy, squawked louder than the fliers whose lives were at stake.

Some backers concentrated their protests on the San Francisco committee. The planes that were ready should not be penalized because others were not.

The Honolulu committee turned down the request for a postponement with a curt cablegram.

While everybody was busy being mad at everybody else, the International Triplane, fresh from the factory, arrived at Bayfarm Field, Oakland, piloted by Captain J. L. Griffin and carrying two passengers. The huge plane, which resembled a flying layer cake, bounced down on the runway, bounced off again, and crashed into San Francisco Bay, a total wreck. The occupants were uninjured.

Their request for a delay denied, the starting committee refused to give up. They insisted on disqualification of all planes that had not passed Wyatt's tests.

NOT a single plane had passed. Major Young threatened to revoke the flying license of any pilot who started without Wyatt's approval.

The fliers who had not qualified said they would start anyway. They raved about personal honor, the disgrace of not starting, and obligations to their backers.

Wyatt tried to convince the boys they would be foolish to start when they were so obviously unable to navigate correctly, but they wouldn't listen to him.

Then the Lockheed Vega monoplane, known as the Golden Eagle, piloted by Jack Frost, and the El Encanto, Lieutenant Norman A. Goddard's plane, successfully passed their navigation tests. Frost, with a splendid and very speedy plane, looked like a winner. The boys at the field were betting Goddard's plane would never get off the ground.

Major Irving and Bennett Griffin had some slight adjustments to make, but it was rumored they would qualify in the morning. The rest of the pilots wouldn't be able to pass their tests in time to start with the others.

Then somebody had a bright idea. They called a sportsman's conference of pilots.

The committee put the facts up to the boys, who listened long enough for Wyatt to convince them he wasn't making them take navigation tests just to be aggravating. And the entrants finally saw the light.

A gentleman's agreement was suggested whereby the start would be postponed four days. Frost and Goddard, the only two who could have started, consented. The others could do no less.

The following day the third fatality occurred. Captain Arthur V. Rodgers, flying a twin-motored Bryant monoplane, crashed to death near Los Angeles.

Frank Clark and Charles H. Babb, who was to make the flight with him, withdrew. A lot of people said Clark was yellow. You can judge for yourself. He and Babb decided they were risking a $20,000 plane and their lives to win a $25,000 prize. They realized the hazards of the trip and figured that if they made it they would have accomplished nothing new, so they politely bowed out of the picture.

Wyatt and the inspectors disqualified the City of Peoria plane. When it had passed its navigation tests the inspectors rechecked its fuel capacity. It couldn't carry enough gas to get it to Honolulu.

P. & A. photo

Lieutenant B. H. Wyatt, abused by the fliers for trying to save their lives.

The owners insisted it could get there. The pilot, Charles R. Parkhurst, finally said he doubted if it carried enough fuel to cross the Pacific.

But he was a dead game sport. He had signed to make the flight and if the owners insisted, he'd try to go through with it! The inspectors saved him from what might very possibly have been a watery grave.

Eight planes lined up for the start. Two of them crashed taking off—they couldn't lift their heavy loads.

Two more returned. One of these, flown by Captain Erwin, departed two days later in a heroic and fatal attempt to find his lost rivals. Two planes reached Honolulu. Two disappeared at sea, leaving no clue to their fate.

What happened to them? A thousand things might have. Captain Erwin almost certainly lost his balance in the dark, fell in a tail spin, and crashed into the sea. The same fate may have claimed the Golden Eagle and the Miss Doran.

Engine failure might have forced a landing, almost impossible to accomplish successfully with a landplane in the open sea. None of them, with the possible exception of the Golden Eagle, would have remained long afloat.

They might have miscalculated their courses and missed the islands entirely, dropping into the sea when their fuel gave out. Only one thing is certain—they are gone.

WHO was to blame? Certainly not James D. Dole, who offered the prizes. Not the starting committee or the inspectors, who did everything in their power to postpone or entirely cancel the flight. Not Lieutenant Wyatt, who worked day and night to convince the fliers of the dangers confronting them.

The rules might have been more stringent; but the pilots and their backers were most at fault. They would have departed with no preparation at all had Wyatt let them. They were too greedy for fame and money.

The flight accomplished nothing. Those most closely connected with it admit that. It was a step backward.

Nothing new was achieved. On the contrary, it nullified Maitland's splendid success.

But it will never happen again; because the Department of Commerce, the N. A. A., and other governing bodies will, by one means or another, render a recurrence impossible. Congress may even devise some way to prevent fliers from committing suicide.

Prizes for other strange and remarkable aerial accomplishments are now being offered, some because of the publicity they will bring their donors rather than for the good they will do aviation.

The N. A. A. is shying gingerly away from them. They've had enough of prize flights.

But if the new contests are ever held, you may be sure they will be held under the most rigid regulations.

So perhaps ten people did not die entirely in vain, after all—not if their shocking deaths will drive home the point that flying over great distances is a serious, highly hazardous business when entered upon without proper equipment and preparation, and will start some sort of movement that will eventually protect aviators from themselves. A lot of them need it.

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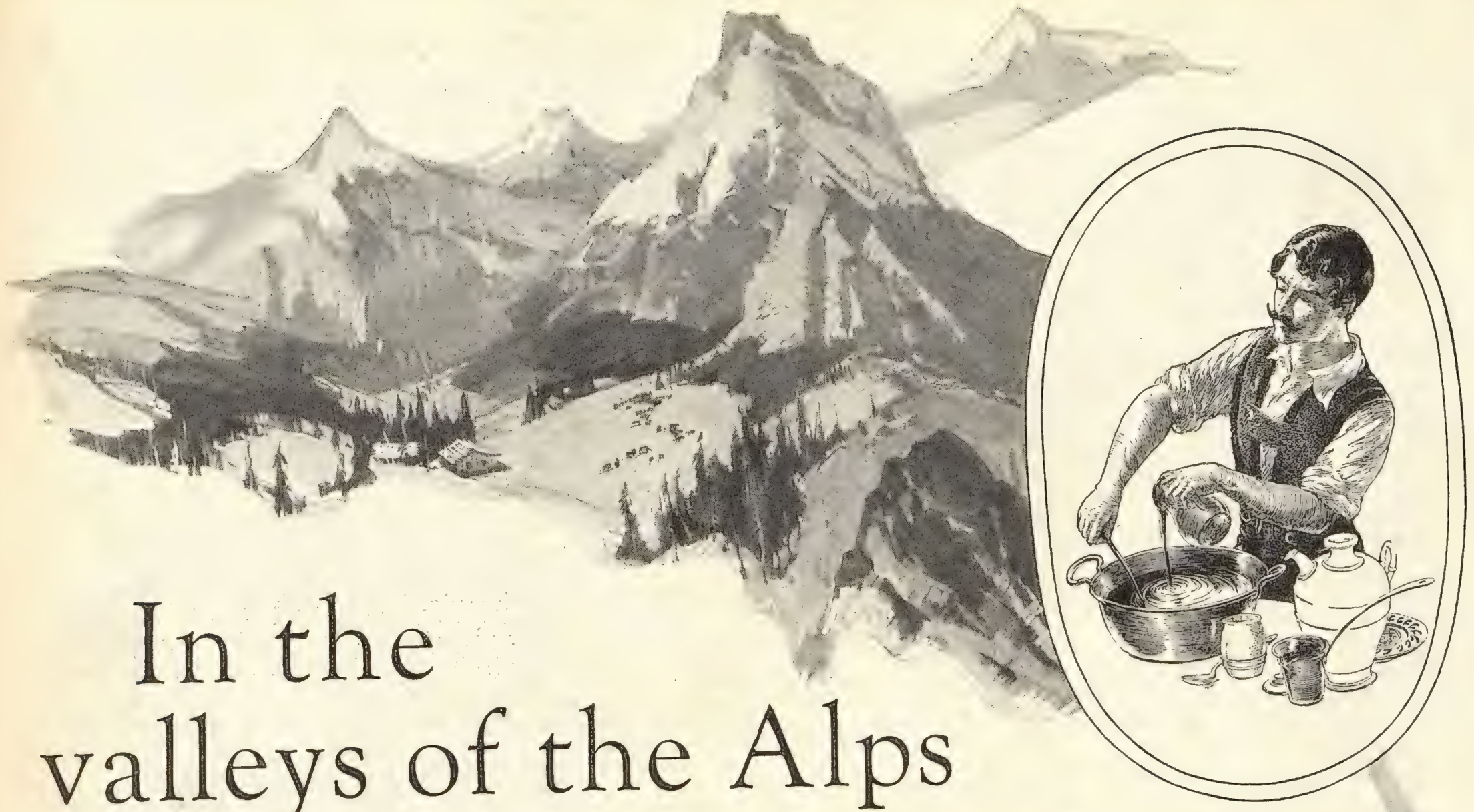

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Peter's is the richest in chocolate flavor of all milk chocolates. Made from the old Swiss formula invented by Daniel Peter and blended by expert Swiss methods, it is irresistibly delicious—the choice of thousands of chocolate lovers who want a full-strength chocolate taste

Another Swiss triumph—the creamiest chocolate of all!

And then for the thousands who prefer a creamy mellow flavor these same experts developed a second blend—Nestlé's—creamiest of all milk chocolates!

Nestlé's, too, is made by the expert processes perfected by the Swiss. Rich pure milk—gallons upon gallons of it—goes into Nestlé's. You wouldn't believe milk chocolate could be so creamy!

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No other milk chocolate blend is as rich in cream as Nestlé's. Mild—delightful—this remarkable milk chocolate is a triumph of velvety creaminess. Fresh milk with all its cream gives it that smooth richness that makes Nestlé's the favorite of all who love a mellower creamier blend

SHANGHAIED by Rum-Runners

NEXT he ordered the yawl overboard and boarded the schooner.

Further Amazing Adventures of a Sea-Captain Among Smugglers

An Article by

EVAN JOHN DAVID

Pictures by ANTON OTTO FISCHER

(Reading time: 18 minutes 20 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the concluding instalment of a true story. Captain Edward Perham, who relates it to Mr. David, formerly was mate of the famous old Cup-defender, Mayflower.

He shipped out of Norfolk, Virginia, as navigating officer on what he thought was a steam-collier, with a chief engineer named Hughes.

When the boat cleared from Bath, Maine, they learned that she was a rum-runner. Clem Carter was the leader, with Art Huff as mate; and Strang Mahoney was the chief gunman. The crew consisted of some fifty or sixty desperadoes, all heavily armed.

Carter gave Captain Perham the choice of navigating the vessel or being tossed overboard. The Captain accepted the job. Hughes rebelled and was put in irons. Then, under Carter's orders, Captain Perham steered for the Georges, where a rum-boat was supposed to await them.

Fog prevented them from finding the rum-boat and Carter ordered the collier back to Boston Harbor. We find the vessel now entering the harbor, with Captain Perham on the bridge and Carter beside him, a gun in his belt.]

PART TWO

WITH Mr. Carter threatening me, I knew what would happen if I made any kind of a false move. I wasn't worried about that, but about any mistake I might make that they might *think* was a traitorous move!

In goin' into Boston, I did make a mistake, but it was harmless. I anchored on the wrong side of the harbor for light vessels. I didn't know the rules of the port till later.

As soon as the hook was down, Mr. Carter got ready to go ashore, getting all dressed up and telling me he was goin' to get provisions for eighty-five men and coal enough for seven days' steaming. Being uneasy, I asked him if he'd mind having Mr. Art Huff—or somebody beside Strang—guard me. He only laughed hearty and said:

"Don't be afraid—that hairy ape won't dare bother you again—unless you deserve it. That's the only job I can trust him to do. He hasn't got the brains of a dummy—can't get a job with that face and his own name, or hold one under any other. I feel sorry for him."

I looked to see if there was a twinkle in his gray eyes. There was none. I'm still wondering if he meant it.

Before Mr. Carter went over the side, he stationed two gunmen—the two young fellows I'd seen below with Hughes—fore, and two aft, with orders no one should go ashore. The hatches were already battened down and all but the deck crew had orders to stay below. Then he went ashore in a linch [launch].

Later, a linch steamed out with the provisions. It was quickly unloaded. Next came 250 tons of soft coal. But the bunkers would not hold more than half of that, so we had to load the rest on the deck.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

While this was being done, a police linch came out and ran alongside. I climbed down from the bridge and talked to them over the rail.

They surprised me by not makin' any move to come aboard, but told me I was anchored on the wrong side of the harbor. I told them I was goin' to be there only a few hours, to take bunkers and water. They kidded me about being a good harbor-pilot. Just before the linch pushed off, the Captain shouted up to me:

"Say, Skipper, are ya goin' into the hard-coal business?" I didn't understand, for a minute, why he put such force on the word "hard," because we was loadin' soft coal—until he winked and laughed. Then I got wise—but I didn't have a bottle to give him.

While waitin' for orders, I thought I'd go down and have a look how Mr. Hughes was gettin' on, for I was a bit worried about him. I wouldn't 'a' been surprised if they'd pitched him overboard during the night.

All the way down Strang followed me. It was like havin' a half-friendly ape from the zoo followin' behind, and it wasn't a bit comfortable in the gloomy companionway. After inquirin' in the engine-room, I went to Hughes' cabin and found him chained to the bulkhead by one wrist—like a wild beast.

I can tell you, it was some shock to me to find a friend manacled like I seen as a boy on those old ships. He was frightened through and through—nervous, and had been cryin'.

Except for the chain, he had all the comforts of his cabin—bunk, smokes, old newspapers, and plenty of good food and coffee. But he was afraid of what might happen to him in a collision and what they might do to him. He hadn't slept.

He gave me a half-dozen word-messages to his family. I tried to calm him, tellin' him they wouldn't hurt him—would set him free as soon as they got through with the three trips the ship was chartered to make.

At the mention of that, he got scared for his family—not hearing from him all that time. I told him he was lucky because they'd given him a real choice—but, with me, they only gave the option of "playing ball" with them or goin' into the sea. I left him feelin' better.

When I came on deck, Mr. Carter was comin' alongside in a big linch. As soon as he came aboard he asked me to step into the cabin with him. I did.

When I got in there I saw another roll, like the one up in the chart-room, lying on the table. I noticed most of the bills was in grand—there must 'a' been $50,000 there, and twice that much in the chart-room. Mr. Carter saw me lookin' at it.

"Every man has his price—some high, some low. I've got to have the jack on hand all the time—and plenty of it."

"But aren't you afraid somebody will see it, and take it?"

He only laughed; but I was sober, for I saw what chance a man would have, trying to sneak off that collier with those gunmen on watch.

"Now, Navigating Officer, I want you to come ashore with me. Dress very warm—even though it's August and hot as hell in this harbor. Remember, you're never to speak to anybody. You're deaf and dumb—I'll tell that to everybody that tries to talk to you. One move to disobey—" He patted a short-barreled revolver in the side of the spring overcoat he was now wearing. I nodded.

They were liable to go on the rocks at any time, even with a compass and a knowledge of the coast.

I went out and got my sweater. I always wear woolens, on land and sea—all the year round. I also put on my double-breasted, short pea-jacket with the side breast-pockets, and reported on deck. We went over the side together. We was the only passengers in the linch.

WE went ashore at East Boston, behind Bird's Island Flat, and the linch—which really belonged to Carter's gang—ran alongside a big seaplane. Two men was working on the plane.

I'd never been up in any kind of a plane. I didn't like the idea. I was at home in any kind of boat, but the air—well, that was somethin' different. Mr. Carter must 'a' seen I didn't take to the idea, for he hurried to say:

"Navigating Officer, you'll find this seaplane steadier than the deck of the collier. You won't get airsick in the open cockpit. There's no danger in this kind of weather this season of the year, with that calm water for forced landings out to sea. I'll fly the plane out to the Georges. The fog has lifted and we'll try and locate the schooner. I'm a licensed pilot—know what I'm doing. Flew in the war—and came back to find the stay-at-homes had taken away the liberty I went over to fight for—and my drink—damn them!"

That was the first and only time Mr. Clem Carter made any cracks about his rum-running. He was as close-mouthed as myself.

I climbed into the plane and sat down right behind him. One other man sat beside him and one beside me. The two in front seemed to know how to handle the airship.

I must say flying was a bit different from sailing—even on a calm sea. On the whole, the seaplane was much steadier—though I didn't seem to have anything solid under me at any time!

In about an hour and a half we was flying over the Georges. We saw a lot of swordfishing craft, some tramps, and one or two of the rum-navy, but we couldn't see anything o' the schooner with the rum cargo.

Mr. Carter had been flying the ship, but now he gave the wheel over to the other pilot and climbed back and sat with me.

"You know this coast, Navigating Officer." He had to shout to be heard above that engine and propeller. "You tell us if we're off our course. We'll fly as far as the Bay of Fundy and see if we can locate that schooner."

So we headed northeast by north, and flew about three hours, covering about 250 miles as near as the instruments showed, and made the coast of Nova Scotia, near Cape Sable, without a glimpse of the schooner.

Then we followed the beach northeast right down the coast, which is very wild, rugged, and rock-bound in that part of Nova Scotia, and indented with rivers, inlets, and bays. We explored them all. I didn't like it a bit.

At last we located the schooner, seven and a half miles southwest of Coffin Light, which is not so far from the entrance to Liverpool, Nova Scotia. She was anchored on a bar in about thirty fathoms of water. We circled a bit and Mr. Carter leaned out the side and made some signal I couldn't see—for I didn't like leaning over the rail of that boat.

Mr. Carter himself had been flyin' the plane again—relieving the other pilot. He now flew back to Coffin Bay and landed on smooth water, just back of Coffin Island. I was greatly relieved to be at rest again, but I wasn't allowed to do more than stand up and stretch my stiff legs, while they worked on the engine for two hours.

I got very worried about the flight back, fearing a forced landing out to sea, for I seen how the sea was a-running up there and I wouldn't 'a' liked a night on the North Atlantic in that frail craft.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

AMITY Wallet and Key Kaddy of hand-colored calfskin. This set is laced at the edges, boarded and tooled by hand. $13.50 in silk-lined gift box. Other sets in various leathers, $2 to $50.

Rich tokens of thoughtfulness AMITY *leather gifts in matched designs*

Do you remember, among the gifts you have received, some one thing that suited *you* absolutely? You were proud of it from the start—for it was *really* good. Later you became more grateful to the giver, for this gift became mellow with age—grew old gracefully.

Amity gifts have just this effect. They are made of genuine live leather—pigskin, morocco, pin seal, ostrich. Some are plain, some have gold corners, and others have beautifully tooled designs and are hand-laced. Gifts as lasting as friendship itself.

Look at the Amity line of leather goods at your dealer's. Write for booklet No. 7. Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wisconsin.

if stamped AMITY *it's leather*

"Down two tricks doubled"

No wonder his partner has that "if looks could kill" expression. It should have been game. No, he didn't revoke. He couldn't remember trump because he couldn't *forget his underwear.*

Underwear or trump?

Certainly you ought not to be thinking of your "undies" when it's "four no trump—doubled." But alas! Some "undies" just won't be forgotten. They keep bunching and cutting and gouging, until you wish it were no underwear instead of no trumps.

Not, however, the Lewis Golf Suit. The same freedom that thousands found on the fairway this summer is equally soul-satisfying—at the bridge table—on the dance floor—in the office—or in the old easy chair at home.

A slightly heavier weight for winter, of course—but the same glorious freedom—comfort—ease of motion. It absorbs and evaporates perspiration just as perfectly as does its summer twin. Just remember to ask your dealer for it—then forget it for good, once you've donned it. And remember "what's trump."

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If your dealer hasn't the Lewis Golf Suit, send us your measurements, with a check for any of the following styles:

Summer Weight, Mercerized
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2 suits, no sleeves, ¾ length . 7.00

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2 suits, no sleeves, ¾ length . 8.00

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There's a richness—a character about Lewis Underwear that has distinguished it for 35 years. We suggest that you ask to see these styles:

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"*The Lewis Chieftain,*" a snow-white, glistening mercerized garment, medium weight, at $4.00

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Also the famous Lewis Hand-Knitted, Full-Fashioned suits in selected yarns, up to $70 per garment.

The New **LEWIS GOLF SUIT**

The NEW UNDERWEAR *That Gives* NEW FREEDOM

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

At last they started the motor and we flew back to Boston and landed about 8 o'clock in the evening, back of Bird's Island Flat again. We took the linch to the collier at once and got under way without bothering about clearance. As a matter o' fact, several of the police boats and the rum-navy passed us in the harbor, but didn't bother us.

I had orders to make Coffin Light, which I did in about two days. But now the schooner wasn't there. A heavy fog was rollin' in, so I ran under the Coffin Light and anchored.

THEN Mr. Carter and Mr. Huff did one thing I never would do and I never seen a sailorman do. Perhaps it was because they wasn't seamen—didn't know any better. Anyway, they got into the yawl and made for Liverpool through that fog and heavy sea.

How they made that shore through the surf which must 'a' been running, is a mystery to me. They was liable to go on the rocks at any time, even with a compass and a knowledge of the coast.

Anyway, we laid there in the fog that night and the next day. Still the fog didn't lift. Mr. Carter and Mr. Huff must 'a' found us by our bell. I was glad when Mr. Carter got back; for that gorilla-man was beginning to get on my nerves—eatin' and sleepin' and walkin' with me all the time!

I don't think they got much information ashore, for they was cross, and at last got so impatient for the fog to lift, they ordered me to zigzag twenty miles off and twenty miles on shore, makin' four p'ints to each turn.

It was then I learned Hughes had gone back to work on his job as chief engineer. Being shut up in his cabin had been too much for him.

All the time I'd been sleepin' on the transom in the chart-room with that $100,000 there on the table under a belaying-pin. It wasn't any temptation for me in that place.

So we stood along on easy steam, and by and by the fog lifted and there was the schooner, jogging along under forestaysail and jib. Mr. Carter and I was standing on the navigating bridge at the moment she hove in sight through the lifting fog.

I forgot to say the men had been busy during the voyage—down in the hold—making chutes and platforms out of the new timber we had brought along. These had been finished up some time before.

" Here's where one of your most important duties comes in. I want you to put the steamer alongside the schooner. We're going to take her cargo off."

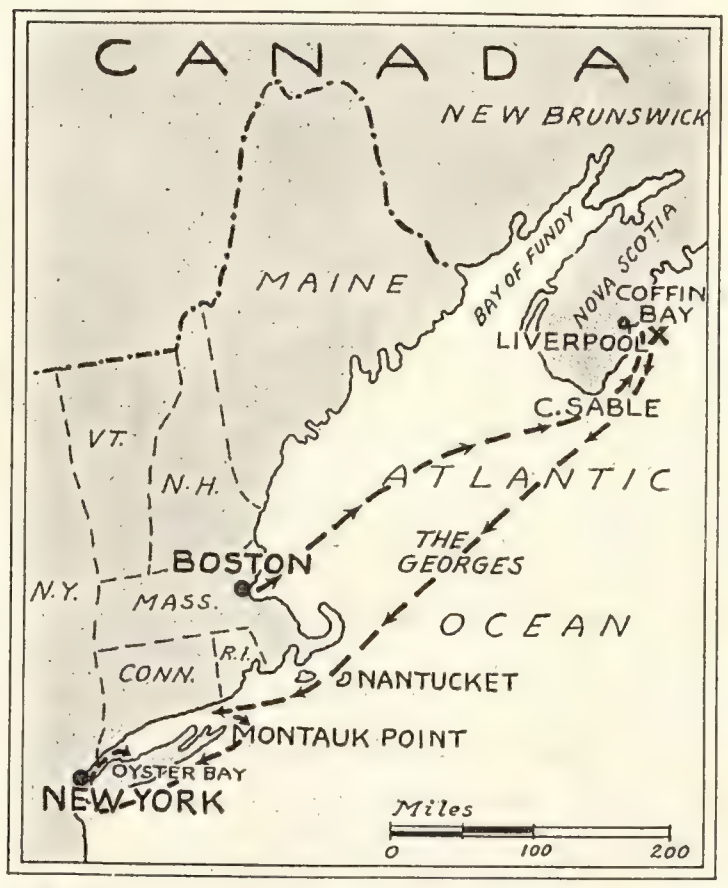
Mr. Carter certainly did look like an old sea-dog skipper when he gave orders—something in his eye.

Next he ordered the yawl overboard and went in her with several men and boarded the schooner, leaving orders with me to come alongside when he waved a handkerchief.

Anybody who knows the sea knows what a task it is to bring two ships alongside, even in no sea at all. But with a long fog-sea on I had to make sure we went up and down in the trough together, or I'd wreck that schooner.

So I had the schooner head-up into the long fog-sea—still running—for Mr. Carter didn't want to wait till the sea smoothed down. This was an hour after he went aboard and signaled. He stood for no delay in getting that schooner's cargo from her to us.

I still kept the schooner headin' up to the sea as close as possible, and I came alongside about twenty feet off and got a line to her bow, ordered her headsails in, and began to heave on the line and warp her alongside, at the same time bringing both ships directly ahead into the sea.



THE course followed by the collier in its search for the rum-boat, which was found at X, and its return to the point where the transferred cargo of liquor was unloaded.

At last I got her alongside and made fast. Then I saw she had a deck-load, as well as a boat-load, o' liquor.

RIGHT away the new-made chutes were brought up and the boxes and the plank platforms. These chutes ran down into the hold of the collier, supported by the two-by-four stays. A platform was rigged up on the side of the schooner for passin' the cases up, and everything was made ready for the transfer.

I found that we had mustered sixty-five men and the schooner twenty-five. With them we started to unload her into us. Before they began to shift the cases Mr. Clem Carter made this announcement:

"I want you fellows to work. There'll be no let-up till the whole cargo is transferred. Be careful not to drop or break any boxes—they're mostly champagne. You'll have all you want to drink—but don't get drunk. Remember, if anybody gets drunk, he'll be laid up for other reasons than drunkenness."

The men started passing the cases on board and shooting them down the slides into the hold, where the tallyman stood while the boxes was stacked in tiers. Each time a case came down, you could hear the tallyman ring a bell which sounded through the ship.

All the time I kept a sharp lookout from the bridge, with Mr. Carter beside me, standing or sitting and smoking cigars and drinking a little champagne at a little round table set on the bridge, so he could look down into the hatches and the decks of the collier and the schooner.

He watched the men, while Mr. Art Huff moved here, there, everywhere, telling the men to hustle and get the cargo aboard.

For eighteen hours the two vessels clung together without damaging as much as the rail of the schooner. During that time, 44,000 cases was shifted from the schooner to the collier. Thirty thousand of them was champagne, most of the rest XXXX Hennessy Brandy—about twenty years old.

There was some crème de menthe, Bronx cocktails—which was what I drunk mostly — and about 1,000 cases of rye.

What that cargo represented in money, any one can figure; but suppose you say that champagne cost only five dollars a bottle. There was ten bottles to the case—so that's fifty dollars a box at the very lowest.

On 30,000 cases that makes $1,500,000 for that part of the cargo alone! But if you should reckon it at ten dollars a bottle, you have $3,000,000, and that doesn't take in the 14,000 cases left over.

At only fifty dollars a case, there is $700,000 more to be added. At $100 a case it would be $1,400,000—and you can guess for yourself how many millions of dollars that cargo was valued at!

Now do you doubt when I say there was $150,000 in grand thrown about in the two rooms of that collier? They was ready to buy up anybody and anything to get that cargo safely into some shore—as you'll see later.

DURING all that time of transferring the cargo, Mr. Carter never left the bridge—or slept a wink. Nor did nobody else—except when he went down into the hold twice with Mr. Art Huff. I was so curious to see what could get Mr. Clem Carter down off his perch, I leaned over the bridge-rail.

What I saw made me understand, more than when Strang was knocked down and beaten up, to what extremes these lawless men could go.

I saw Mr. Carter walk over to where one of the firemen was staggering about. He was so drunk he had dropped one of the cases, and the liquor was running all over the deck. Mr. Carter knocked him down on the broken glass, and he and Art Huff kicked and beat the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

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Teeth Quickly Whitened *by amazing polishing action of this* modern brush

SURPRISING whiteness quickly replaces dingy stains and discolorations—when brushing really *polishes* your teeth. You soon *see* these results.

And Dr. West's Tooth Brush *does* this for your teeth—*polishes them each time you use it.* That is the purpose for which this *modern* brush was designed.

Use any good dentifrice you like. Your Dr. West's brush does the polishing. Always brush away from the gums—four minutes daily: two at night, two in the morning. Then watch your teeth take new brightness.

In size, design and bristles, Dr. West's is very different from other tooth brushes. The accompanying diagram shows how these facts give this modern brush its remarkable polishing ability. Note that it reaches any part of the mouth easily. That every surface and curve of every tooth is firmly contacted. Note too how deeply its extrapointed tufts penetrate into all crevices between teeth.

Most important of all, you see that its special bristles remain erect. Only the tips of bristles can cleanse and polish. A floor cannot be swept with the *side* of a broom. Nor can teeth be cleaned, polished, by the *sides* of bent-over bristle-tufts. In addition to correct design, Dr. West's Tooth Brush is made of special polishing bristles—for which premium prices are paid, from two to five times more than the cost of ordinary bristles.

That's why whiter teeth are bound to follow regular brushing with Dr. West's. Stop in at any drug store, today, and get one for each member of your family. Adult's size, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; special Gum Massage Brush, 75c. See what a great difference it makes—and how quickly this becomes apparent.

Note the Differences

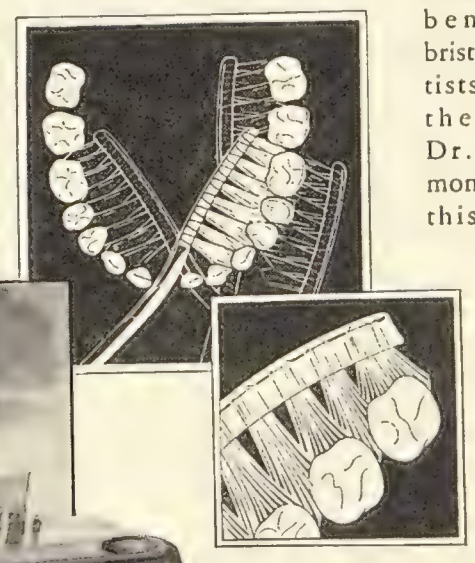
Dr West's brush perfectly fits the neglected *inside* curve of teeth as well as the outside. Wide-spaced tufts sweep crevices clean. Special bristles remain erect—polishing, whitening.

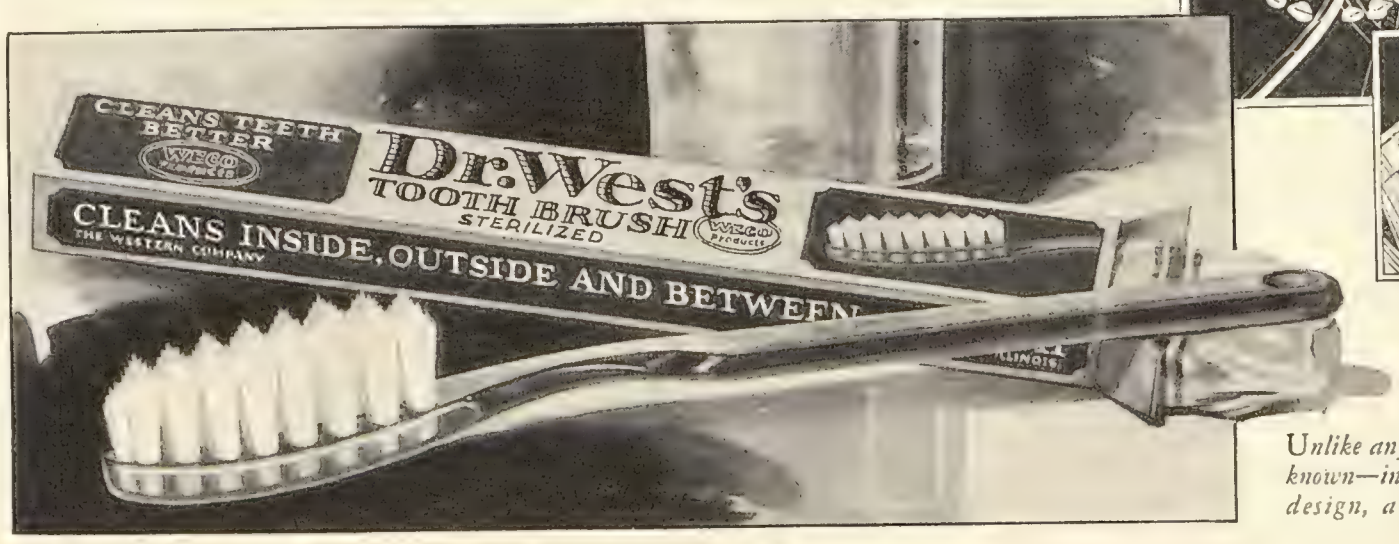
Note This, Too

For your protection, every Dr. West's Tooth Brush is first sterilized, then sealed in special envelope, then packed in customary carton. No one can thumb or handle the Dr. West's you buy!

To Get Full Benefit:

Dr. West's Tooth Brush is extra sturdy It may look all right, may still be usable long after use has impaired the amazing polishing quality. Don't use it too long. Get a new one: a) if your present brush has been in use for 90 days; b) if bristles soften, lose resilience, immediately when wet; or c) if spaces between tufts show tangled, bent-over bristles. Dentists change their own Dr. West's monthly, for this reason.





Unlike any other brush known—in modern size, design, and bristles!

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

groaning man till I thought they'd killed him.

"If you got to be laid up, you got to be laid up for something besides drink!" Mr. Carter repeated over and over, as he kicked the unconscious man. "Layin' down on me—when we need you most, eh? After bringing you all this way! Well, you've got something to lay up for, now. Take him to his bunk."

That happened about sundown. About six hours afterwards, Mr. Carter and Mr. Huff went down again and did the same thing to another big fellow who looked like a stevedore. His groans, as he lay on the deck, was too much for me. I walked away.

I own up I drank a lot of Bronx cocktails, but I kept my weather eye peeled not to be laid up in my bunk for any reason.

NEXT day we got under way, and on the way down passed the rum-fleet at anchor near Nantucket Light. A lot of them was four-masters, some Gloucester fishermen, a few yachts, and one steamer. Two or three rum-navy boats passed us, too, but they didn't bother us.

Art Huff.

"See that four-mast schooner? That's one of my boats." Mr. Carter was talking to me on the bridge. For all his cold cruelty, I'd rather have him beside me than that gorilla-man, Strang Mahoney, for I believed he was square according to his own code of honor.

"Yes, sir."

"I've got two New York State troopers from Long Island on board her. They said they couldn't be bought—but every man has his price. They'll be rum-runners themselves before I get through with them."

I didn't say a word, but I understood for the first time how far these rum-pirates would go to get rid of anybody who stood in their way of landing liquor.

We was now running close to the beach, and I was at the wheel, with Mr. Carter beside me. For the first time he hadn't stopped to shave and keep like he was when I first saw him—just out of the barber-shop. His face looked a bit gray from being awake so long and he had a stubble of blond beard. He was making jokes with Mr. Huff. That was all that showed he was nervous.

We passed within five miles of Block Island—in the regular coastwise traffic. Then we altered the course to go in through the Race between Fisher's Island and Montauk P'int until we saw a rum-navy boat.

"There's that — — of a lieutenant in command of that boat—that we can't buy. We don't dare, now, go in through the Race into the Sound with that boat lying there. We'll have to go down and in through the New York Narrows. Go back and run down the back side of Long Island."

So we stood off about five miles from Long Island, and I wondered at the nerve of this man beside me. Here he was, in broad daylight, goin' to run this collier, loaded down with 44,000 cases of liquor, through New York Harbor and all the shipping, and up under the bridges to somewhere—I didn't know where, yet—on Long Island Sound.

I wondered, too, what they would do if that rum-navy boat followed us, came alongside to look us over, and tried to board us with all those crooks armed to the teeth with those long revolvers!

I wondered what would become of me then—how long a prison term I'd get. No wonder I was nervous and scared.

But they didn't steam after us, and we made Gedney Channel Light-ship and again passed several of the rum-navy boats. Either they was bought off or thought we wouldn't be so foolish as to run such a course. Mr. Carter was still beside me, now with his hand on his gun.

"Here is the real test, Navigating Officer. Put her through the Narrows and Buttermilk Channel, going as close to the Brooklyn shore as you can, safely. I want to get a signal from the shore."

I did, and he got it, but I never found out what it was or how he got it, though I stood beside him all the time. We stood on through Buttermilk Channel, up through the East River, under the big bridges and the traffic overhead, passed Blackwell's Island, through Hell Gate, and out into the Sound.

My nerves never was so much on edge. A little turn of the wheel or a little mistake in piloting, and I'd have put her ashore with all her contraband cargo. If I did, I knew for certain what that man beside me would do!

THE crew had begun to take off the hatches as soon as we passed under Hell Gate Bridge. All at once a seaplane flew over us and landed on the water about 500 feet from us. It had two men on board.

Carter gave a signal—a whistle—and out came all the longshoremen and gunmen, armed with those big revolvers, four machine guns, and four one-pounders! So that was what was in those new-headed-in boxes!

"By God," shouted Mr. Carter, jumping down from beside me at the wheel, "no two men are going to get this cargo!"

I never saw a more bulldog look on the face of any old sea-captain in time of trouble! I understood then what would have happened if a crew of hijackers had come aboard, out at sea, and tried to take that cargo! It would have been one desperate, bloody battle!

Thank God, that seaplane was down with engine trouble—hadn't seen down through the open hatches—made no move to board us.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Look..... Ashes Vanish from Sight and Smell!

PERFECT cleanliness . . . witn this "ashless ashstand," no ashes blow over furniture and rugs. No smouldering stubs. Ashes and stubs drop down the hollow tube into the roomy air-tight bowl, out of sight and smell.

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Don't be misled into taking any but the genuine—look for the name, Smokador, on the match-box holder and on the bottom of the bowl. This mark is a guarantee of genuineness, perfect workmanship and material.

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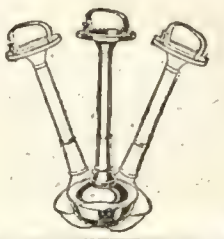

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He found in Gastrogen Tablets a digestive aid that didn't cause belching or distress

"To relieve the indigestion that sometimes follows my hasty 'business lunches'," writes Mr. W. W. Briggs, Suffern, N. Y., "I used to dose myself with soda. But the hiccups and gas that followed were almost worse than indigestion itself. That is why I was so glad when I discovered Gastrogen Tablets. They settle my indigestion quickly and never cause me this distress of hiccups and gas."

That's the great difference between Gastrogen Tablets and ordinary digestive remedies that contain soda bicarbonate.

For soda simply can't help leaving an alkaline residue in the stomach, which not only hampers normal digestion but brings on the gas and internal rumblings that make one so conspicuously miserable.

Gastrogen Tablets work quietly and effectively

Gastrogen Tablets contain no soda. They are compounded of antacids that *cannot act except in the presence of acid*. So, after neutralizing the acidity of the stomach, they cease their work entirely and any excess passes from the system harmlessly and unchanged. You get quick relief—you get effective relief—and you avoid the embarrassments of eructation (the medical term for the social error of belching).

Gastrogen Tablets work so quickly that they drive away the discomforts of indigestion, heartburn and gas in 5 or 10 minutes. Two or three tablets are usually effective. Get them today—try them next time your dinner brings you discomfort—you'll be surprised and delighted at the quick and comfortable relief they bring, and you'll enjoy their spicy, aromatic flavor every time you take them.

Druggists have Gastrogen Tablets in handy pocket-tins of 15 Tablets for 20c and in cabinet-size bottles of 60 Tablets for 60c.

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$HCl+NaHCO_3=NaCl+CO_2+H_2O$

Notice the quantity of carbon dioxide set free, then compare it with this equation, which pictures the action of Gastrogen Tablets:

$HCl+\frac{1}{2}CaCO_3=\frac{1}{2}CaCl_2+\frac{1}{2}CO_2+\frac{1}{2}H_2O$

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Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 GastrogenTablets.

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[SHANGHAIED BY RUM-RUNNERS] Continued from Page Thirty-five

By this time it was getting dark, so Mr. Carter ordered me to put in to the shadow of the hill on Lloyd's Neck—east entrance to Oyster Bay. I put her up there as near as I could, and let go the anchor. She carried no lights now, but on shore flash-lights began to write out a code.

The first thing I know, come five big Diesel towboats with mufflers on them—towing barges. They come alongside with about 200 Italians on board. They and the ship's crew began to unload us into them.

Each barge carried 2,000 cases and each steamer 1,000. They used the chutes to the barges and worked all night that way—taking loads in and out the big holes in the side of the hill—the gravel-pits—right across the bay from the home of the Roosevelts. Twenty-five thousand cases was transferred that night!

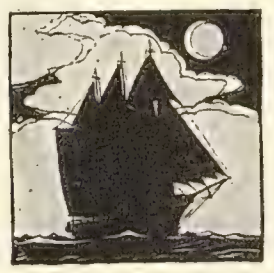
Even come daylight, they took several loads ashore—after five in the morning. I was dog-tired, and scared, and I thought sure somebody on shore would hear those dagos jabbering—because they was full o' drink, too.

"Don't be afraid, Navigating Officer. There's nothing to worry about. Just remember that every revenue officer—and the others in there—are looking out that we won't be caught!"

BY morning I was lit up a bit myself, for I'd been drinking to keep up my nerve—and it was good brandy, too. Then Mr. Carter gave me orders to run her out into the Sound and lay there at anchor all day, like we had engine trouble.

Nobody bothered us, so the next evening we got under way and went back to the same anchorage and started to discharge again.

Before daylight they got all off—except a few bottles for the crew. These we done up in burlap bundles of six each and stowed them in places by the rail, where we could heave them overboard at a moment's notice. We got out all the rough and broken glass too—'cept what was down in the cracks—as we steamed down the Sound and made for Montauk P'int.



We just got to the end of the Island, when I saw the rum-navy boat that Carter had said couldn't be bought, coming out to look us over. I was glad we had only the regular crew of twenty-one men on board now, for all the rest had gone ashore in Oyster Bay with Mr. Carter and the firearms.

Mr. Art Huff passed word for everybody to throw their booze overboard.

Mr. Art Huff showed the navy men through the collier. They didn't find so much as a bottle—but they did see the broken glass and knew they was too late. Just before the officer of the rum-navy boat climbed down the side, he turned to me and said, in front of Mr. Huff:

"We know who you are—your record as a worthy seaman and navigating officer—all about you—and that this is your first trip on this rum-runner. Now, take my advice: make this your last trip on this collier, or we'll get you sooner or later—the way we will these rum-runners."

I didn't answer the rum-navy officer, but I knew I wouldn't make the other two trips to Bath—if I could get away.

FROM Montauk P'int we made a direct course to Cape Henry, Virginia, and ran in and anchored in the bay. In passing quarantine Mr. Huff saw a small linch he wanted to get in touch with. Later he made the mistake of anchoring off Old P'int Comfort in a man-o'-war anchorage. Then he went ashore in the small linch we passed at quarantine.

The next morning at 8 o'clock he came aboard with two women, for the sail up the bay. We anchored at Newport News—off the coal-piers—and all the officers went ashore.

They hadn't been gone long when a big rum-navy boat came up the bay and made for us. Soon the revenue officers came aboard and began to search us. I didn't think there was anything but broken glass aboard, so didn't worry. But those rev'nuers found eight bottles of champagne in the waste-bin and eight in a grip under the fo'castle head, and seized the collier on those sixteen bottles!

Of course they knew what she was, for we had no log and there was the broken glass in the cracks of the collier. So they left one revenue officer aboard to hold the ship. That night Art Huff came out in a big linch and took us all off. How he got around the sleeping officer, I don't know.

In Nipping Square I was rounded up with all the other members of the crew, and paid off. I got $135 for the twenty-three days I'd been on the collier—a full month's pay—and a bonus of $250. When Hughes was offered the bonus, he wouldn't take it—only took the pay due him. Before he left the room Mr. Huff said to him:

"Chief Engineer, you saw what happened to the two firemen. If you do not ship with us again, we expect a closed mouth—or else it may be closed forever."

"I understand. I have a wife and two children. You need fear nothing from me."

At once I shipped out of Norfolk for Galveston, where I was subpenaed to appear as a witness at the trial in Norfolk. It cost me about $1,000, waiting there for that trial, and there was no funds from the government to help me.

At the trial the jury took everything as a joke and laughed with the lawyers. Mr. Carter would never have been tried and sentenced to a year and a day if he hadn't gone down to Norfolk to see about the $25,000 bond he had placed on the collier.

As for me, I won't rest in peace until I hear that Strang Mahoney's strangling fingers can strangle no more!

THE END

The Break of the Game

Seven Minutes to Play— Notre Dame and Southern California (1926)

An Article by

WALTER ECKERSALL

(Reading time: 3 minutes 30 seconds.)

IN the development of football elevens, smart coaches continually prepare for emergencies. The old theory that any eleven is no stronger than its reserves holds true in a great many cases.

The coach who can substitute early in the season without apparent weakening of his team is in an excellent position to lay advance claims to sectional championships.

Such preparedness, however, goes even further. A winning football eleven must be fortified in every department of play. It must have fast-running backs to send in against tired elevens late in the games.

It must be equipped with an accurate field-goal kicker to do his stuff should the occasion demand. It also must possess a forward-passer of the deceptive variety who can hurl the ball accurately.

The player who possesses all the qualifications of the ideal football warrior is rare. The coaches, however, must take advantage of the ability scattered through their squads and use it to the best advantage. If a player has some special ability, he should be made a specialist and saved for emergencies.

It was this sort of preparedness which gave Notre Dame a 13-12 victory over Southern California in Los Angeles last December. The defeat of the Trojans was caused by their poor defensive play against the forward-passing tactics of the eleven from the Middle West.

Notre Dame had suffered an unexpected defeat by Carnegie Tech, and Coach Rockne's players were bent on making amends for this upset.

The game opened in the presence of 77,000 gridiron fans in the Coliseum of the Pacific Coast city. Neither eleven scored in the opening quarter, but in the second period both made touch-downs.

Notre Dame was the first to register, scoring through the line-crashing of O'Boyle and Riley. Southern California scored a little later through the splendid ball-carrying of Morton Kaer and a forward pass from Kaer to Behrendt, the end.

This perfectly executed play placed the oval on Notre Dame's two-yard line, and Kaer plunged through his right tackle on the next play for a touch-down.

A trio of winning backs: (left to right) Christy Flanagan, Art Parisien, and John Niemic of Notre Dame.

The goal was missed and the score was 7 to 6 in favor of Notre Dame.

Toward the end of the third period, Christy Flanagan's punt for Notre Dame was blocked in midfield and recovered by the Trojans on their opponents' forty-three-yard line.

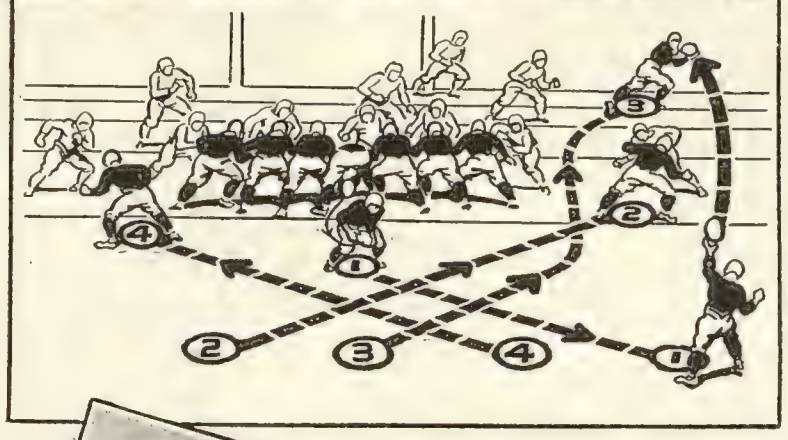
Don Williams had replaced Morton Kaer in the Southern California backfield when Kaer was injured as the result of a hard tackle by Flanagan and Niemic.

From Notre Dame's forty-three-yard line, Southern California started a winning march to the Notre Dame goal-line. Williams proved to be nearly the equal of Kaer in advancing the ball.

He crashed through the Notre Dame line, drove off the tackles, and at times made a few yards on end sweeps. Laraneta, the full-back, was used occasionally, but it was Williams who did the yeoman work in making a touch-down possible.

The goal was missed again, and the Trojan eleven, coached by Howard Jones, a brother of Tad Jones of Yale, led, 12 to 7.

Seven minutes remained to play after Southern California had scored its second touch-down. Coach Rockne was driven to desperation.



P. & A. photo

(Top) Morton Kaer, great Trojan back, crashing the Notre Dame line. (Left) A diagram of Rockne's winning play: (1) Parisien, quarter, received the ball and, running back, passed it to Niemic (3) for a touch-down. Other backs (2 and 4), crossing, blocked the California ends.

Laraneta, California's full-back.

Fortunately, he had not overlooked providing for just such a condition as this. Twisting his cigar in his fingers, Rockne ordered Art Parisien, the diminutive left-handed forward-passer, into the battle.

It then remained for this little player, who was a specialist in tossing forward passes, to launch the play which turned out to be the break of the game.

NOTRE DAME had possession of the oval on Southern California's forty-five-yard line when Parisien took his position at quarter-back. On the first play the quarter-back pulled the hidden-ball trick and dashed through center for four yards.

On the next play Parisien shot a forward pass to John Niemic, the Notre Dame back, who was stopped on the Trojans' twenty-yard line. Two rushing plays netted only three yards. Then Parisien pulled the play which was to win the game.

It was third down, seven yards to gain, and only one minute left to play. A field goal would not tie the score. But Parisien had been drilled for just such an emergency.

He took a position behind his center. The ball was snapped and Art turned his back to the scrimmage line to hide the ball.

Suddenly he wheeled, ran backward and to his left. At a given point he stopped and shot a forward pass to Niemic, who caught the ball two yards from the Trojan goal-line and made a second touch-down for Notre Dame.

The goal was missed and the game ended with the Trojans trying vainly to execute long, trust-to-luck forward passes.

The great Alabama-Stanford game last New Year's Day, and how perseverance won out, is the subject of next week's article.

James J. Corbett says, "Faversham's advice decided me on Luckies"

Famous former heavyweight champion, with Mrs. Corbett after breakfast at their home at Bayside, L. I., recommends Lucky Strikes.

© Strauss Peyton

William Faversham,
The Popular Actor,
writes:

"For years I have been a Lucky Strike enthusiast, in fact, I never smoke any other cigarette. In all this time I have never been troubled with throat irritations. In addition to the enjoyment that I get from the superior quality of Lucky Strikes, it is wonderful to know that my voice will never be affected by smoking."

William Faversham

You, too, will find that LUCKY STRIKES give the greatest pleasure—Mild and Mellow, the finest cigarettes you ever smoked. Made of the choicest tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process—"IT'S TOASTED"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

"It's toasted"

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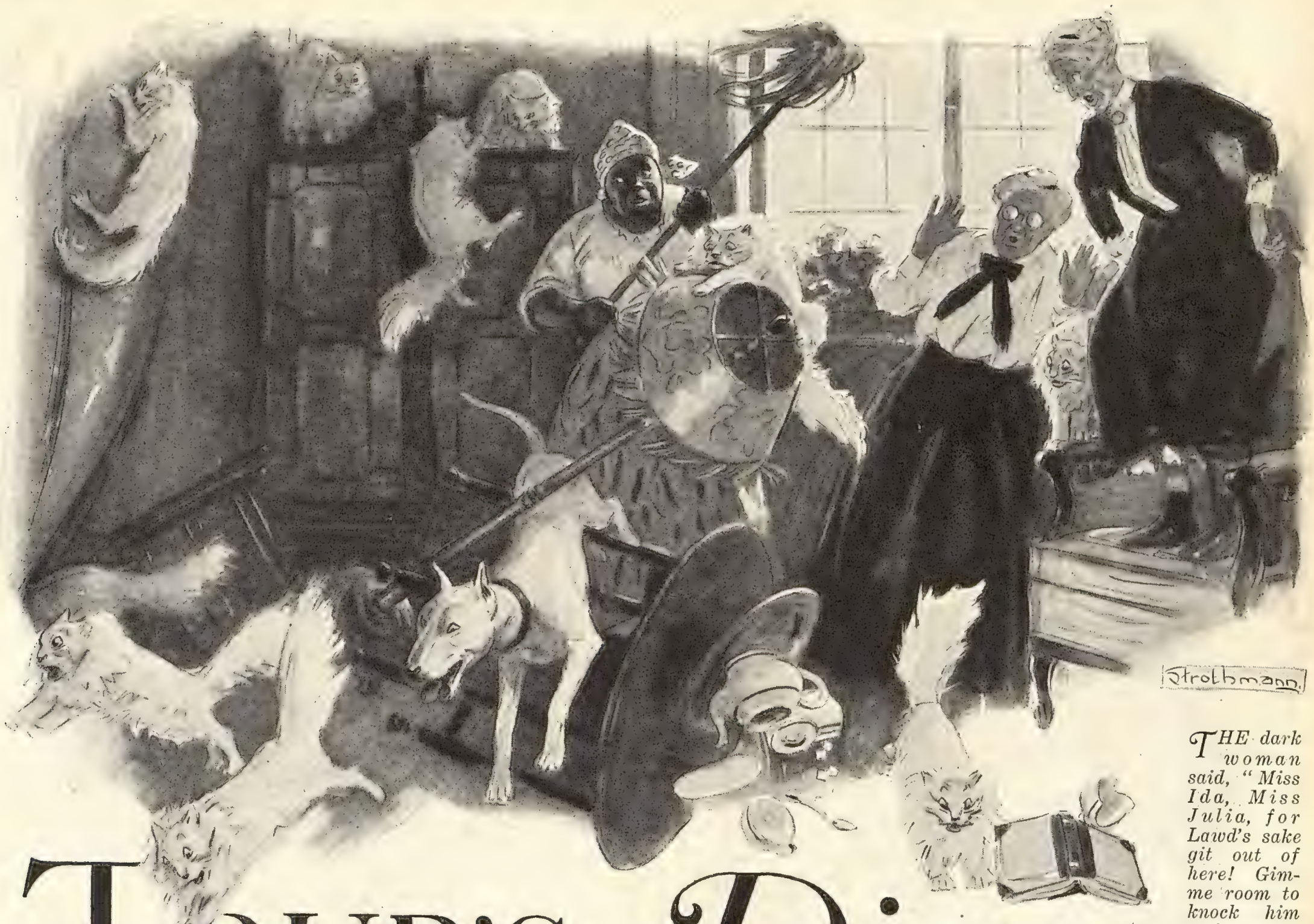

THE dark woman said, "Miss Ida, Miss Julia, for Lawd's sake git out of here! Gimme room to knock him cock-eyed!"

TRUB'S Diary

A Dark Woman in a Dog's Life

A Short Story by

John Taintor Foote

Pictures by F. STROTHMANN

(Reading time: 6 minutes 40 seconds.)

Jan. 5th.

GINGER was wrong. There are cats in Florida. The trees are slick, all right, but the cats *can* climb 'em.

I started to meet cats today. It was on account of The Molecule just sitting. I can't stand just sitting long.

The Molecule and I were walking along the beach. There were many people on the beach. Some were in the water. Most of them just sat.

I ran ahead of The Molecule. Then I ran back to him. Then I ran ahead again. Then I dug in the sand until he caught up to me.

I was running ahead of The Molecule. I saw a little child. The child was digging a hole in the sand. I thought, "I will help the child." I did.

I jumped into the hole and began to dig. The child opened its mouth. It began to make a loud noise. Some of the sand went in the child's mouth. The child stopped making the loud noise. It made a noise like barking.

The Molecule came in a quick way. He picked up the child. He hit it thumps on the back. I thought, "That'll teach it not to bark." But it didn't. The child kept on barking.

A girl came in a quick way. She grabbed the child from The Molecule. She put her finger in the child's mouth. She pulled sand out. The child stopped barking.

The Molecule said, "Awfully sorry. He's all right now, I think."

The child opened its mouth again. It began to make loud noises.

The girl said, "Hush, darling!"

The Molecule took out his watch. He said, "Listen to the tick-tick, Alphonso." He held the watch to the child's ear.

The child made loud noises.

The Molecule said, "Look at the nice doggy, Archibald! Listen to him! Speak, Trub!"

I barked. The child made loud noises.

The girl said, "Hush, darling! Where on earth is that nurse?"

The Molecule said, "Is there a nurse?"

The girl said, "There should be. She was here a moment ago."

The Molecule said, "If I could only find a policeman."

The girl said, "Why a policeman?"

The Molecule said, "The nurse would be talking to the policeman."

The girl said, "Oh, do hush, darling! Sometimes his father rides him on his back Would you mind?"

The Molecule said, "Pleasure, I assure you. Want to go pig-a-back, Reginald?"

The child made loud noises.

The girl said, "Not pig-a-back; it's Whoa-horsy—on your hands and knees."

The Molecule said, "Ah, he's in the Meadow Brook set!"

He got down on his hands and knees.

The girl held the child on The Molecule's back. The Molecule crawled around in the sand. He said, "Whoa-horsy! Whoa-horsy!"

The child made loud noises.

The girl said, "No use! Thanks a lot." She took the child from The Molecule's back.

THE Molecule stood up. He brushed the sand from his knees. He said, "May I make a quaint, old-fashioned suggestion, madam?"

The girl said, "What is it?"

The Molecule said, "Spanky-spank!"

The girl said, "I'd have done it long ago if he were mine. I'm only his aunt."

The Molecule said, "Only his aunt! The sky brightens!"

The girl gave the child a shake. She said, "Stop this instantly—do you hear me?"

The child made loud noises.

A woman came in a quick way. She had on a white dress. She had on a white cap. She took the child from the girl. She said, "It's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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TRUB'S DIARY

[Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

sorry I am, Miss Eunice. Has he been this way long?"

The girl said, "Hours and hours, Maggie!"

The woman said, "'Tis not over ten minutes. I was exchanging the time of day with the life-guard." She took the child away from there.

The Molecule said, "Life-guard! I never thought! Stupid of me."

The girl laughed. She said, "I must run along too."

The Molecule said, "After what we have been through together?"

The girl said, "Oh, but I must!" She sat down on the sand.

The Molecule said, "Of course you must." He sat down on the sand.

The Molecule and the girl just sat and talked. I dug a hole. I took a nap. I chased waves. I scratched. I yawned. I had an idea. It came to me suddenly.

Cats!

I went away from there.

I went along the beach. Then I went into the yards of the houses along the beach. Nothing happened. I thought, "Ginger was right. They don't have cats here."

A DOG saw me passing through his yard. He was a police dog. He rushed at me, yelling. He yelled, "Get the hell out of here, you dirty bum!"

I stopped. The police dog stopped. I said, "Are you addressing me?"

The police dog didn't say anything.

I walked up to him. I put my face close to his.

The police dog backed away. He said, "I thought you were another guy."

I said, "You're sure of that?"

The police dog said, "Absolutely! Make yourself at home."

I said, "I was looking for something, but there aren't any."

The police dog said, "Aren't any what?"

I said, "Cats. They don't have them in Florida."

The police dog said, "How do you get that way?"

I said, "Ginger told me."

The police dog said, "Who's Ginger?"

I said, "A friend of mine."

The police dog said, "He's full of prunes."

I looked at the police dog. I said, "I said he was a friend of mine."

The police dog said, "I'll bet he's a good scout. But, listen—Do you see that green house down there?"

I said, "Yep."

The police dog said, "Go on down there and look around, and listen—keep an eye out for a dark woman."

I said, "All right. Want to come along?"

The police dog said, "Not me."

I went to the green house. There was a sign in front of it. It said, "White Angoras for Sale." I went in the yard. A window was open on the front porch. A cat was sitting in the window. It was asleep.

I went up the steps of the porch in a quiet way. No use. You

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

can't walk up to a sleeping cat. The cat put up its back. It swelled up its tail. It jumped off the window-sill into the house. I jumped over the window-sill after the cat.

I was in a room of the house. In the room were two oldish ladies and cats. I had never seen so many cats. I thought, "I'll never make Ginger believe this!"

The oldish ladies were sitting in chairs. They were looking at books. The cats were lying around the room. They were sleeping. It was a quiet scene. But not for long.

THE Molecule and the girl just sat and talked. I yawned.

The oldish ladies stopped looking at books. They began to scream. Cats began to go in every direction. They went up the backs of chairs. They went up the curtains. They went round and round the room. Everywhere I looked was a going cat. I thought, "This is the life!" But it wasn't. You can't chase ten or twelve cats at once.

I HAD an idea. It came to me in a quick way. The idea was—"Pick a cat!" I did.

The cat I picked went under a table. I went under the table. The table fell down.

I picked another cat. He went behind a stand-up thing for lights. The stand-up thing fell down. It fell on me. A round thing of paper went over my head.

I picked another cat. He went under one of the oldish ladies. I went under the oldish lady. The oldish lady fell down.

A dark woman came running. She was a big dark woman. She had a mop with her. She said, "Miss Ida, Miss Julia, for Lawd's sake git out of here! Gimme room to knock him cock-eyed!"

The dark woman hit at me with the mop handle. I dodged. I thought, "I guess I'll go now." I did.

I went through the window. I went a long way from the green house. I don't think I'll go back there. Too many cats. It's confusing.

I started back to where The Molecule was. I came to a pink house with a wall around it. In the wall was a gate. I looked through the gate. One cat! It was a yellow cat. I went in the yard in a quick way.

The cat went for a tree. I hoped it was a slick tree. It was. I thought, "This is a great country!"

I was surprised at what happened. The cat went right up the slick tree. I could hardly believe it. I sat down to think. I looked at the slick tree. It was a funny tree. There was nothing on the sides of the tree but the cat. At the top of the tree were some big brown balls. I thought, "Nothing for him to sit on—I'll wait." I did.

A little girl was playing in some sand. She went to a window in the house. She said, "Daddy, a nasty dog has chased Pussy up the coconut tree."

A man came to the window. He said, "Where is the dog now?"

The little girl said, "He's sitting under the tree looking up at Pussy."

The man said, "Is he right under the tree?"

The little girl said, "Yes, Daddy, just ezackly under."

The man said, "Good."

The little girl said, "Why is it good, Daddy?"

The man said, "Wait and see."

We waited.

Suddenly something happened. It was a sort of thud. Everywhere I looked were stars. I couldn't see the tree. I couldn't see the cat. I could just see stars.

I found I was lying on the ground. One of the brown balls was on the ground beside me. I wondered how it got there.

I got to my feet. I couldn't see the little girl, but I could hear her. She was saying, "Goody—goody—goody!"

I went away from there.

THE END

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INTRODUCTORY PKG. (Generous Supply) . 25c
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'Kerchiefs in Both Pkgs., 90 sq. in.

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PLEASE ACCEPT 7-DAY SUPPLY of this NEW and utterly different way to try—*cheaper than soiling and laundering towels*

NOW it is known that the way you *remove* cleansing cream from your face has an almost unbelievable effect on the color, texture and fineness of your skin.

There is now a new and exquisitely different way. Yet cheaper to use than ruining and laundering towels.

A way that corrects oily nose and skin conditions amazingly. That holds make-up fresh hours longer than before. A way that practically all beauty experts urge and virtually every prominent stage and screen actress of the day employs.

Send the coupon and a 7-day supply will be sent you to try.

Ends two beauty mistakes

It ends the soiled towel method, judged dangerous to skin beauty. Too often you thus *rub dirty cold cream back into the skin.* That fosters skin blemishes. It invites blackheads. It is a prime cause of oily skin and nose conditions.

To use cold cream effectively, you must remove it *all* from the skin. Towels, cloths, paper makeshifts, etc., won't do it.

It ends, too, the mistaken use of too harsh paper makeshifts; not sufficiently absorbent to cleanse thoroughly, too harsh for delicate skin fabric.

End those mistakes, and you'll note an amazing difference *quickly* in your skin.

Your make-up will hold hours longer than before. Your skin will lose its oily look. Your nose will seldom call for powder.

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To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

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MANY doctors advise that Kleenex 'Kerchiefs be substituted for ordinary handkerchiefs when one has a cold. For damp handkerchiefs are germ carriers. They actually re-infect the user. And colds, hay fever and influenza contagions thus are often spread—aggravated.

You use a fresh Kleenex 'Kerchief every time and *discard AT ONCE* germ-breeding excretions. Being dry and absorbent, they largely end chapped and irritated nostrils. Next cold, carry Kleenex with you.

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes to fit your dressing table drawer.

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Introductory . 25c
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Pyramided Gold

Tracing the Romantic Pedigree of the Great Payne-Whitney Fortune

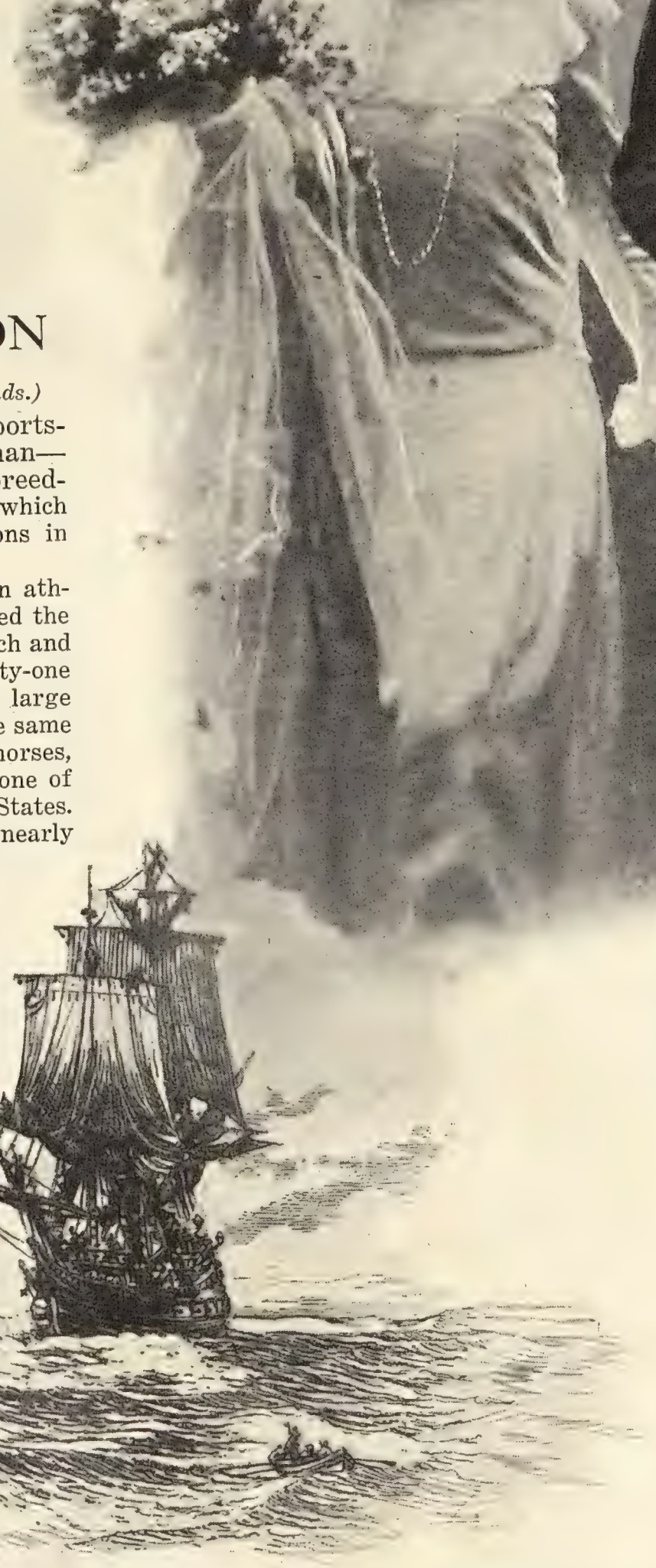
An Article by

HUGH FULLERTON

(Reading time: 16 minutes 20 seconds.)

PAYNE WHITNEY, financier, sportsman, horse-lover, and gentleman—himself the product of careful breeding—died recently, leaving a fortune which affords the world one of its best lessons in finance and investment.

A retiring, publicity-avoiding man, an athlete, a sort of mystery because he avoided the limelight in which most New-Yorkers, rich and poor, revel, this young man (he was fifty-one when he died) took portions of several large fortunes and, by crossing them along the same lines he used in developing his fine race-horses, he bred what perhaps will prove to be one of the five greatest fortunes in the United States. He also is known to have given away nearly $100,000,000 in the last ten years.



Int. photo

PAYNE WHITNEY with his daughter, Joan, on the day she married Charles S. Payson in July, 1924. The foundation of the Whitney fortune was laid in the days of the Mayflower.

Using Standard Oil as the sire of that fortune, with American Tobacco as its first dam, he crossed them with Singer Sewing Machine, Union Lead and Oil, Guggenheim Exploration, Consolidated Gas, Great Northern Paper, New York Central, Central of New Jersey, such banks as the First National and the National of Commerce in New York and the famous Citizens' Trust of Cleveland, and with a judicious cross-breeding in New York real estate produced a regular Man-o'-War fortune.

The romance of the Whitney millions is unique in the history of finance; almost as romantically mysterious as the man himself. He produced nothing, manufactured nothing, grew nothing, but took money and, by selection and investment, watched it grow into a fortune whose size would have startled those bold buccaneers of politics and finance, William C. Whitney and Henry B. Payne, from whom the basis of the great hoard descended.

Living and entertaining on a Lucullian scale on one of the most magnificent estates in the world, giving away millions of dollars with no hint of publicity, entertaining his friends, chosen because they were interesting rather than on any social or financial basis, maintaining a great racing-stable at a loss despite its big annual winnings, he left an estate estimated at from $250,000,000 up; not in gilt-edged, but solid gold, securities.

Payne Whitney was one of the least known of the very wealthy men of America. He was silent, seemingly uninterested; direct, not unfriendly, but not friendly. He won and held the devoted admiration of all who knew him well; but not

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

FILM-FREE TEETH are Healthy White Teeth

The new way to combat the film on teeth — the source of many tooth and gum disorders

As film coats go, teeth whiten and brighten; and as they brighten, smiles become charming. Thus Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is, at the same time, urged as a daily adjunct to beauty, both in Europe and America.

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

A method dentists now are widely urging.

NOW dental authorities point to a viscous film that forms on teeth as the chief enemy of healthy teeth and gums. To a stubborn film ordinary brushing alone will not successfully combat.

As a result, on dental advice, the tooth cleansing habits of people everywhere are largely being changed.

Methods considered right yesterday are judged inadequate today. Modern dental science has made important new advancements. Findings that mean much in dental prophylaxis.

What Film Is— Its Effect on Teeth and Gums

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth. Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Ordinary brushing alone was often found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority, and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Curdles and Removes Film— Firms the Gums

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then removes it in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

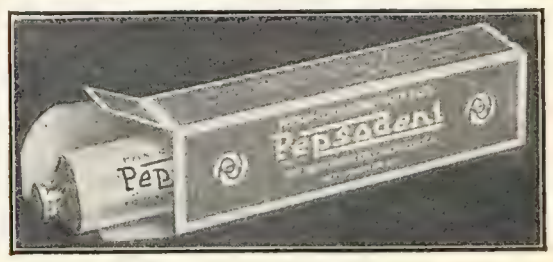
No other method known to present-day science embodies such protective agents.

Glistening teeth and healthy gums, according to many authorities, follow as a natural result when film is removed daily this way.

Please Accept Pepsodent Test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Obtain Pepsodent at your druggist's. Several weeks' supply at a moderate price.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 1300, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
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Name.....

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Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. . . . . **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.
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Only one tube to a family 2629

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

You owe your guests

"MY week-end guests may come any time now —and I think they will appreciate the practical courtesy of a modern bathroom as much as anything else I can provide for their comfort. When I think of what this room was before I modernized it—how out of keeping with the rest of my home—it is a wonder my friends ever visited me. What a difference the bathroom does make!"

FAUCETS · ARE · THE · *VITAL* · *SPOTS* · OF · PLUMBING

a *modern* bathroom!

IS there a "welcome mat" at your bathroom door —or do you show your guests the bathroom with a secret dread? Will they be annoyed by faulty faucets that won't turn completely off, unsightly fittings, slow-draining tub or lavatory? Will they make a mental note of the dinginess of the room?

Look, for a moment, at *your* bathroom through the eyes of a guest. Is it up to today's standards of convenience and sanitation?

And then remember that for a small cost—not as much as you probably think—you may have a fully modern bathroom—luxurious, quiet, in keeping with your standards in other things . . . a bathroom of which you will be proud.

Your plumber will quote you on Mueller equipment—faucets and fittings, and *now on wonderful vitreous ware*—to transform your bathroom into a source of comfort and pride.

To the plumbing merchant everywhere

The name *Mueller* on faucets, fittings, and vitreous ware sold or installed by you is to your customers a mark of quality. It will increase their confidence in you. It will increase your business. Every Mueller faucet is tested under 200 pounds pressure. All parts subjected to wear or strain are reinforced. Nothing leaves the factory until it is worthy of Mueller's reputation for quality.

Through 300 plumbing jobbers in the principal centers in the United States and Canada, Mueller merchant plumbers can get Mueller fixtures and fittings promptly. These jobbers have invested thousands of dollars in complete stocks of merchandise, and they can offer you a service exactly adapted to your requirements, large or small.

MUELLER CO. *{Established 1857}* Decatur, Ill. *Branches:* New York, Dallas, San Francisco, Los Angeles
Canadian Factory: MUELLER, Limited, Sarnia

Since 1857, when this institution was founded by Hieronymus Mueller, it has specialized in the manufacture of brass goods for plumbing service. Today, Mueller Co. is entering upon a career of extended activity. Vitreous ware has been added to the Mueller line and the same high quality which has characterized Mueller faucets

and fittings will distinguish it. Before accepting any selection of plumbing appurtenances as final, it should be worth every householder's while to inquire of architects, merchant plumbers, plumbing goods jobbers, waterworks executives and others who are familiar with Mueller craftsmanship as to the reality of Mueller quality.

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MUELLER
FAUCETS & VITREOUS WARE

FAUCETS · ARE · THE · *VITAL* · *SPOTS* · OF · PLUMBING

A touchdown—it's Eskimo Pie time!

When thrilling cheers arise . . . when crowds are happy . . . it's time to celebrate — with Eskimo Pie!

For in that flavor there's a magic taste tingle which adds new enjoyment to every great occasion.

Rich, wholesome ice cream enrobed in crisp, pure chocolate — that's the delicious combination that always wins refreshment honors with young and old alike.

And mothers know that this product which children love so much, is just as healthful as it is tempting . . . adds valuable, energizing elements to the daily diet.

Why not start the "Eskimo Pie every day" custom today? Ask for Eskimo Pie at your druggist's or confectioner's.

BUY THEM BY THE BOX — SERVE THEM ON ALL OCCASIONS

© 1927, E. P. Corp.

An enticing bar of firm, delicious ice cream, enrobed in crisp, pure chocolate, held in a sanitary moisture-proof wrapper. That is the magic product—the patented trade-marked product—*Eskimo Pie*

Over three hundred million sold yearly

NOTE TO RETAIL DEALERS: *If your ice cream manufacturer is unable to supply you with Eskimo Pie advise us immediately.*

ESKIMO PIE CORPORATION

ICE CREAM for health

ESKIMO PIE MANUFACTURERS: *Our retail selling plans and point-of-purchase advertising are ready for you. Write us for free booklet, "The Future of Eskimo Pie."*

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

many did. He was not a good mixer, being obsessed with some of that New England reticence that is a cross between reserve and inherited class consciousness.

The romance of this fortune starts back in the roots of American history. In every branch it is a study in selection and breeding. The Whitneys, according to family tradition, took a rowboat and landed several days before the Mayflower, which was anchored offshore.

That may be an exaggeration, but it is certain that John Whitney and his son Richard came to New England with Sir Richard Saltonstall in 1635, and that since then the recurrence of the names Saltonstall and Whitney, especially in Yale and Harvard athletic records, indicates that they stuck together.

General Josiah Whitney fought at Crown Point, was lieutenant-colonel of Colonials during the early part of the Revolution, was active in the siege of Boston, became a brigadier-general, and after the war served in the Constitutional Convention. His son, Josiah, was regarded as one of the younger heroes of the Revolution.

They begat conservatively and of their own kind, crossing with the Scollays and other first families of Boston, until they formed a society rivaling that of the Cabots and the Lodges. They made money and saw it accumulate after the 6-percent method of the old New-Englander. But the early Whitney fortune was nothing in comparison with later fortunes.

Then along came William Collins Whitney, born 1841; Yale, 1863; Harvard Law, 1865, in whom was concentrated the financial ability of generations of Whitneys. Until he landed in New York on that political and financial Mayflower that came to drive the Tweed Tammany Indians from their reservation on Manhattan, there was little to indicate an extraordinary financial future for the Whitneys.

ALREADY the Whitneys and Paynes had met at Yale. In fact, all through this story of the breeding of a fortune you will find Yale mentioned, for the Paynes and the Whitneys sent their sons to Yale and then gave them post-graduate work at Harvard. Romance after romance in the alliances of the families started under the shadows of the elms at New Haven.

William Collins Whitney had met at Yale a tall, athletic, powerful youth, Oliver Hazard Perry Payne. They had become dear friends, and, although Payne left Yale to fight in the Civil War, the friendship bonds endured.

The Payne fortune had started long before that time. Henry B. Payne was the founder. He was of the same Connecticut-Massachusetts Yankee blood as the Whitneys, with a shade of New York Dutch far back. He was born in Madison County, New York, went to college, studied law, and reached Cleveland in 1833 with less than fifty dollars in his pocket.

Strong, aggressive, handsome, and a striking figure, he landed in the new town on Lake Erie, a town of Yankees whom he understood and among whom he quickly became a leader. He married one of the Rhode Island Perrys.

Since his bride was the niece of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, hero of the Battle of Lake Erie, the alliance strengthened the position of the young lawyer in Cleve-

P. & A. photo

PAYNE WHITNEY'S great horses always were raced under the colors of Mrs. Whitney. This picture of her was taken at the United Hunts meet in New York last spring.

land. Henry B. Payne never sent out a message that he had met the enemy and they were his—but Commodore Perry never captured as many craft or sank as many foes as Payne did.

He jumped into politics; went to the Legislature; joined the Rockefeller-Flagler Standard Oil group; was one of the founders of Standard Oil, and fought in the center of Ohio's fiercest political battles. He was a candidate for the United States Senate before he had been in Cleveland ten years.

He went to the State Senate, was beaten for Governor by Salmon P. Chase in 1857, was elected to Congress in 1874, and in 1885 finally realized his ambition and reached the Senate.

He was considered stupendously wealthy. His election to the Senate was a big scandal. He was charged with bribing the Ohio Legislature and purchasing his seat. The Senate investigated—and did nothing. He served his term and was once proposed for the Presidency.

During this feverish political career, Payne was growing with Standard Oil. During the bitter fight against Standard and the charges of ruthlessness in destroying competitors, Payne was accused several times of wrecking rival corporations. It was a dog-eat-dog period of commercial development, and Standard was the biggest dog. It was accused of almost everything, and Payne, being in politics, was a shining mark for the accusers.

He was growing rich. In 1885, when he was accused of corruption in purchasing the Ohio Legislature, his fortune was estimated at more than $2,000,000. Twenty years previously, when his son, Oliver Hazard Perry Payne (he later dropped the Perry in common use), returned from the Civil War and started in financial life, his father had given him $250,000.

It is probable that the fifty dollars which Henry B. Payne took to Cleveland had grown to more than $3,000,000 when he died in 1896.

There were five children born to Henry B. Payne and his wife: Nathan, who was killed in a hunting accident near Cleveland; Oliver Hazard Perry; Harry, who died abroad while young; and two daughters.

THE friendship between William C. Whitney and Oliver Hazard Payne at Yale resulted in a romance. Whitney, commencing his great career in New York, had rowed on the varsity crew at Yale.

There usually is a Payne or a Whitney in a Yale boat. Oliver H. Payne rowed for his varsity; Payne Whitney rowed and captained his crew; and John Hay Whitney, of the newer generation, was on both the freshman and varsity crews. Possibly the willingness to bend to the oar and the courage to hold to the pace had something to do with their success.

Through their college friendships William C. Whitney met Flora Payne, a sister of Oliver Hazard, and they were married. The two branches of the fortune of the future were united.

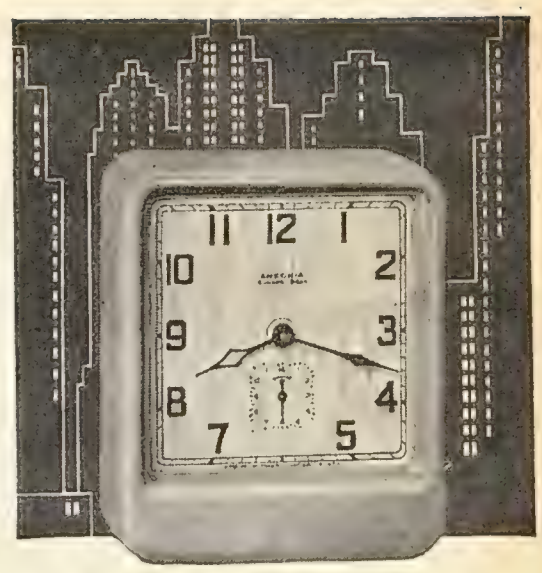
While the Payne fortune was growing in Cleveland, William C. Whitney was developing his great holdings in New York. In this study of the breeding of a great fortune it is impossible to separate politics and finance. William C. Whitney built with the bricks of politics and the mortar of financial acumen.

Reaching New York, he joined his political fortunes with those of Samuel Tilden and jumped into the thick of the fight to wrest control of the city from the Tweed Tammany ring. He handled the legal end of that great political uprising, helped make Tilden Governor, aided in nominating him for the Presidency, and led the desperate fight that sent Boss Tweed to the penitentiary.

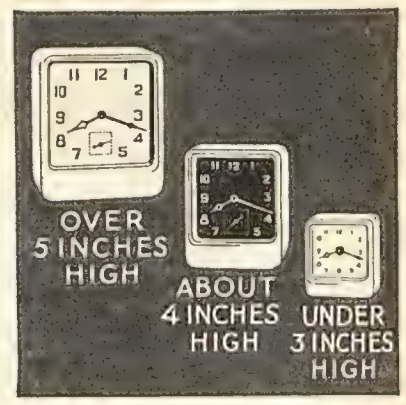
That eventuality gave control of Tammany to the Whitney element, led to the election of Grover Cleveland as President, and placed Whitney in his Cabinet.

Incidentally (or perhaps concurrently is better), Whitney joined the Ryan-Widener-Elkins combination that secured control of the street railways of New York City. The Whitney fortune really was founded upon street railways; but, if you study that fortune, you will find that Whitney, after profiting from street railroads, turned the proceeds into other stocks—especially Standard Oil, probably because of the alliance with the Paynes.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Square built—in the simple beauty of today. Here's an alarm clock your bureau will be proud to bear.



There are three styles, Square Boss, Square Owl, Square Rascal, all described below.

Hidden away in each clock is an alarm...faithful and insistent.

Any one of the three, at jewelers, hardware, drug and department stores, *your choice* $3.50

ANSONIA

SQUARECLOX

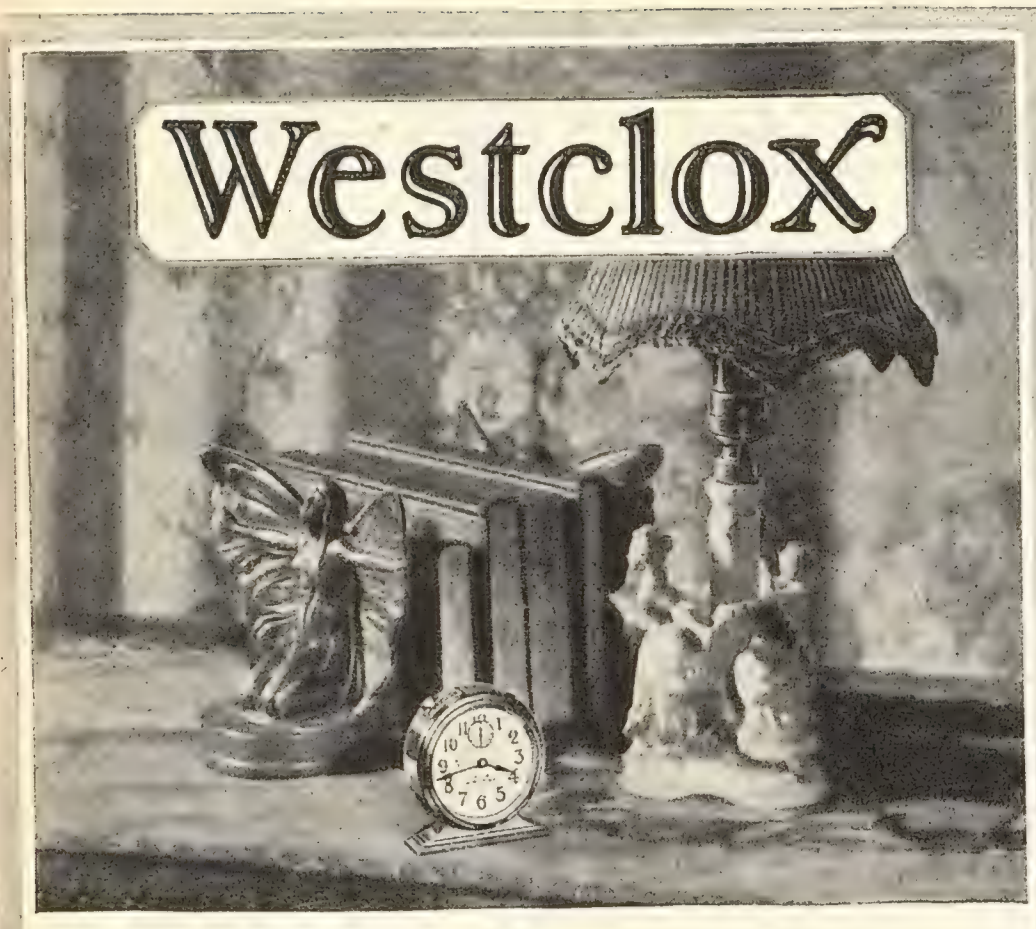
FINE ALARMS

SQUARE BOSS ...Over 5 inches high, fine brass case, silverplated dial.

SQUARE OWL about 4 inches high, fine brass case, black faced, radium dial.

SQUARE RASCAL ...Under 3 inches high, fine brass case, silverplated dial.

ANSONIA CLOCK CO., 12 East 41st St., New York
Check for $3.50 enclosed herewith for Squareclox indicated. (X the one you want.)
Square Boss ☐ Square Owl ☐ Square Rascal ☐
Name.....
Address.....



New de luxe models

THESE beautiful new alarm clocks have become immediate favorites, for they contribute much to the attractiveness of any room.

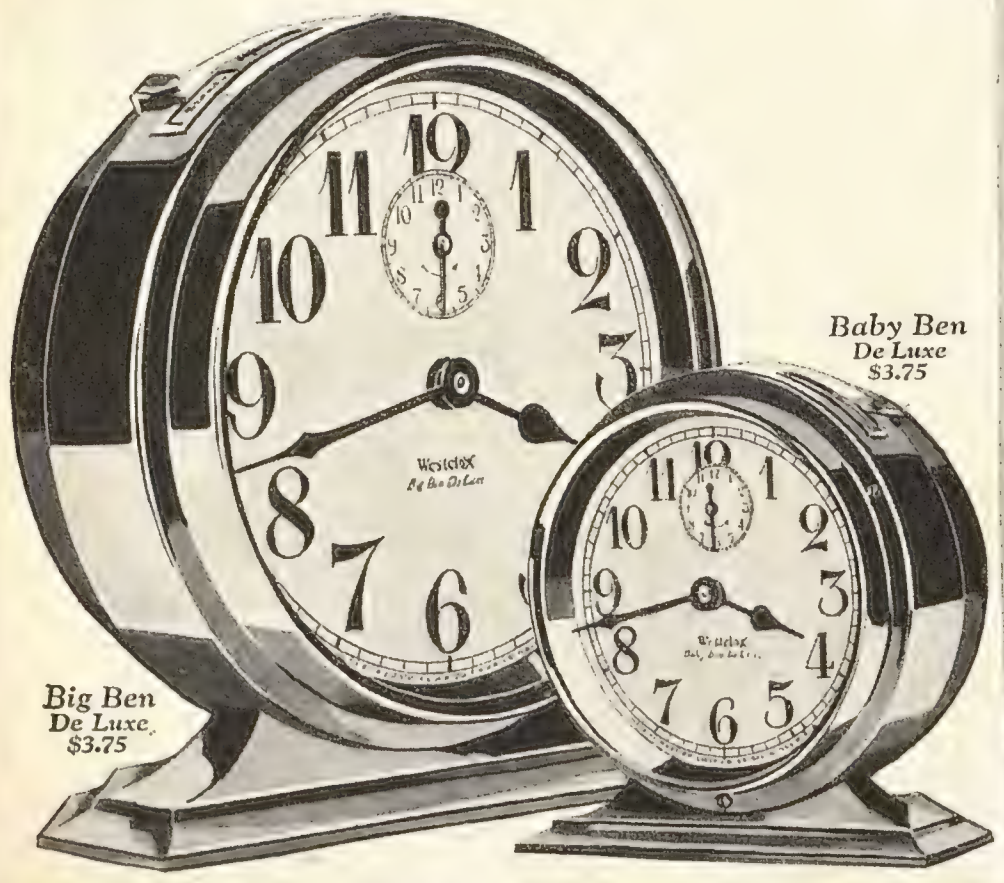
They're Westclox, and millions of people know that name means uniform time-keeping and a sure alarm.

Big Ben De Luxe and Baby Ben De Luxe are designed on an entirely new principle which adds to their long life. They stand firm and solid—felt-cushioned underneath.

Sold everywhere for $3.75; with luminous night-and-day dial, $5.00.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.
Factory: Peru, Ill. *In Canada:* Western Clock Company, Limited, Peterborough, Ont.



[PYRAMIDED GOLD
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

Standard Oil was growing like the green bay-tree. After the government dissolved it, it grew more rapidly.

If you dig for the roots of a great many of the large fortunes in the United States, especially in that small and select group known vaguely as Standard Oil, you will find them in a few banks, and especially in the Citizens' Savings and Trust of Cleveland.

If you delve back through its directorate since the Rockefeller fortune began to grow, you will find the names of many great and powerful figures of the last forty years. You will find one President of the United States, three Vice-Presidents, and twenty-eight Cabinet members. How many Senators, etc., one can not count. Almost always there was a Payne or a Whitney, or both.

While Standard Oil and Metropolitan Railways were the foundation of the Payne and Whitney fortunes, observers knew that the Standard Oil barons were in American Tobacco (the then "trust"), that Payne was a great factor in Singer Sewing Machine, that both were among the first to buy and hold American Telephone and Telegraph, and that they were gradually moving into Reading and Central of New Jersey Railroads, both coal-carriers.

THE Henry B. Payne fortune descended to his remaining son, Oliver Hazard. In fact, much of the property, stocks, etc., was turned over to him to handle during his lifetime, and into a trust formed in 1903. It was understood that the bulk of this was to descend to the children of William C. Whitney and Flora Payne, and that Payne Whitney was to receive the greatest amount.

William C. Whitney died in 1904. His death was sudden and mysterious. It was known only that he was shot, hurried to a hospital, and died.

He had married again after the death of his first wife, and there were stories that some of the family opposed the second marriage. The public never heard any details. The Whitneys were as reserved that way as in other ways.

There were four children: Harry Payne Whitney, Payne Whitney, Dorothy, and Pauline. The estate was valued at about $23,000,000 and the bulk was divided: Harry Payne Whitney, $10,248,717; Payne Whitney, $2,049,743; Dorothy, $6,149,230; Pauline, $2,049,743.

No one knew the actual value of the estate at that time. Whitney had turned over considerable money to some of the heirs before the will was made. The thing that is of interest is the stocks he left, which were listed in settling the estate:

Standard Oil, $7,078,400.

Continental Tobacco, $4,730,950.

Guggenheim Exploration, $780,000.

Morton Trust Company, $1,311,414.

National Bank of Commerce, $337,000.

Union Lead and Oil, $225,000.

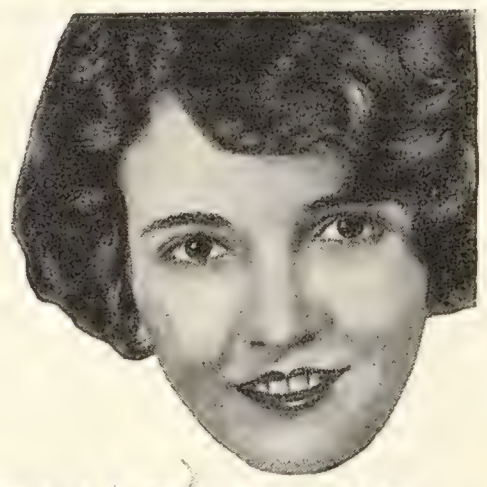
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

For a Goal

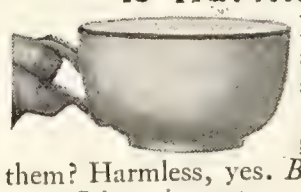
Planters Salted Peanuts knock hunger for a goal. Big, husky, crisp peanuts salted just right. In glassine bags with MR. PEANUT on them. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."

Planters Nut & Chocolate Company
U. S. A. and Canada

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS



THIS Coffee Is Harmless!



Not even children are fooled by coffee substitutes!

What do you gain by serving them? Harmless, yes. *But so is coffee with the caffeine taken out.*

Buy real coffee, and drink all you want! A pure coffee from which the caffeine has been extracted, without disturbing or altering a single one of the good qualities of real coffee—taste, aroma or quick satisfying effects. All remain at their best. It can't affect the heart or kidneys. Nor keep one awake, though taken at bedtime.

Kaffee Hag is coffee at its best. At your grocer's or clip this coupon now!

KAFFEE HAG 10¢

1658 Davenport Ave., Cleveland

Send me postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of real coffee; I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps).

Name.....

Address.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

Cuba Railroad, $150,000.

New York City real estate, $1,500,000.

Whitney, who, with Widener, Elkins, Dolan, and Ryan, had controlled New York traction lines, left not one share of the stocks of those corporations, so far as court records revealed.

© Brown Brothers

PAYNE WHITNEY as captain of the Yale varsity crew in 1898.

MEANTIME the Cleveland end of the hoard was increasing. When Colonel Oliver H. Payne died in 1917, the amazing growth of that fifty dollars his father carried to Cleveland was partly revealed.

For purposes of settlement among the heirs, $133,000,000 was the figure agreed upon as the value of the stocks, of which $100,000,000 was in Standard Oil stocks. Colonel Payne held 40,000 shares of the original Standard Oil. He had $3,493,300 common and $1,595,901 preferred stock of American Tobacco—which proved almost as great a gold-mine as the oil stocks.

How much these stocks really were worth at that time is hard to estimate. Certainly the estimate was not high, for it was too soon after the government action in dissolving the Standard Oil and Tobacco trusts to realize what effect the dissolution would have.

Among the holdings listed in the Oliver H. Payne estate were American Snuff, Liggett & Meyers, P. Lorillard, R. J. Reynolds, United Drug, and Porto Rico Tobacco—stocks from the dissolved Tobacco Trust. There were bonds of Great Northern Paper, New York Central, and Consolidated Gas, heavy holdings in Singer Sewing Machine, and more than $2,000,000 in cash.

Oliver H. Payne for years had been the silent partner in Moore & Schley. The Great Northern took charge of the Oliver H. Payne estate, Northern Securities handling the stocks and bonds while the Whitney Company handled the real-estate operations. While Standard Oil and American Tobacco were doubling and redoubling in value, New York real estate was starting its unprecedented boom.

That brought Payne Whitney into the limelight for a short time, after he had avoided it all his life. At Groton, that New England Prep School where your family tree is sprayed before they will let you register your great-grandson for entry, he was a reserved boy.

They called him Doggy. It is unusual for a reserved fellow to be popular in school, but Payne Whitney was popular. He rowed, played tackle on the football team, and was devotedly admired by his few intimates. The best fellows were his chums.

He went to Yale, made a fair scholastic record, and was athletic. Before he made the varsity he was chosen by Bob Cook as substitute on the crew that represented Yale at Henley in 1896. He made the varsity crew in 1897 and captained the boat of '98.

After graduation he continued for years as one of the rowing committee. He was tapped for Skull and Bones, one of the highest of Yale honors. During his non-training days, he could hold his own at beer parties at Morey's.

AT Yale a romance developed that resulted in another close union of the allied tribes. Payne Whitney roomed with Adelbert Hay, son of John Hay, the famous poet-diplomat, and he met Hay's sister, Helen. The result was a wedding which was one of the great social events of the Washington season of 1902; an event marred by the death of young Hay a short time before.

Payne Whitney belonged to few clubs and seldom was mentioned in the news except in connection with horse-racing. Harry Payne

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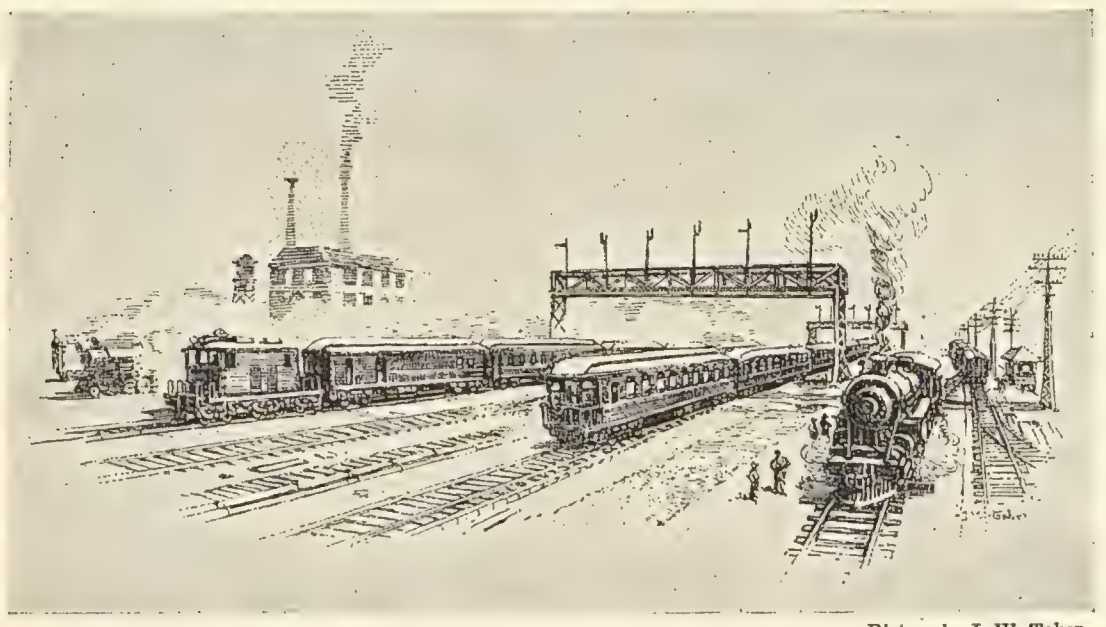


Picture by I. W. Taber

Railroad stocks helped materially in creating the great fortune.

Finance Corporation was organized to handle the stocks—which makes it more difficult to reach exact values of the estate.

Lewis Cass Ledyard, Payne Whitney, and Harry Payne Bingham—another close relation of the Paynes—were made directors and

Radio Owners Change to ARCHATRONS and see the difference

Archatron Radio Tubes prove a revelation to owners of radio sets when first tried, in place of ordinary tubes.

Complete degasification results in

1. Longer filament life. In laboratory test Archatrons showed over 3,000 of perfect performance.
2. Free election flow. Greater sensitivity, longer distance, greater volume, better reception, greater selectivity.
3. Absolute uniformity. Every tube a perfect match in electrical characteristics.

These are the main factors in radio reception and may only be attained in greatest degree by the use of Archatron Radio Tubes.

There are Archatron Detector-Amplifier Tubes, Power Amplifiers, Half-wave and Full-wave Rectifiers, the Hi-Mu Amplifier—an Archatron for every radio receiver purpose. To assure yourself of the best there is in radio, to get "all from the air there is on the air" first say Archatron. Then look for the Arch in Archatron as illustrated below. Better radio and the utmost possible in tube economy will follow this discriminating selection of radio tubes—no matter what make of receiver you may own.

Distance Selectivity Volume and Longer Life Absolutely Guaranteed

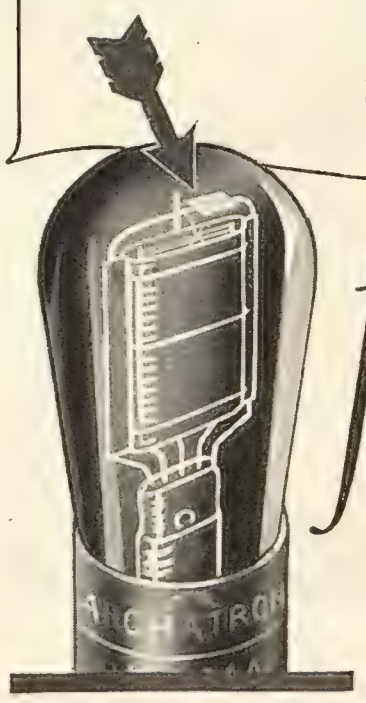
WHY ARCHATRONS MEAN BETTER RADIO

This is the famous Arch in Archatrons which enables complete degasification, insuring longer filament life and better radio reception.

Archatron Radio Tubes are completely degasified by a new principle of radio tube construction.

Gas released from the metal parts of an ordinary radio tube in the course of tube manufacture cannot be removed. This gas interferes with "electron flow" and also results in shortening the life of the filament.

The famous arch of ARCHATRONS supports the gas neutralizing element in a position where the heat attached to its gas removal operation in manufacture does not release the latent gas in the tubes metal parts. No gas—better radio and longer tube life.



free trial

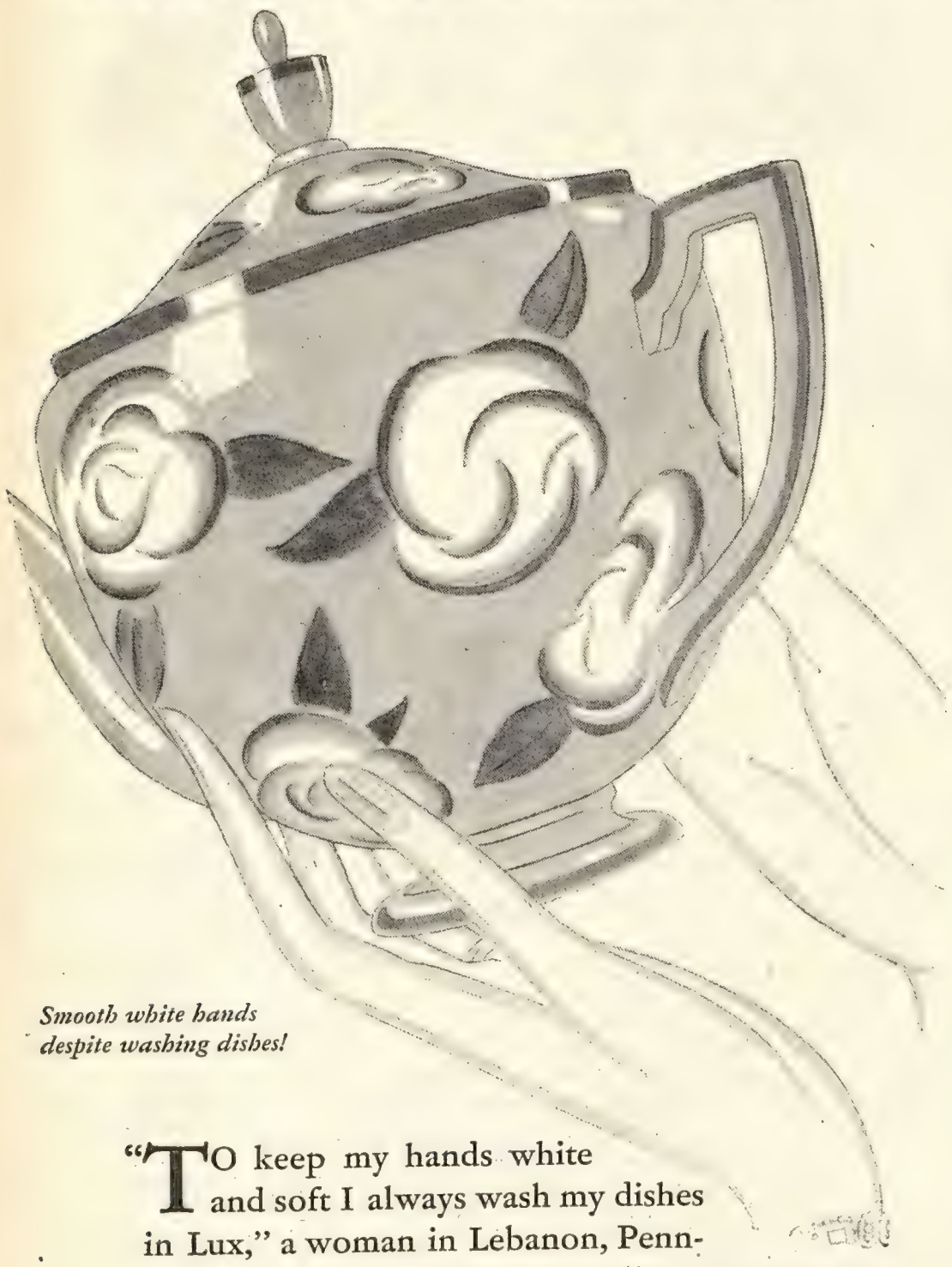
Go to your nearest Archatron Dealer today (his name on request). Purchase a single Archatron and expect better radio performance. Or purchase an entire set with the understanding that you may try them for 5 days and if you are not absolutely satisfied that they improve your radio beyond your most hopeful anticipation, your money will be refunded without question.

The Ken-Rad Corporation, Inc.

OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

MEMBER RMA

"Leaves Hands Soft and Smooth"



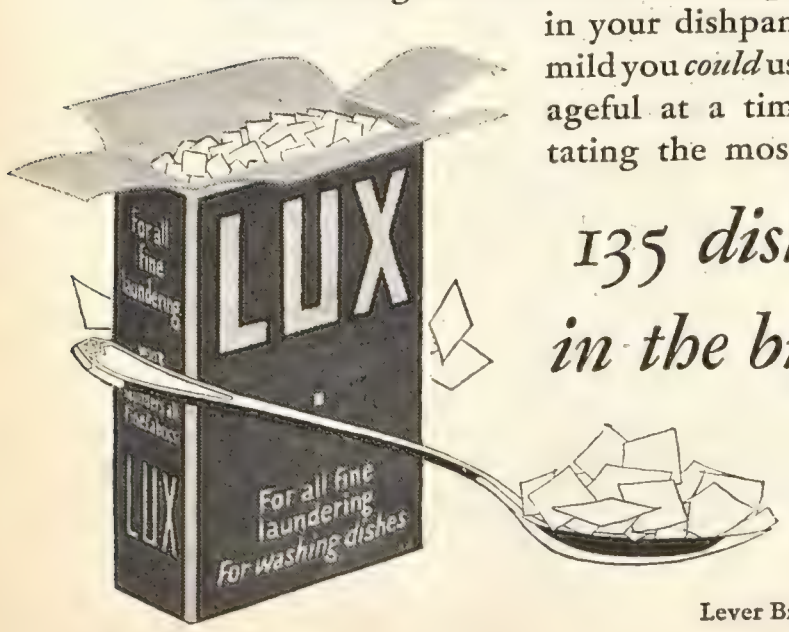
Smooth white hands despite washing dishes!

"TO keep my hands white and soft I always wash my dishes in Lux," a woman in Lebanon, Pennsylvania, writes us enthusiastically. "It saves my hands and gives shining faces to the dishes."

Hundreds of thousands of other women all over the country have discarded the old irritating soaps—flakes, chips and cakes—which contain injurious alkali. They use Lux instead!

There's no harmful alkali in the tissue-thin Lux diamonds. Lux leaves hands soft and smooth in spite of washing dishes.

A little Lux goes so far that one teaspoonful is plenty in your dishpan! Yet Lux is so mild you *could* use a whole packageful at a time without irritating the most delicate skin.



135 dishwashings in the big package

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

[PYRAMIDED GOLD
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

Whitney was much better known, but Payne Whitney and his wife raced horses in a modest way prior to the death of Colonel Oliver H. Payne.

When the bulk of that great fortune descended to him he went into the sport on a scale rivaling that of his brother, but never raced under his own colors. The stable was the Greentree and Mrs. Whitney the owner.

He was a student of breeding, and his studs, St. Germans and Chantey, greatly improved the blood lines of American racehorses.

His betting on races was usually on his own horses and when he thought his horse best he would threaten the bookies with ruin. There was an instance at Empire City one fall.

Harry Payne Whitney had a colt in a race that was a favorite. He wagered $15,000 on it.

Payne Whitney's entry was 15 to 25 to 1 and he wagered $45,000. His colt was almost left at the post, came entirely around the field, and was beaten by a short nose by his brother's horse. He laughed and said, "We nearly put it over."

Money meant nothing to him except to give pleasure to his friends and to aid others. His country home, Greentree, at Manhasset, Long Island, is one of the most wonderful and lavish show-places in the world. Those who have been fortunate enough to know the perfection of its furnishing and its hospitality declare it unmatched, and one visitor remarked that a private swimming-pool and tennis-court were provided for each guest.

AT the race-tracks the Whitneys were democratic, especially Mrs. Whitney. Every one knew Payne Whitney, but few knew him well. He always seemed to be going somewhere in a hurry. He tried out different ways of life. He even tried drinking at one period, but, finding it unsatisfactory, quit it entirely.

Payne Whitney seemed to care nothing about money. His estate did not grow from the piling up of earnings, but from the increasing value of the stocks.

He gave money away, paid a huge income tax, and spent his income in lavish living, but could not keep up with the doubling and trebling values of stocks and real estate. His friends estimate his benefactions at close to $100,000,000 in the last ten years.

His favorite objects of aid were the New York Public Library, the New York Hospital, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The public never heard of his great gifts to charities.

One incident reveals his character and his methods. In New York there is a charity which was the gift of a rich man, and which is supported by his family and friends. They dislike publicity, but one year the manager decided to ask for contributions, not so much to get money as to bring the institution into more intimate relations with more people.

He asked me to handle the pub-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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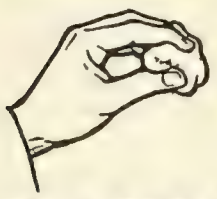
Get May-Breath . . . an antiseptic mouth wash in dainty little tablets that you carry.

Dissolve one in your mouth. No matter what the cause of impure breath, mouth, stomach, food, smoking, drinking, it will go . . . your breath be pure *instantly*.

Never risk close contact with others without taking this precaution. Get at drug store.

May-Breath

An antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form



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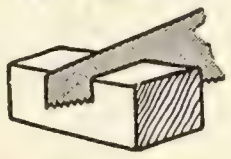

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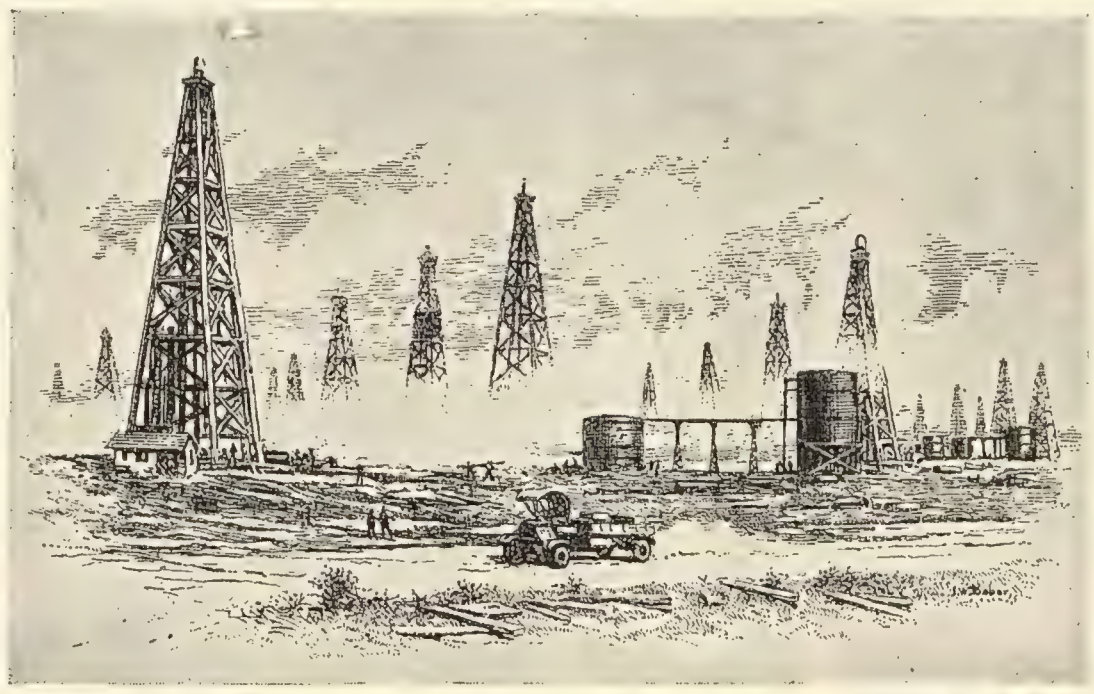
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

licity and to attend a meeting. I never saw so many multimillionaires. One stumbled against Morgans, Rockefellers, and Whitneys all over the place. There were ten around the table. The



Picture by I. W. Taber

William C. Whitney left $7,078,400 in Standard Oil stocks.

annual report was read and the manager stated his views.

"How much do we need?" some one asked impatiently.

"We need about $6,500,000 for the improvements and maintenance."

Payne Whitney, who had been sitting silent and seemingly paying no attention, said:

"What's the use of all that bother? We seem to need the money; let's prorate it among ourselves and avoid this fuss and publicity."

This was agreed on. The manager started to say something about paying me for my trouble.

"That's all right," I said. "I'm only out my time—and I have as much of that as you fellows have money."

That was the only time I ever heard Payne Whitney laugh. I met him half a dozen times afterward and his greeting was:

"Do you still have plenty of time?"

HIS death came suddenly. He was playing tennis at his estate at Manhasset early in the afternoon of May 25 last, against his friend, Philip Boyer, Jr., when he complained of feeling ill. He retired to a seat and almost before aid could be summoned he was dead.

It is probable no one ever will know exactly how large a fortune he left. The securities are so high-class and the real estate so valuable that any estimate is likely to be too low.

Some indication (although not an accurate one) may be gained from the income-tax reports. In 1924 he paid $2,041,951 income tax, the third largest in the United States. Only John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford paid more. In 1925 he paid $1,676,626. One would have to know his deductable losses and tax-exempt securities to figure what the income was—but experts calculate that the estate must have been well above $200,000,000.

The method by which the estate was bequeathed makes it more difficult to reach an exact estimate. He left approximately one-third to designated charitable and educational institutions and a few millions to his friends, three of whom received $500,000 each.

The residuary estate he divided into 300 shares, 192 of which were set aside for his widow and children. The remaining 108 shares will go to charities and into a trust to carry out details of some of the gifts.

THE Payne-Whitney fortune is probably the best example to be found of the wisdom of buying and holding high-grade stocks and bonds.

This fortune was not built on savings or piled-up earnings, but on increased values of stocks. In all the breeding of that fortune you will not find a bad strain since William C. Whitney disposed of his street-railway interests.

It is not necessary to credit Whitney, the Paynes, or Payne Whitney with any great financial ability—although they had it—in order to account for the growth of the fortune. Study the development:

When William C. Whitney died in 1904 he left $7,078,400 in Standard Oil stocks.

Oliver H. Payne held 40,000 shares of Standard Oil inherited from his father.

During the trust-busting days—about 1911—the government decided Standard Oil was a wicked monopoly and dissolved it into its thirty-three constituent companies.

Most of the constituent companies are as big now as Standard was then. Standard of New York, for instance, was figured at $75,000,000, and in 1924 it was worth $225,000,000, and is now above that. Standard of Indiana increased in value from $30,000,000 to $75,000,000 and, besides that, since 1912 it has paid stock dividends of 2,900 per cent. It is estimated that since 1911 the original Standard Oil has increased 8,000 per cent in value.

Every hair that the government cut from the Standard Oil Sampson is worth many times more than it was before the operation. Waters-Pierce has paid a stock dividend of 2,625 per cent. Anglo-American

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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They'll take it down without a frown.
Absolutely Pure—Tasteless—Odorless

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. . . everything that you remember about the castor oil of your childhood—except the benefit—has been removed in

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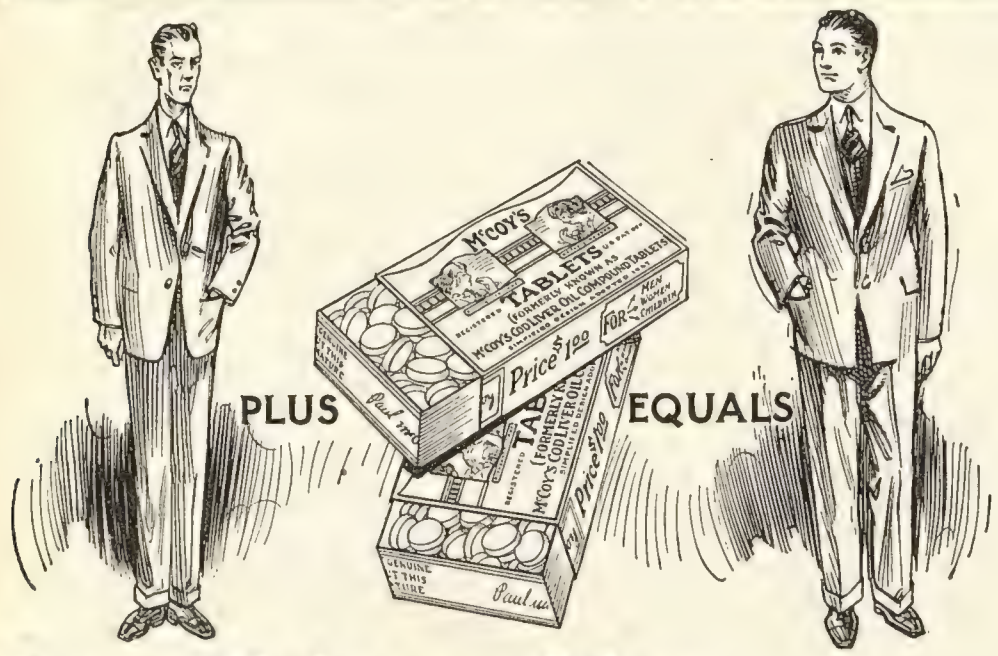

One Skinny Man Gained 28 Pounds

"Feels Like a Real Man Now—Thanks to McCoy's"

That's just what one man wrote from Atlantic City and thousands of men and women know by experience that McCoy's Tablets, known the world over as the great flesh producer do put on flesh where flesh is most needed.

It doesn't take but a few weeks for hollows in cheeks, neck and chest to fill out and what a change for the better this will make in your personal appearance.

And besides looking better you'll feel better for in McCoy's Tablets is a combination of health building agents that increase strength and bring vigorous health to weak run-down nervous men and women.

McCoy takes all the risk—Read this ironclad guarantee. If after taking 4 sixty cent boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar boxes any thin, underweight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—your druggist is authorized to return the purchase price.

The name McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets has been shortened—just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store in America.

McCOY'S TABLETS

[PYRAMIDED GOLD
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

has paid 1,000 per cent besides regular dividends. Continental has paid 900 per cent; South Penn Oil, 360 per cent.

This increase was due principally to the fact that there are far more gasoline-driven motors in the United States now than there were in 1911, and that the use of oil as motor and heating fuel has increased in even greater proportion. The further fact that gasoline that sold for eight and nine cents in 1911 has sold for from sixteen to forty cents a gallon since may have helped.

You will observe that in the fortunes of Payne and Whitney tobacco stocks appear. While the government was busting Standard Oil it also smashed the Tobacco Trust—and the result was the same on a less stupendous scale. When the Tobacco Trust was dissolved the stock holdings were:

Oliver H. Payne, 33,334 shares.
Widener, 35,000 shares.
W. C. Whitney estate, 29,034 shares.
Moore & Schley (Payne's company), 31,452 shares.
G. B. Schley, 12,200 shares.
Gertrude Whitney, 6,667 shares.

Possibly it was luck—but the Paynes and the Whitneys seem to get into things that increase quickly in value. Tobacco did not increase at the rate Standard Oil did, but the consumption of the weed has increased tremendously since 1911, and the value of the stocks has grown in proportion to sales.

You can see how—while Payne Whitney played on his magnificent estate, sailed his steam-yachts, watched his thoroughbreds race, and gave and gave to charity and education—gosh, how the money rolled in!

THE END

POEMS *YOU OUGHT TO KNOW*

Opportunity

By JOHN J. INGALLS

[John James Ingalls (1833-1900), lawyer, journalist, and politician, represented Kansas in the United States Senate from 1873 to 1891. He was a brilliant and forceful orator, and contributed to many magazines.]

MASTER of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!

If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more!

November leaves crackle 'neath whirring wheels, for roads are smooth and stretch to lakes calm in November's setting sun. Winged rides in zestful weather! For now is the month of motoring.

Motor . . With Road Insurance

WHEN you go motoring, for a short trip or a long tour, your auto is in first class condition. Engine running smoothly. Tires, gas, oil, water . . . all checked.

Yet, all this preparation may be of no avail—a glorious motoring trip may be ruined—if you have but a vague knowledge of the roads.

For, even in this progressive age there are such things as bad roads, wrong roads, impassable roads.

And there are *good* roads which you may follow, easily. They are found in the LIBERTY Road Map. For the LIBERTY Road Map gives distances, conditions, locations of roads. Order map for your state, today. Only 10c. Atlas—Eastern or Western—is 35c. Order by number and send coupon.

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Bewitching! Shell-pink finger tips glistening like dew!

Cutex has created a Liquid Polish so richly sparkling — so exquisitely smooth — it glorifies the nails' own natural charm. And one single polishing shines for days — undimmed and unmarred.

In two smart shades—Natural Pink and Deep Rose. At toilet goods counters, 35c. Also the Polish Remover. Or send 10c with coupon for samples. In Canada address Dept. UU-12, 1101 St. Alexander St., Montreal.

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Brighter and more natural

I enclose 10c for samples. Send Natural Pink—Deep Rose. (Check your preference.)
Northam Warren, Dept. UU-12
114 West 17th Street, New York

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Gaining *your* Pound *of* Flesh

By EILEEN BOURNE

Picture by C. W. ANDERSON

Charming curves are coming back.

BELIEVE it or not, some women wish to put on weight. They have come to see that uncovered bones, scrawny necks, flat chests, and fleshless hands are not lovely. Urged by medical warnings against the dangers of overthinness, and by masculine protests against charmless attenuation, thin women are setting to work in earnest. And curves are coming back.

However, it is far easier to lose weight than to gain it. Most thin women are the nervous, high-strung, hyperthyroid type. They are tense about everything and have an aptitude for activity which amounts to mania. For them to put flesh on their bones requires strong discipline. Yet nothing adds so much to the comfort of others as well as to your own happiness and beauty.

It was once my job to fatten my best friend. She was a bag of bones, as nervous as a witch, and almost too weak to walk. However, she had a good constitution and the will to fatten.

Properly advised, we began with breakfast. On this meal is built the hope of weight change. Instead of black coffee and grapefruit, my patient sat down to a meal—the juice of two oranges, a bowl of whole-grain oatmeal with thick cream, two large slices of buttered toast, and coffee.

At first she would eye this with loathing; but in three weeks she managed every spoonful.

No special requirement blighted the other meals except to eat two slices of bread and butter, take two helpings of every vegetable, and a dessert of custard or a sweet.

In dieting to gain weight, pay no attention to appetite, but eat mechanically and divert your thoughts from calories by gay conversation and laughter.

A fourth meal, comprising a quart of milk with the creamy top stirred in, was served my friend half an hour before she got into bed.

So much for diet. The remainder of the régime consisted of three parts—daily exercise out of doors, fifteen minutes of complete relaxation after each meal, and eight or nine hours of sleep at night. Knitting these together was absolute regularity as to hours.

My patient rose at seven sharp in order to take a few setting-up exercises, eat her breakfast, and rest afterward before going to work. She had to be in bed by eleven. Before dinner each day she managed a swim, a game of tennis, or a two-mile walk.

If she could make herself follow this program, anybody can! Routine was absolutely foreign to her nature, but she hated being a quitter; and consequently in six months she'd gained twenty-three pounds.

Oh, but that wasn't all. Her muscles were hard, her digestion was illustrious, and her abounding sense of well-being had renewed the natural gaiety of her disposition. Best of all, she looked ten years younger.

So now, when some woman arches her scrawny neck with the lament, "I simply can't gain a pound," I reply brutally, "That's because you don't really want it."

HERE is the cheapest cure in the world. All you have to buy is extra cream and milk. It costs nothing to go to bed early. It costs nothing to walk home from work. It costs hardly anything to eat more at each meal. On the other hand, the amount of self-discipline needed to add twenty pounds to her weight leaves the will-power of many a meager woman overdrawn. You've got to increase your balance.

"But how am I to manicure and mend my clothes and clean my closet?" my thin friends ask. "I have to do these things at night."

One thing at a time, is the answer. Get your rhythm and you can do most anything. Close your door, shut your eyes, remember your goal. Rest is almost more important than extra food.

When you feel the comfort of padded nerves, when those hollows under your eyes fill up, and you can wear an evening frock without veiling your bones in tulle, you'll believe this program worth any price.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelop for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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THE SWIFT TEMPO of modern life etches its impressions on even the loveliest of faces—causes signs of skin-fatigue, deepening lines, dulled complexion, gaping pores!

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Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion—freshens, tones, braces—moderates fine lines. (1.25)

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Valaze Liquidine—instantly absorbs oiliness—corrects shine on nose. (1.50)

The New Water-Lily Make-Up
Most exquisite are the "WATER-LILY" powder, lipsticks, compacts and sifters — newly created by Helena Rubinstein!

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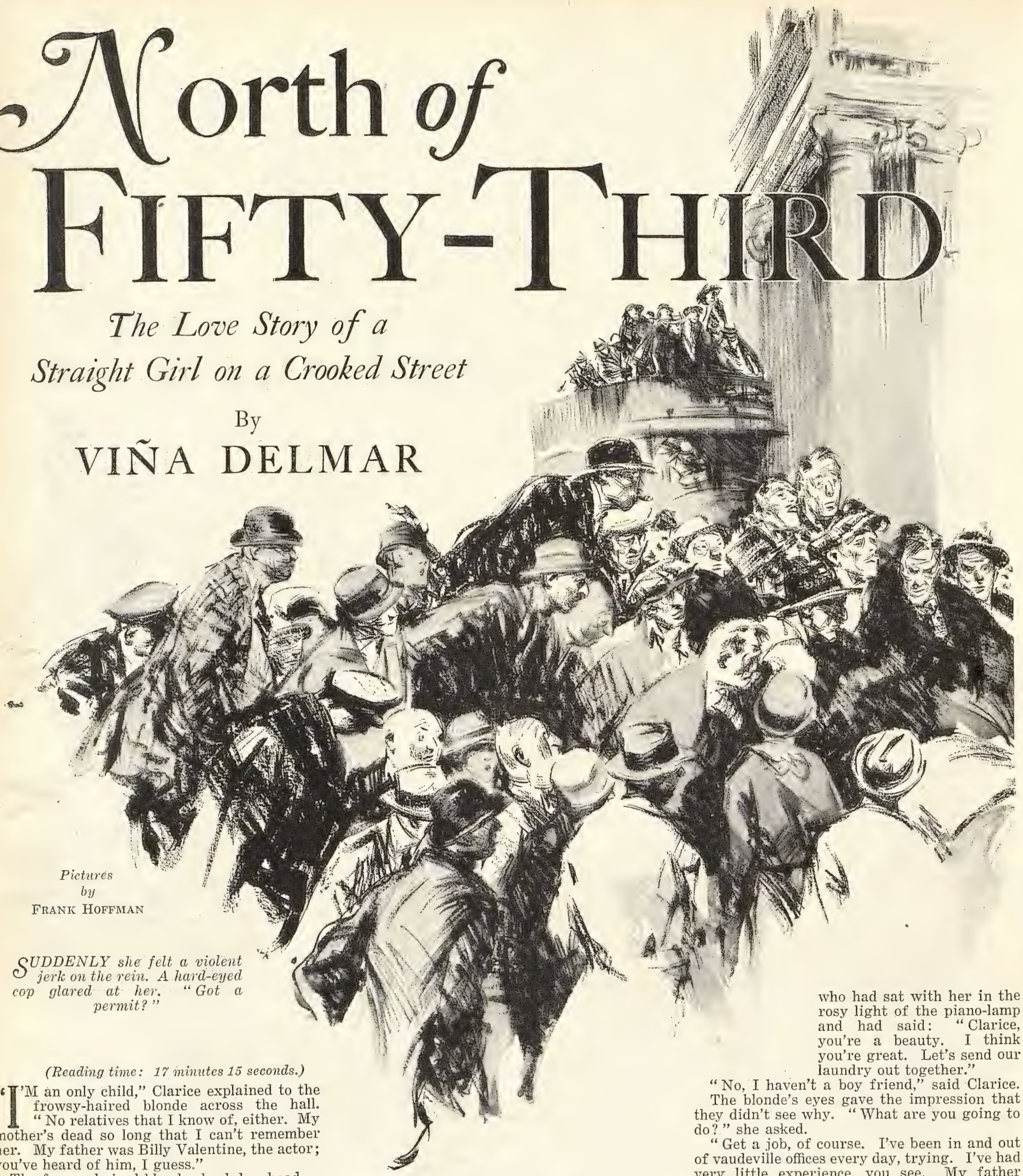
North of Fifty-Third

The Love Story of a Straight Girl on a Crooked Street

By

VIÑA DELMAR



Pictures by FRANK HOFFMAN

SUDDENLY she felt a violent jerk on the rein. A hard-eyed cop glared at her. "Got a permit?"

(Reading time: 17 minutes 15 seconds.)

"I'M an only child," Clarice explained to the frowsy-haired blonde across the hall. "No relatives that I know of, either. My mother's dead so long that I can't remember her. My father was Billy Valentine, the actor; you've heard of him, I guess."

The frowsy-haired blonde shook her head.

"You've never heard of him?" Clarice's eyebrows drew together in puzzled annoyance. "Well, he played for years for Keith. He was very well known in vaudeville. He made seven hundred dollars a week."

"Never heard of him," said the blonde; "nor of seven hundred dollars, either."

"We had a furnished apartment on Forty-eighth Street," Clarice went on. "We had a maid and I got everything I wanted. Clothes galore. Then my father died. Pneumonia. He left me thirty-two dollars and seventeen cents. I had to leave the apartment. So here I am."

Clarice looked about the furnished room. It was six feet wide and eight feet long. The bed had been white enamel. The chair was a trifle wabbly. The bureau was scratched and dented and the drawers had unexpected habits.

"Um," said the blonde. "Ain't you got a boy friend?"

Should she tell of Tommy? Tommy Lorraine, whom Billy Valentine had called the cleverest song-and-dance man in the business. Tommy, who was young and blue-eyed and gay, who had sat with her in the rosy light of the piano-lamp and had said: "Clarice, you're a beauty. I think you're great. Let's send our laundry out together."

"No, I haven't a boy friend," said Clarice.

The blonde's eyes gave the impression that they didn't see why. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Get a job, of course. I've been in and out of vaudeville offices every day, trying. I've had very little experience, you see. My father thought I had plenty of time. I'm only nineteen."

The frowzy-haired blonde got up and gathered together her manicuring implements.

"See you some more, kid. Olive oil!"

The door closed behind her, and Clarice remained sitting upright on the bed.

Her thoughts turned to the call she had paid Arch Merrivale. Arch had been a friend of her father's and he was a press-agent. He could have put Clarice in the way of an engagement.

She had fully expected that he would. Instead, he had put his arms around her and had said what has frightened little job-hunting girls since the beginning of time: "You're too pretty to work."

Clarice had fled from his office; but that was when she had had seventeen dollars. Now she had only twenty cents. If she showed that meager array of silver to Arch Merrivale and got the word "chivalrous" in somewhere, wouldn't he act differently? There was no harm in trying.

Outside, Broadway lay glittering goldenly in the sun. Droves of women. Sheer hosiery, mended hosiery, bare legs, a diamond anklet. Bold eyes, eager eyes, hopeful eyes. Oriental perfume. Men strolling. Bored men—old men, shabby men, young men. Everybody talking, laughing. Like guests at a strange banquet where failure to enjoy oneself is punishable by death.

Clarice eyed the throng without envy. She too had moved down Broadway resplendent in a frock from Frances. She would do so again. This was but an interlude.

Tall, slim Clarice, gray-eyed, questing. Provocative lips of a flirt, disdainful glance of an exiled noblewoman, carriage of a mannequin. Broadway's child. Her hopes, her visions, and her loves all a part of this glimmering, glamorous avenue; for it was all she knew.

At the northwest corner of Forty-sixth Street, Clarice attached herself to a group that stood outside the drug store. Two women and a man. Wells, Meekin, and Delight. They were dancers.

Clarice stood with them, talking, smiling comfortably. Here were people who had not forgotten to be awestricken at the name of Billy Valentine.

Presently Bob Wells said: "Tommy Lorraine is sitting up in the N. V. A. Club."

The pavement seemed to be rushing up to Clarice's eyes. She felt dizzy and ill.

"Why, I thought—I thought he'd gone West on the Orpheum."

"Sure; he went West on the Orpheum," Wells said enviously. "They trusted him. He was all right till he got to San Francisco; then he left them flat!"

WELLS threw his arms out dramatically and breathed deeply.

"After the matinée Monday, he went out and got cock-eyed drunk, and missed the night show and the following matinée. Can you beat that? A little lunkhead like that, who ought to thank his God that he's not driving a truck, has the nerve to treat the Orpheum time as though it was nothing!"

"What did they do about it?" Clarice asked quietly.

"Do? Why, they took the rest of his booking away from him. Now he's back in town, making apologies."

"The poor boy can't help being a heavy drinker," Angie Meekin said—with embarrassment, because she had suddenly remembered something. "He's a nice boy, just unfortunate. Such a handsome boy, too. How old a chap is he, Clarice?"

"Twenty-seven," said Clarice dully.

"Why don't you have a talk with him?" Angie smiled sentimentally.

Clarice seemed not to have heard her. "I'm going in the Automat," she said.

In the huge and busy Automat, Clarice settled herself with a cup of coffee and a cinnamon bun. Somehow, she had lost her appetite out on that northwest corner.

Tommy had done it again! And she loved him.

She had been sixteen when she had first seen Tommy. Sixteen, with a moleskin wrap, a blasé attitude, and thirty dollars a week pocket-money—but still sixteen.

Billy Valentine, blind to any other man's attractions, had kept Tommy about his house. He had supported him until Tommy had found a low but firm rung on the ladder.

Clarice's seventeenth year had been a nightmare of fear and doubt. The phone ringing might be Tommy calling to say that he was broke and drunk somewhere in Tennessee. The door-bell might mean a telegram with a similar message, or even Tommy himself, absent without leave.

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy, why must you drink so much? If you are so crazy about me, prove it."

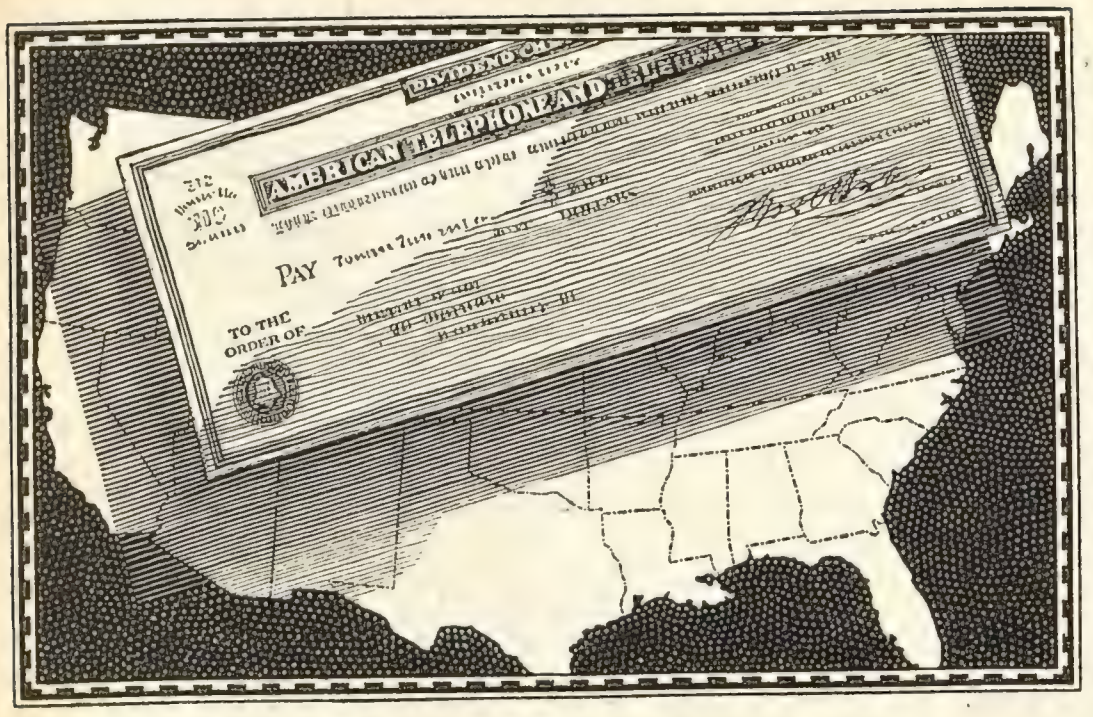
For answer, Tommy had drawn her very close to him and had kissed her lips.

"Will you stop drinking?"

"Why must you harp on that, Clarice?"

"Because it's important. Stop drinking, Tommy."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



How many are 421,000 stockholders?

An Advertisement of the
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On October 15th, American Telephone and Telegraph Company checks representing the 152d dividend were mailed to its 421,000 stockholders. That is the largest number of stockholders of any company in the world.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is owned by a great investment democracy.

Its dividend checks are cashed at banks in every state in the Union, by people representing all trades and stations and professions.

No institution is more nationally or publicly owned than the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which in turn owns more than 91% of the common stock of the operating companies of the Bell national System.

The average holding is 26 shares, and no one person owns as much as 1% of the total stock.

The Bell System was developed in the interest of telephone users and is owned by the public that it serves.

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No cost. No obligation. Address Dept. 1256, Fugate Co., 126 S. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

[NORTH OF FIFTY-THIRD
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

"I will, Clarice."

When he could come to her and swear that for six months he had not had a drink, then she would marry him. Till that day, their acquaintance was at an end.

Tommy had taken it hard, but had he really cared?

Clarice left the Automat. She was going to see Arch Merrivale now and persuade him to do something for her.

"Well, well, well, look who's here!" Arch Merrivale held his arms wide.

Clarice ignored them.

"Mr. Merrivale," she began, "I have thought a lot about the interview we had that time. You didn't realize how bad a fix I was in. Fact is, I'm in a worse fix now."

"Heavens, child! What's the matter?"

"I owe room rent. Three weeks' worth. I have exactly five cents in the world and no job. You're a man of imagination, Mr. Merrivale. All imaginative men are chivalrous, and for the sake of that chivalry get me a job."

"All right, I will, baby. You come and have dinner with me tonight and we'll talk it over."

Clarice lost her temper.

"Don't I know what you'll talk about if I have dinner with you? Can't one of you fellows let a girl go by just once without making a snatch at her? Can't you just once do something decent?"

Merrivale busied himself tearing sheets off a memorandum-pad.

"I've been looking at women since five years before you were born," he said presently. "I know your game. You circle around here, playing the innocent baby, hoping to God that some man will have the energy to talk your resistance down, and that he will be a man with money."

"You're a liar," Clarice said. "I want a job."

"Oh, do you? You can prove that. You know the new picture, Lady Godiva, which opens tomorrow night?"

"I've seen it advertised."

"I hope you have. They're letting me spend a quarter of a million on advertising. Well, tomorrow afternoon, my dear girl, you may ride a white horse down Broadway. You will wear flesh-color tights and a wig of golden hair that will fall in a dazzling cascade over your so-thought nudity. Twenty-five dollars for you. Will you do it?"

Her face grew pale and set. An advertisement for a movie! People would see her. All Broadway would stare.

Arch Merrivale grinned.

"See?" he said. "You don't want a job. You want a protector. Come over here, baby; be sensible."

"I'm taking the job," said Clarice. "Twenty-five dollars looks like a thousand to me."

Merrivale eyed her narrowly. Was this last speech calculated to make him weaken?

"What time do I ride?" she asked.

"One-thirty. Best time. People

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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DON'T let a little radiator leak waste your expensive anti-freeze liquid. Stop the leaks NOW with Bowes Seal-Fast Radiator Liquid. It not only seals the holes, but cleans out the rust and scale.

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WRITE US FOR YOUR NEAREST DEALER

Better Teeth for Every Child

Strong, white, even teeth for every child are now made possible by the use of Mothers' Dental Aid for expectant and nursing mothers, and for babies and growing children.

Brittle, soft, and easily decayed teeth are simply undernourished—that's all. They are starving for the lack of calcium phosphate—the bone and tooth builder. This starvation has other evil consequences—such as rickets, that dread disease of the bones.

Such conditions can now be remedied by the use of Mothers' Dental Aid by mothers before the birth of children, and by children during their early years. Do you realize that the foundation for children's teeth are built long before the babies see the light of day?

Often the teeth of new mothers go all to pieces. Their systems have been drained of calcium phosphate for the nourishment of the babies' teeth and bones. As a result, neither the mother nor the child has enough of this precious and vital element.

A package of mothers' Dental Aid—enough to last for many months—will be sent, prepaid, to any address upon receipt of $2.00.

Mothers' Dental Aid Co.
2000 North Neva Avenue, Chicago

Use the coupon below:

Mothers' Dental Aid Co.,
2000 North Neva Avenue, Chicago

Please send me one package of Mothers' Dental Aid—Enclosed find $2.00.

.....

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

on the way to matinées and so forth. You'll find the tights and the wig and a pair of gold sandals waiting for you in the theater downstairs. The horse will be at the stage-entrance curb."

"When do I get the twenty-five?"

Merrivale pulled a plump roll of bills from his pocket and languidly peeled off two tens and a five, which he tossed to Clarice across the desk.

"We have the police permit for the ride," he went on. "You ride up to Fifty-third Street and down to Thirty-eighth and then up to Fifty-third again. Don't go north of Fifty-third. The permit ends there.

"On your second trip up to Fifty-third Street, you'll see my secretary sitting in a taxicab, waiting for you with a wrap, and she'll take you back to your clothes."

"What do I do with the horse?"

"There'll be a man follow you on your ride. Only, he'll be on the sidewalk and not obviously an attendant. He'll take the horse at Fifty-third Street. Remember—ride slowly; very slowly. You have to be seen, you know."

Clarice started for the door.

"Good afternoon, my dear," said Merrivale.

"Oh, good-by." Clarice slammed the door.

SOMEWHERE in the hot blackness of the anguished, wakeful night, Clarice found a glittering gem of consolation. The wig! *Lady Godiva's* yellow hair would hide her face.

At noon she dressed and went to the Automat for coffee, which she drank without enjoyment. Soon she would be riding slowly down the path of her father's triumphs. People would stare. But the wig—the precious wig—

Her heart sank with the sight of it. It was of thin gilded strings, each five feet long. Not a disguise, but a fantastic head-dress.

Clarice sighed and let her clothes drop from her slender young body. She fitted herself into the flesh-colored tights and slipped her feet into the gold sandals.

She stood for a moment before the mirror, toying with the hideous wig.

At last she walked through the stage entrance with her head up, her little chin thrust out, and took the reins of her sturdy charger.

The groom who was to follow her at a distance helped her to settle herself upon the horse. A narrow strip of velvet ornamented with bits of colored glass was fastened about her waist.

"Ever on a horse before?" he asked.

"Not a side-saddle," said Clarice.

Fact was, this was her first adventure with horses, but she did not feel in a confidential mood.

WITH her head up, her little chin thrust out, she took the reins of her sturdy charger.

The horse moved with maddening deliberation to the corner and turned his own face and the white and stony face of his rider toward Broadway.

The buildings, the people, were all a solid mass of blurred color to Clarice. The sun beat down upon her. Automobile horns, the whir of trolleys, exclamations and laughter from the sidewalk. An advertisement for a moving-picture! A girl in flesh-colored tights. Twenty-five dollars. ("My Gawd, Helen, I think she's naked.") On, on. People were staring. People who had known a pampered, petulant girl in a moleskin wrap.

Now the Forty-sixth Street corner loomed before her. Wells, Meekin, and Delight would be standing there, and Eddie King, and dozens of others.

It was Angie Meekin who saw and recognized her first. Clarice saw Angie's eyes turn from her. Angie speaking to the others; calling to another group ten feet away; turning to inspect the display in the drug-store window. And nineteen out-of-work "ham" actors, without raising an eye to Clarice, strolled off the corner and away.

Lady Godiva had passed; but the leisurely stride of her horse had permitted her to see all. And she had seen Tommy Lorraine, livid, with bloodshot eyes and unshaven face, gaping up at her.

She had turned from him—but not before his mouth had fashioned itself into the well remembered and beloved smile.

On, on! Tears must not fall. Arch Merrivale might be watching his victim's discomfort. Tommy probably hadn't stopped drinking since the San Francisco episode. If he really cared!

Fifty-third Street. Now back to Thirty-eighth Street, then up again to Fifty-third.

How Tommy had stared at her. Stared!

("Look, Aggie, I bet she's supposed to be the Venus de Milo.") He couldn't be happy living as he was. God, what a wife she could have been to him!

Thirty-eighth Street. Back up Broadway on the last stretch. She did not look at the Forty-sixth Street corner. On, on!

Fifty-third Street. The ride was finished. The anguish through.

Clarice looked about for a parked cab. She saw three of them. All empty. Drivers looking for a fare. Merrivale's secretary had not followed orders, if indeed Merrivale had given her any.

She continued to gaze eagerly into the cabs which she passed. Her search was unrewarded. Meanwhile the horse crossed Fifty-third Street and began nearing the next corner. Perhaps the secretary had made a mistake and was waiting there.

CLARICE had a thoroughly feminine feeling about the law. If they didn't like her north of Fifty-third, what could they do about it?

Suddenly she felt a violent jerk on the velvet rein of her languid steed. A tall and hard-eyed cop glared at her.

"Got a permit?"

"Yes."

"Let's see it."

"This costume has no pockets." Clarice smiled at him winningly.

The policeman was not the winnable sort.

"Pretty fresh, ain't you? Back your horse over to the curb."

He did it for her, yanking viciously at the velvet rein.

A crowd was gathering. A girl was being arrested for riding naked through the streets. No, she wasn't naked. A man with an elaborate show of accident allowed his hand to touch her leg.

The policeman turned to attend to pressing matters in the center of the street. Clarice wondered if he would forget her.

She saw the groom on the outskirts of the crowd. It was not his fault and he didn't want to be mixed in it, so said his expression plainly.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Even a child can pick the best way to go to California

THE Santa Fe is the luxurious double-track way to winterless California. In splendid comfort you speed through the Southwest.

The Chief—extra fast, extra fine, extra fare—slips smoothly over half a continent in two business days—Chicago to Los Angeles.

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Am interested in winter trip to California. Send me free picture-folders and advise cost of excursion ticket.

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Laugh If You Like—!

—But I Did Learn Music Without a Teacher

IT was at a little social gathering. Every one had been called on to entertain and all had responded with a song or with a selection on some musical instrument. And now it was my turn.

I had always been known as a "sit in the corner." I had never been able either to sing or play. So they all murmured as I smiled confidently and took my place at the piano. Then I played—played as no one else had played that evening. First ballads, then classical numbers and popular tunes.

For the first time in my life I was the very center of attraction.

They had listened—dumfounded. For a moment, now that I had finished, they remained silent. Then thunderous applause! Then questions.

"How did you do it?" they chorused. "And you're the one who didn't know a note!" "Why didn't you tell us you were taking lessons privately?" "Who was your teacher?"

For a moment the questions overwhelmed me.

"Teacher? I never had one," I replied. "I learned by myself at home."

They laughed in disbelief.

"Laugh if you want," I countered. "I did learn music without a teacher.

"Until recently I didn't know one note from another. I loved music. But I couldn't afford a private teacher. And I couldn't bear the thought of monotonous exercises. Anyway, I thought a person had to have talent to become a musician.

"You all know how I've sat around while the rest of you entertained. Time after time I longed to be able to play.

"Then one night I sat at home alone, reading a magazine. Suddenly my eye caught a startling announcement. It told of a new, easy method of quickly learning music—right in your own home—and without a teacher. It sounded impossible—but it made me just wonder. After all, I decided, it 'doesn't cost a cent to find out.' So I signed the coupon, and—well, you know the rest."

The course, I explained to them, was more helpful than I ever dreamed possible. It was amazingly simple—even a child could learn to play this quick, easy way. I chose the piano. And from the very beginning I was playing *real notes, catchy tunes*—just like a regular musician! It was just like a fascinating game!

Now I can play anything—jazz or classical. I am never at a loss to entertain. No more dreary hours of solitude for me. And I even play in an orchestra and make money having a wonderful time!

You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by this easy "at home" method that has helped almost half a million people to increased pleasure and financial gain. You don't have to know a thing about music—progress is rapid because every step is easy to understand. Pick out the instrument you want to play. The U. S. School of Music does the rest. And the cost averages just a few cents a day!

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Dept. 7 L, 677 Preston Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

[NORTH OF FIFTY-THIRD] Continued from Page Fifty-seven

Somebody moved toward her. A man with a purposeful stride, an easy manner.

The crowd backed farther away as he tore nervously on the straps at her waist.

The buckle opened. The man raised his arms to Clarice. "Jump," he commanded.

An arm went encouragingly beneath her elbow, and a moment later she landed in the low, soft seat of a foreign-built car.

She saw her protector talking gravely to the policeman. Then it looked as though they were shaking hands. The policeman smiled and put his hand in his pocket. The mysterious rescuer returned to the car. The motor hummed, and the disappointed crowd, left behind, disbanded.

"Crowds make me mad," he said. "I saw you a little while ago downtown further. At Thirty-ninth Street."

Clarice explained the publicity stunt.

"It's a damn shame," he said, somewhat irrelevantly.

CLARICE eyed her companion in silence. He was not over medium height, swarthy, dark-eyed. Attractive in a well groomed, expensive way. His face was a deadly serious face. He had never been amused at anything in his life.

"You'll pardon my negligence," he said. "I'm still angry at that bunch of gaping loons. My name is Norman Woolfe."

"Mine is Clarice Valentine."

A moment later he learned that her father was Billy Valentine, who had frequently headlined at the Palace.

"I saw him twice," said Norman Woolfe. "I've often thought of that delightful song he sang about the cloak-and-suit men's golf club."

"Wasn't that funny? Didn't he have the cloak-and-suiters down pat?"

"He did indeed," said Norman Woolfe. "I happen to know. I'm a cloak-and-suit man. By the way, I'm just driving at random. Where do you want to go?"

Clarice mentioned the name of the theater where she had left her clothes. She sat very quiet, trying to recall the words of her father's song. Had it been terribly insulting? This man had been very kind.

"You were wonderful," she said. "I felt absolutely lost. I ought never to have gone north of Fifty-third."

"On the contrary," said Norman Woolfe, "you should have gone north of Fifty-third much sooner."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Well, I can guess that your father had a huge income. You're accustomed to money. You think that Broadway is going to favor you because it favored your father. So you let month after month pass, and finally year after year, in pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp. Meanwhile you live in poverty, hoping."

The car stopped at the stage entrance of the theater.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Hello Everybody! *This is* Johnnie Walker *Speaking!*

"My cigarette is built for those who want something very much better for mighty little more money. Ask your dealer for the very snappy package of Johnnie Walkers! Then you'll have it."

20 for 20c

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When you want a smoke and one hand's busy—(at the steering wheel or otherwise)—just draw your trusty Ejector Case. Press the lever and out pops a cigarette to meet your lips.

"Ejector" is the smart way to carry cigarettes. No more unsightly, crumpled packages, limp cigarettes, tobacco filled pockets.

There's no case like the Ejector for style—for convenience—for impressing friends.

Priced at $1.50, $2.50, $4.00, $6.00 and $25.00. If your dealer hasn't the Ejector write us giving his name and enclosing price, and we will see that you are supplied.

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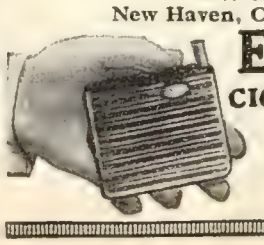

EJECTOR
CIGARETTE CASE

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

"And?" questioned Clarice. "What ought I do?"

"Cut Broadway. Ten to one, it holds nothing for you. Cut the Broadwayites who assure you that, as Billy Valentine's daughter, success surely has you marked. Make a life for yourself, my dear. Pull out and start."

"You mean pull out and starve, don't you?"

"Would you let me offer you a job at forty dollars a week?"

Clarice's brow clouded. A job away from Broadway. Alien territory. People who didn't read *Variety*. A job away from the place where she kept in contact with Tommy.

She shuddered with a sudden chill remembrance: Tommy staring at her. Tommy with bloodshot eyes.

"What sort of a job?" asked Clarice.

"Model for evening wraps. Take off that foolish wig. Let me see you."

Clarice removed the wig. Norman Woolfe's eyes rested on her for a full minute of silence. She looked back at him.

"You're beautiful," he said, and there was the light of a mystic in his eyes.

"Where do I report for work?" asked Clarice.

He handed her his business card. "Tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. I'll have a talk with you in the office."

They separated.

Clarice dressed swiftly and rushed to her room. How could she go to model in the midst of the cloak-and-suit world, where nobody cared that Tommy Lorraine was the cleverest performer alive?

Still, what was here? No work, no peace. Could she bear to hear Tommy's name constantly, to be forced to listen as the gossips reported his downward slide? Could she stand remembering every day that he had stared at her while the others had thought enough of her to turn away?

FOR a week or two the actors around the northwest corner of Broadway and Forty-sixth Street asked each other what had become of Billy Valentine's daughter. The third week interest weakened and perished.

She lived in a brownstone rooming-house off the Park, and she dined often with the Woolfe family. They approved of her. She knew that Norman had exhibited her for their approval. There were two sisters, the mother and father, in a huge apartment. Norman kept bachelor quarters.

A change was coming over Clarice gradually. She grew to respect a wrap of rich cloth almost as much as though it were fur. After a time she stopped reading *Variety*. The urge to stroll down Broadway's Forties grew less insistent. It disappeared.

She was prepared for Norman's proposal. A thousand times she had thought about what her reply should be. When he asked, she said, "Tomorrow if you say so, Norman."

Norman Woolfe did not say so. In the back of his mind a vision had glowed for ages. A vision of himself and his bride entering their own house directly after their wedding. He wanted a house to bring her to. A beautiful house. This he must find.

He kissed Clarice and thanked her for her promise. She responded warmly. She was extremely fond of him. A more admirable man never lived.

Norman found the house of his dreams.

Decorators, furniture specialists, and carpenters were turned loose on it. It was to be a surprise for Clarice.

The day before the wedding, Norman went alone to Westchester to survey the completed work.

Clarice had nothing to do. She found Mrs. Woolfe stuffy company. And suddenly she found that she longed for somebody from the old life. She wanted to tell some old friends about Norman and her wedding.

In later days Mrs. Woolfe often repeated their brief conversation with mingled self-reproach and anger.

"She just said she was going out for a walk. I couldn't act too curious, could I? But maybe I should have offered to go with her."

Perhaps without knowing it herself, Clarice had gone out to look for Tommy Lorraine. At any rate, she found him.

He was leaning against a pole in front of a theater. He was thin and shabby, but he hadn't lost his smile.

"'Lo, Clarice."

"Hello, Tommy." It was hard to speak casually. She felt dizzy.

"I'M taking the job," said Clarice. "Twenty-five dollars looks like a thousand to me."

"You look great, Clarice."

"You don't. What's the matter?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Liquor?" she asked bitterly.

"No. Haven't had a drink since the day you played *Lady Godiva*.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Ingersoll

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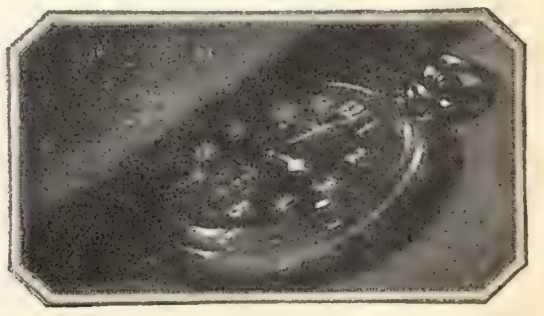
Tell Time in the Dark



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When you go home late at night, and street lamps are few and far between, your Ingersoll Radiolite will tell you the time truthfully *without* making you peer or strain your eyes.

Its luminous hands and figures, glowing brightly in the dark, show the *right* time in any light.

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"Look Mother! Dad's Playing Horse Again. Rheumatism All Gone"

[NORTH OF FIFTY-THIRD
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

The trouble with me is that I've been heart-sick."

"What over?"

"You have the nerve to ask me that?"

Clarice's eyes met his bravely.

"Don't go into that, Tommy," she said. "You know well that I gave you your chance. You didn't take it."

"You were a dirty quitter, Clarice."

"I?"

"Yes, you. Would you send a blind man alone across Times Square and hate him if he got hit with a taxi? No. Yet you sent me with a cursed affliction out to battle alone. You wouldn't marry me and go along to keep me straight, would you? You haven't got the strength it takes. I didn't tell you this when you delivered your high and mighty lecture. I'm telling you now, when I've beaten the liquor alone and single-handed."

Clarice felt suddenly ill. He was right, and she still loved him. She had never stopped loving him.

Clarice looked around her. This was Broadway, her playground, her haunt. Tommy, her natural mate, stood before her, white-faced, broken, but still smiling and bringing memories of Billy Valentine and the dear dead days.

"Tommy, I'm sorry."

"I still care, Clarice. Will you marry me? I've got forty-two dollars and some time booked up in New England. It's small-time, but with you pushing me I'll make the grade again."

"I know you will, Tommy."

"I'm leaving for Lowell in two hours. Let's get married."

"I have to send a message to somebody, Tommy, and I have to go uptown and pack."

"I have you now, though, Clarice? Promise?"

Broadway sees many strange sights. Hardly any one was surprised at the picture of a well-dressed girl crying on the shoulder of a shabby little chap who smiled and patted her gently.

REPORTS to the booking-office from the New England time reveal that in Lowell Tommy Lorraine was a model performer. In Lawrence he walked on the stage too intoxicated to sing. In Boston he missed a performance. In Lynn he missed another performance.

In Brockton the manager closed his act, and only because of the intercession of his wife was he permitted to go on to Worcester. There the rest of his bookings were canceled as the result of a matinée at which he did not put in his appearance.

And in a dream house in Westchester there sits a man who has never been amused at anything in his life.

He waits quietly, patiently. He knows that the dauntless twenties fade in the bright seeking light of the thoughtful thirties. He is willing to wait.

Broadway laughs. North of Fifty-third there are many who wait and wait—

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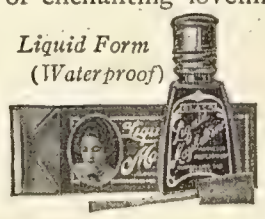

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MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

The Red Knight of Germany

Baron Manfred von Richthofen, standing at attention in front of his flying squadron. On this occasion decorations for bravery were presented to several of his pupils.

(Reading time: 15 minutes 20 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Richthofen entered April, 1918—the last month of his life—with restored confidence in his powers. His score for March had been impressive: eleven victories over a span of seventeen days. The ace won his seventy-fifth victory on April 2, when he shot down an English two-seater, killing both occupants. That same day Richthofen received another decoration from the Kaiser and his own staffel shot down its 250th plane.]

The Flying Baron Completes His Toll of Death—His Last Victim Survives to Tell the Story

By

FLOYD GIBBONS

PART TWENTY-ONE

WHILE Staffel Eleven was celebrating its victories in the mess-room that night, Richthofen spent the evening in his hut, reading. He had the capacity and nerve control that enabled him to suppress the after-tingle of his strenuous air work, and concentrate upon standard fiction or scientific works.

The leader's new decoration was a source of pride and a subject of conversation for the victorious celebrants that night.

Lubbert, one of the new fliers of the staffel, pointed out that it would seem only natural if Manfred, with all his strenuous work and the honors he had gained, had no place in his heart for friends and comradeship.

He declared that he had found the exact opposite true. His leader, he held, was both a kind superior and a loyal comrade. When off duty, he played hockey with them and frequently took a hand at bridge after dinner. Lubbert had gone to him with questions and worries and had always found him sympathetic.

As a teacher he had quickly gained the confidence of his pupils, but he demanded eagerness, enthusiasm, and application in return. He seldom lost patience over stupid questions, and always had complete control of his temper.

Richthofen's strictness was exercised principally in the selection of his pilots. He took all beginners under close observation, and if convinced that the applicant was not morally or technically qualified to fight in his squadron, he transferred him to some other unit. He judged his pilots upon their capabilities and not according to his personal likes or dislikes.

Not only the officers but the enlisted men and mechanics of the squadron felt that these characteristics of their leader were responsible for making him the cool, capable, thinking, killing machine he became in an air fight. They believed he had all the qualities necessary for an air fighter: to fly well, to shoot well, to see everything, to keep one's nerve, and to be plucky.

"Slow but sure," was the motto attributed to him, and he was quoted as saying: "Better shoot down one plane less than be shot down oneself, because then one can be of no more use to one's country."

Early the next morning several staffels of the squadron moved to the advanced flying-field inspected the day before by Manfred, and immediately took the air. It was the day before the opening of the Battle of the Avre, which took place on April 4 in the area between the Avre and Somme rivers.

Richthofen directed the air fighting of his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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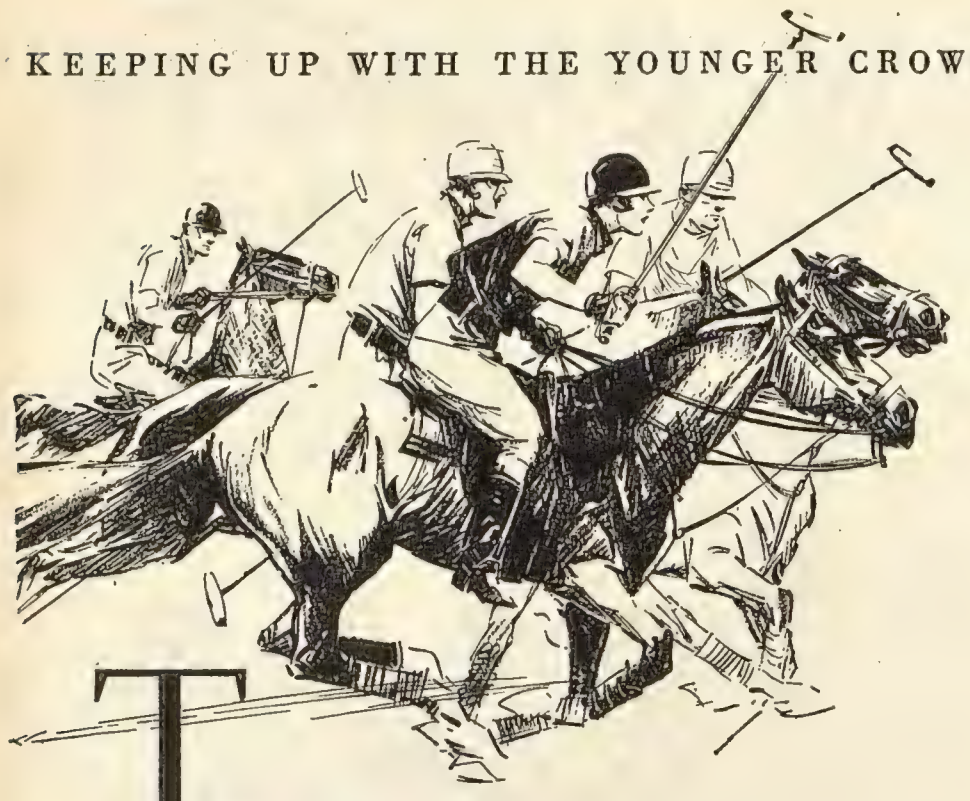

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[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Sixty-one

staffels on April 3, 4, and 5, and engaged in several combats, but did not register another victory until the afternoon of April 6.

From his report and all available records, it appears that the war bird he killed that day was twenty-two-year-old Sydney Philip Smith, a captain and fighting pilot of the Forty-sixth Squadron, Royal Air Force.

Smith's daily combat reports, now in the possession of his father, Arthur H. Smith of Aldershot, England, tell the story of the ground strafing which he did during the German advance in March and April, 1918.

AS an airman, he had fought and bombed everything that the enemy had at the front, on the ground or in the air.

He had inflicted casualties upon German observation, bombing, and fighting planes, had attacked supply trains and troop columns on the ground, and had sent German balloons down in flames and German ammunition dumps up in smoke. He was a soft-spoken, pleasant-smiling, fighting demon.

Enlisting at the age of eighteen at the outbreak of war, Smith arrived in France in March, 1915, and transferred to the air service in 1916. By the end of that year he was a pilot, a captain, and a flight commander in France. Wounded by two bullets in one foot in an air fight in May of '17, he did not get back into the air until February of the next year.

Between that time and the day of his death he had flown almost daily in the fighting that preceded and accompanied the German ground offensive. A number of enemy planes were credited to him, and he had been cited for the Distinguished Service Order. He shot down his last man on April 2, the day that Manfred killed Jones and Newton.

Smith's fight on that day is described in the following combat report by his squadron commander:

Air Combats.

Date: April 2, 1918.
Time: 12:45 P. M.
Locality: Courcelles.
Height: 7,000 feet.
Duty: C. O. P.
Result: One destroyed. Albatross two-seater.

Whilst on C. O. P. at 5,000 feet over Courcelles, Captain Smith fired fifty rounds at long range at an enemy airman who was flying west 1,000 feet above him. The E. A. [enemy airman] turned E. and dived.

Captain Smith and other pilots got on his tail and dived down on him, firing about 750 rounds at a range varying from fifty to 100 yards. The E. A. then dived vertically as if hit, and Captain Smith overshot him, and the other pilots with the exception of Lieutenant MacLaren pulled out. He fired another 100 rounds at fifty yards' range and the E. A. went down out of control and crashed S. of Courcelles.

N. H. S. NEALING, Major,
Commanding 46 Squadron.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Of Liberty, published weekly at New York, New York, for October 1st, 1927.

State of New York, } ss.
County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. M. Patterson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of Liberty and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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J. M. PATTERSON, Editor.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

Four days after this engagement, Smith left his airdrome at 2:45 P. M., flying his Sopwith Camel single-seater with orders to make another low patrol behind the enemy lines. The English air casualty lists on that day have inscribed under his name:

Last seen over Lamotte. Shot down in flames.

Richthofen supplies further details in the following report:

RICHTHOFEN'S bedroom at Schweidnitz as it is today. The numbers on the wall are from planes he conquered; the chandelier is the rotary motor of a French machine he shot down. On the wall table at the back are the silver cups that marked his first sixty victories.

Requesting acknowledgment of my Seventy-sixth Victory.
Date: April 6, 1918.
Time: 3:45 P. M.
Place: Northeast of Villers-Bretonneux, near east edge of Bois de Hamel.
Type of plane: English, Sopwith Camel. Burned.

With five planes of Staffel Eleven, we attacked several enemy one-seaters in a low altitude flying northeast of Villers-Bretonneux. The English plane which I attacked started to burn after only a few shots from my gun. Then it crashed, burning, near the little wood northeast of Villers-Bretonneux and continued to burn on the ground.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

MR. SMITH, Sr., has been trying for nine years to find his son's body. He exhausted every source in England and then tried to work through the King of Spain, but with no result. He advertised all over the world for information, and in Switzerland obtained the names of many English airmen who had been taken prisoners.

He wrote to them and obtained his first valuable information from one flier who had been shot down in the same fight. His name is Lieutenant Donald G. Gold, and here's his report to the missing airman's father:

27. 4. 19.

DEAR SIR:

I am afraid I can not give you any definite information about your son, but I can give you not very encouraging information about other machines brought down during the afternoon of April 6.

I was brought down about 3:10 o'clock and was kept up by the line for about two hours, during which time I saw three British machines shot down. One was a Bristol Fighter; both the others were Camels. I was too far away to identify any numbers and unfortunately can not remember the squadron markings.

One of those Camels fell some distance away, probably the other side of the river, as far as I could see. However, I know of no prisoners taken that afternoon there.

The other Camel fell quite close to where I was. It was unfortunately shot down in flames in the following way:

There were five Fokker triplanes headed by Von Richthofen patrolling just above the clouds, which were about 1,500 or 2,000 feet up. When a British machine came over singly, they were warned by Archie fire that the machine was directly below them, and they accordingly pounced. Owing to the weather conditions the formations of Camels were breaking up and dropping their bombs on anything they saw. This frequently meant one got rather separated from other machines.

The Fokkers were doing long-range shooting which was extraordinarily accurate. They got the Camel almost at the first burst and I saw flames quite plainly.

However, I rather imagine it

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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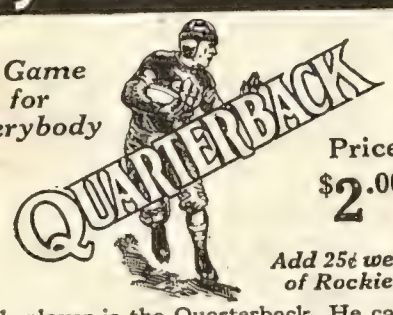

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[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Sixty-three

was the smaller petrol-tank, for the machine still flew perfectly, and I thought the pilot got the flames out, for he climbed quickly into the clouds. The Germans were still firing as the machine darted in and out of the fleecy clouds. Then I saw it suddenly burst into flames again and fall.

The machine floated down quite out of control, the pilot falling from it and being killed instantaneously. From the way in which the machine came down when in flames the second time, I feel certain that the pilot had been killed by a shot and not from the fall. I was not allowed to go anywhere near it.

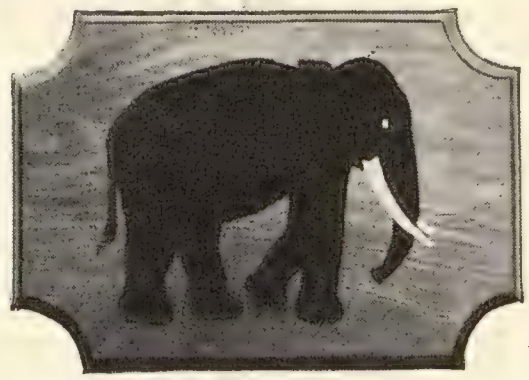
The incident I described is correct in every detail and took place just about a half-mile beyond Lamotte on the south side of the main road to Peronne-Amiens.

Yours very sincerely,
DONALD G. GOLD.
Exeter College, Oxford.

YEARS after the war, Gold guided Smith's father to the spot where the plane and body fell.

In a pile of wreckage at one corner of the field they found the remains of a Sopwith single-seater that had been burned. The father looked through the wreckage, trying to find the number. His son's plane was No. D. 6991; but fire and time had effaced all markings.

The records indicate that Captain G. B. Moore, a six-foot-three Canadian who weighed over 200 pounds, on the next day followed Smith in Richthofen's chain of victories. Moore's father lived



THIS black elephant is the only American trophy in the German ace's collection. There is no record of his combat with the plane from which it was taken.

once at Vancouver, British Columbia, from which place "the big fellow" came to offer his bulk, brain, and brawn to his King and country.

He was one of the largest men in the air service and, curious to relate, he had had his greatest success in the smallest planes. He survived the 1917 fighting with a small Nieuport of the type with which his squadron, the First, was equipped at that time.

Although the German High Command acknowledged Richthofen's seventy-seventh victory, and his reports and the records indicate that the plane in question was piloted by Moore, the latter's friends who witnessed his death attribute the Canadian's end to a direct hit by an artillery shell.

Moore and his plane practically

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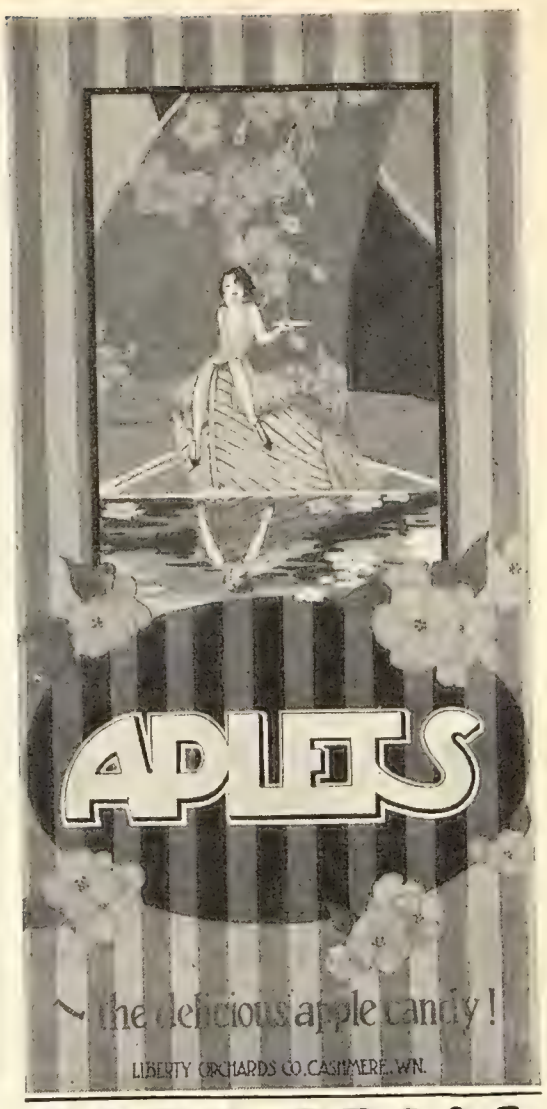

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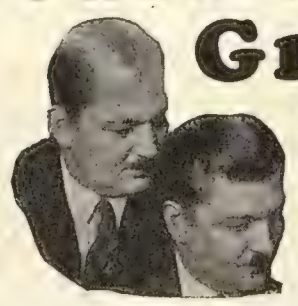

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EMOLLIENT MEDICINAL ANTISEPTIC

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

disappeared in the air at the moment, it would appear, when Richthofen was firing into him at the unusually long range of over 200 yards.

The plane was reduced in mid-air to such small parts, there was nothing left to salvage on the ground and nothing found of Moore to bury. One observer said the debris drifted downward almost like dust. Analysis of Richthofen's report reveals no direct conflict with this theory of Moore's death. It reads:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Seventy-seventh Victory.
Date: April 7, 1918.
Time: 11:30 A. M.
Place: Near Hangard.
Type of Plane: S. E. 5, English.
Shattered to pieces in air.
With four machines of Staffel Eleven, I attacked several S. E. 5s near Hangard. I shot at one of the enemy planes some 200 meters off. After I had discharged 100 shots, the enemy plane broke into pieces. The remnants came down near Hangard.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

It is important to note that although the ace claimed and received credit for the downing of this plane, he avoided the direct statement that it went down as a result of his fire. It was Richthofen's method to deliver his death-blows at much closer range, and he taught his disciples that long-range fire was a waste of ammunition.

In his next engagement, thirty-five minutes later, which was credited as his seventy-eighth victory, Richthofen again avoided stating that he had shot the plane down.

He reported that the machine was a Spad, and as there were no Spads among the English casualties that day, it is presumable that the occupant of the plane escaped when it crashed to the ground behind the British lines.

The ace's second report for the day reads:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Seventy-eighth Victory.
Date: April 7, 1918.
Time: 12:05 P. M.
Place: 500 yards east of Hill 104, north of Villers-Bretonneux.
Type of Plane: Spad, English.
Fell down.

I observed that a chain (three) of German planes pursuing an English plane was suddenly attacked from the rear. I flew to their assistance and attacked an English plane.

After putting myself behind him several times, I saw the adversary fall.

The plane crashed into the ground and I saw that it cracked to splinters.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

NOW comes the calm before the storm—the last lull—the last gap in the killing record of the ace of German aces. For thirteen days after his seventy-eighth victory his balance with death was stationary. His duties as squadron commander carried him to the higher altitudes from which he could direct the operations of his fighting staffels below.

The Battle of the Ancre waged fiercely, with the Germans continuing their victorious advance on Villers-Bretonneux. The air fighting was intensive and costly to the Germans.

On April 12 the English fliers destroyed forty German planes and drove twenty others down, as against the loss of twelve English planes.

Richthofen believed that the offensive was approaching a stall during which he could go on leave. There were rumors that the High Command was going to order him back from the front and relieve him from combat flying.

Manfred did not want this, but he did cherish the idea of another vacation with his gun on the trail of game in the peaceful forests of Germany, and later a visit to his mother.

In the week before his death he talked these matters over with his flying comrade, Lieutenant Hans Joachim Wolff. Manfred wanted to shoot woodcock with him.

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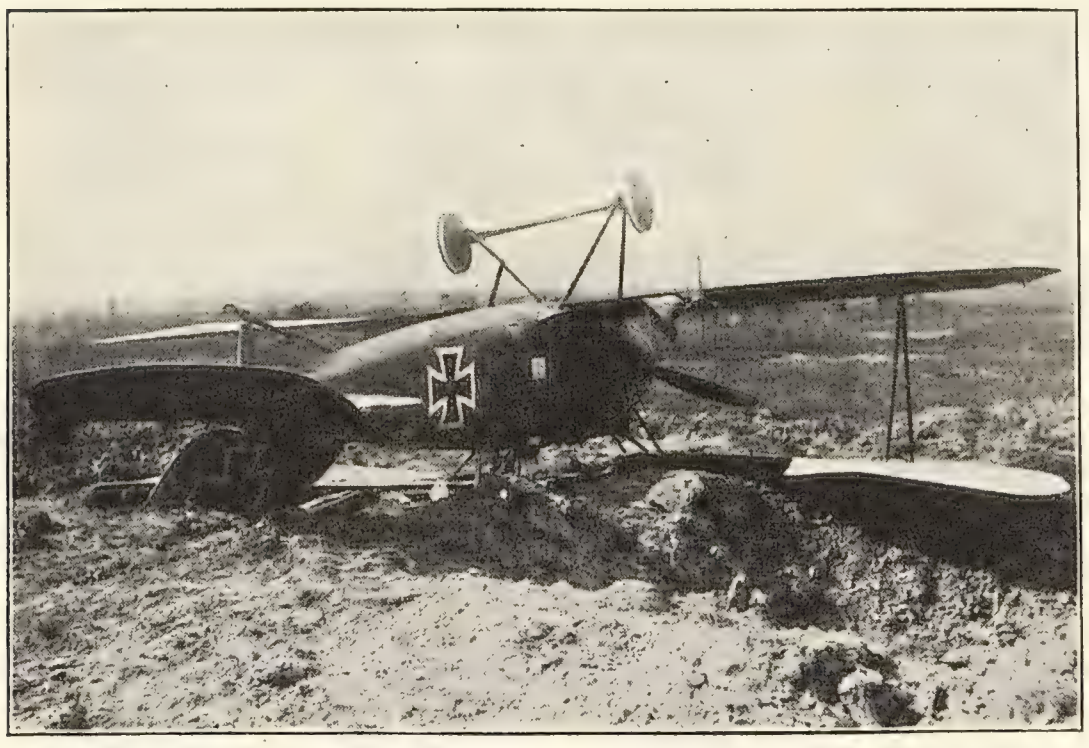

BRITISH aggressiveness made air fighting a perilous business for German fliers in April, 1918. This photograph shows how one of them came down behind the English lines.

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[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Sixty-five

His final brace of human victories came in a hot three minutes of fighting on the late afternoon of the day before his death. In the first one he killed Major R. Raymond Barker, M. C., and in the second he captured Second Lieutenant D. G. Lewis.

A division in the German line in front of Villers-Bretonneux had called for protection from the low-flying English planes, which buzzed over it in swarms and peppered it with machine-gun fire. Richthofen and his squadron flew to its defense.

Major Barker, his first adversary, was, like Richthofen, the commander of a fighting squadron composed of several flights. He had a long record in the air, where he had won his Military Cross.

The German ace killed him thus:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Seventy-ninth Victory.
Date: April 20, 1918.
Time: 6:40 P. M.
Place: Southwest of Bois de Hamel.
Type of Plane: Sopwith Camel. Englishman; burned.

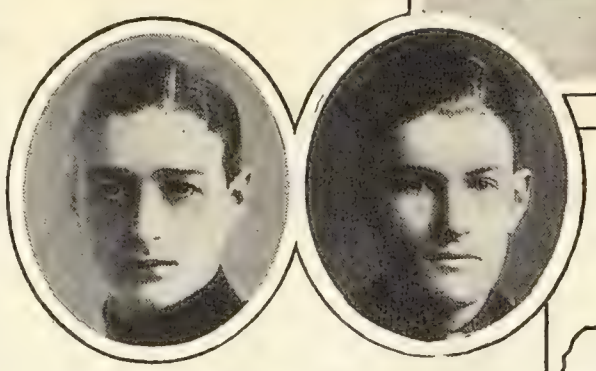
With six planes of Staffel Eleven, I attacked a large enemy squadron. During the fight I observed that a triplane was attacked and shot at from below by a Camel.

I put myself behind the adversary and brought him down, burning, with only a few shots. The enemy plane dashed down near the Forest of Hamel, where it continued to burn on the ground.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

Manfred was in fine fettle. His speedy Fokker triplane responded to the controls like a thing of life. The fixed motor gave forth an even, throaty roar. The chambers of the twin Spandaus hungered for more cartridges.

Without following his first adversary to the ground, he turned his guns on the nearest English plane, with the following result:



Captain Sydney Philip Smith (left), shot down on April 6, 1918, by the German ace; and Second Lieutenant D. G. Lewis, the flying Baron's final victim.

Requesting acknowledgment of my Eightieth Victory.
Date: April 20, 1918.
Time: 6:43 P. M.
Place: Northeast of Villers-Bretonneux.
Type of Plane: Sopwith Camel. Englishman; burned.

Three minutes after I had brought down the first machine, I attacked a second Camel of the same enemy squad. The adversary dived, caught his machine, and repeated this maneuver several times.

I approached him as near as possible when fighting, and fired fifty bullets into him, until the machine began to burn. The body of the machine burned in the air and dashed to the ground northeast of Villers-Bretonneux.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

Eighteen-year-old Second Lieutenant D. G. Lewis occupied the red-hot pilot's seat in that burning plane—the one that was to conclude the victory record of the Kaiser's deadliest ace.

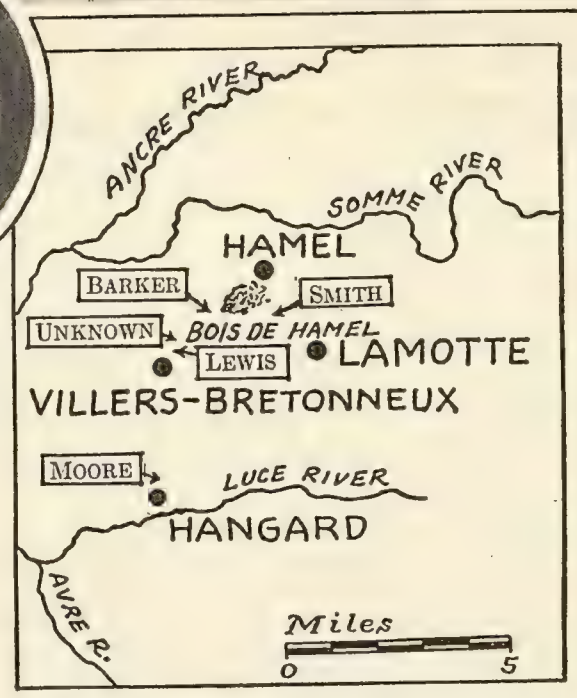
Lewis survived the warm descent with blisters and bruises, and is alive today to describe the fight in which Richthofen shot him down. His home is on a ranch in Southern Rhodesia, South Africa, where he wrote for LIBERTY the following account of his encounter with the German ace:

"On the evening of April 20, twelve of us left the airdrome on an offensive patrol led by Captain Douglas Bell of my flight (C Flight), although the commanding officer, Major Raymond Barker, was with us. The day had been a stormy one, with intermittent squalls, and there were still heavy clouds in the sky when we reached the German lines.

"Knowing that the German anti-aircraft guns would have the range of the clouds, Bell thought it advisable to rise above them. In carrying this out, we lost touch in the clouds with the other flight and continued the patrol six strong.

"About four miles over the German lines we met approximately fifteen German triplanes, which endeavored to attack us from behind. Bell frustrated this attempt by turning to meet them, so the fight started with the two

A SQUAD of Nieuports on a British flying-field in France, ready for a winter patrol. Captain G. B. Moore, a Canadian, who was killed in Richthofen's seventy-seventh victory, is beside the first plane.



WHERE the Red Knight won his last five victories, in which three British war birds were killed.

patrols firing at each other head on. When the Germans came closer we knew we had met Richthofen's circus. The machines of his squadron were always brilliantly colored.

"A few seconds after the fight began, Major Barker's petrol-tank was hit by an incendiary bullet which caused the tank to explode and shatter his machine. Bits of his machine were still reaching the ground when I was shot down.

"I was attacking a bright blue machine which was on a level with me, and was just about to finish this adversary off when I heard the rat-tat-tat of machine guns coming from behind me and saw the splintering of struts just above my head.

"I left my man and wheeled quickly, to find that I was face to face with the renowned Richthofen. My machine was a Sopwith Camel. The Baron always flew a bright red machine. That is how I knew it was he.

"I twisted and turned in the endeavor to avoid his line of fire, but he was too experienced a fighter, and only once did I manage to have him at a disadvantage, and then for only a few seconds. In those few ticks of a clock I shot a number of bullets into his machine and thought I would have the honor of bringing him down. But in a trice the positions were reversed and he had set my emergency petrol-tank alight and I was hurtling earthward in flames.

"I hit the ground about four miles northeast of Villers-Bretonneux at a speed of sixty miles an hour, was thrown clear of my machine, and, except for minor burns, was unhurt.

"About fifty yards away, Major Barker's machine was burning fiercely. I staggered over to him to see if it were possible to pull him out, but was beaten back by the flames.

"From the seat to the tail of my plane there was not a stitch of fabric left, it having been burnt away.

"The following articles were hit by Richthofen's bullets: the compass, which was directly in front of my face; my goggles, where the elastic joined the frame of the glass—these went over the side; and the elbow of my coat. One bullet went through the leg of my trousers.

"The rest of my flight was saved from annihilation by the timely arrival of a squadron of S. E. 5s. Richthofen came down to within a hundred feet of the ground and waved to me."

RICHTHOFEN'S jubilant wave of the hand to his last captive included also a column of German infantry, which cheered the well known all-red triplane and its famous pilot. He returned to the flying-field in a happy mood. Safely landed, he jumped spryly from the cockpit of *le petit rouge*.

"Gad—eighty—that is really a decent number," he said joyously, rubbing his hands together in a gesture of satisfaction.

His comrades of the flight congratulated him. Wolff had missed the plane he had picked out for attack, but Weiss had sent one down in flames and raised his own score to eighteen. They clapped one another on the back with joy. Here was youth, daring youth, tingling with the joy of life and the wine of victory.

In the mess-room they lifted their cups and toasted their leader, their master and teacher, their idol, and their comrade.

Yes, eighty was in fact a real number—a fat, well-rounded-out figure. It was emphatic and solid, ample and generous. It sounded even better than eighty-one, which had something accidental about it.

Eighty seemed like a goal that had been designated and gained. It carried an air of finality.

With this feeling of complacency, Manfred went to bed on the last night of his life.

The death of Richthofen. How the flaming guns of a Canadian war bird brought down the great German ace is described in next week's LIBERTY.

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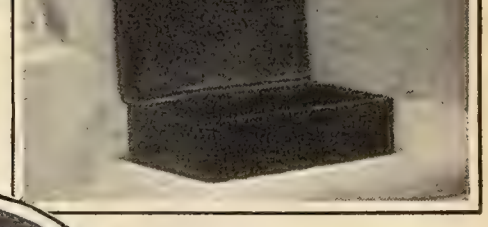
Senatorial Snuff



Clinedinst photos

Or What Great Legislators Can Do in a Pinch

An Article by
WINIFRED MALLON

(Reading time: 3 minutes 40 seconds.)

THE Senate of the United States still has its snuff-boxes kept originally for the convenience of members who might forget to bring their own.

In London, the doorkeeper of the House is the custodian of the snuff-box, his duty being to keep it filled, which bids fair to become difficult, as there are now reported to be in the kingdom but two manufacturers of snuff, both of whom are threatening to go out of business for lack of customers.

In Washington, the snuff-boxes, one on either side of the Vice-President's rostrum, just inside the north doors opening from the Senate lobby, also are kept filled with fresh snuff.

This presents no difficulty, however, since the annual American production averages 30,000,000 pounds and the importation about 30,000 pounds. Snuff can be purchased at any cigar store in the capital, though few persons and no Senators in these days are ever seen "taking a pinch."

Less than 2 per cent of the total quantity of snuff in this country, however, is used for snuffing. Most of the remaining 98 per cent is used in the same way as chewing-tobacco, the same results being obtained without the necessity for chewing the snuff.

Made chiefly from the darker grades of tobacco, the three principal classes are rappee, or French snuff, used for inhaling; maccaboy, for inhaling and chewing; and Scotch, Swedish, Copenhagen, etc., for chewing or dipping. The Scotch types are highly dried snuffs, strong, and practically free from added flavoring materials.

Copenhagen is the type most commonly used. It is with Copenhagen snuff that the boxes in the Senate chamber are replenished when the supply dries out and otherwise deteriorates. This snuff is specially popular with the Negroes of Washington for chewing.

Only in the mountain regions of the Southern States is snuff-dipping still a habit—the method being to moisten the end of a stick or brush, dip it in the snuff, and rub the teeth and gums with it.

To this depth has descended the use of snuff, which in 1759 had replaced in the fashionable world of London the smoking of tobacco for pleasure, introduced by Sir Walter Raleigh, and which was taken to England from this country.

The Spaniards, who acquired the habit from the Indians of South America, were the first snuff-makers in Europe; the Dutch, English, and Scotch extending the industry as they, in turn, adopted the practise.

Pipe-smoking, even when under the social ban, never lost favor with the people of England, a poem of the period asserting satirically that "Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff."

For a long time, however, the snuff-box was all-powerful. Dr. Johnson and all his company took snuff. The Prince Regent was devoted to it, and had a "cellar of snuff" which, after his death in 1830, was sold for £400. By the end of the nineteenth century the vogue of the cigar had begun.

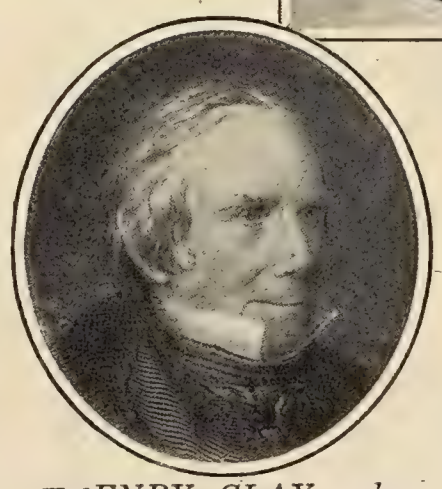
The original Senate snuff-boxes have been many times replaced, one of the constituents of snuff being ammonia, which eats away the metal in the hinges holding the covers in place and otherwise spoils the boxes.

At present, small japanned boxes a little less than three inches long and one inch deep, replacing boxes of more elaborate construction and design, the covers of which were inlaid with mother-of-pearl, are fixed in the niches.

WHEN the House of Representatives occupied what is now Statuary Hall, where Henry Clay, then Speaker, welcomed Lafayette as the nation's guest, it too had snuff-boxes, but abandoned them when the House moved, in December, 1857, to its present quarters. The Senate, when it moved in 1859 from what is now the Supreme Court room to the Senate Chamber of today, kept its snuff-boxes.

The habit of taking snuff prevailed for several years after the Civil War; but within the last thirty years not more than half a dozen Senators have been known to take snuff even occasionally.

The last Senator to help himself from a Senate snuff-box was the late Ollie James of Kentucky. Perceiving the boxes for the first time, Mr. James remarked that he was willing to try anything once, and rashly took too generous a sniff. He was a man of heroic proportions, and the sneeze which followed is said to have shaken the supports of the Chamber.



HENRY CLAY, who presided over the House in snuff-taking days.

THE niches for the Senate snuff-boxes are indicated by arrows, with enlarged pictures of the receptacles shown at either side.

But the snuff-boxes remain. They are pointed out to visitors along with the sand-sifters, and the gavel which is the most highly valued of the Senate's historic possessions.

The sand-sifters are small glass bottles with perforated tops, in size and shape like the ink-bottles beside which they are fitted into the top of each Senator's desk.

They are kept filled with prepared sand and are used by many Senators today, who continue to shake the sand over a freshly written page to dry the ink, in preference to using blotting-paper.

The desks themselves are historic, several of them dating back to the reconstruction and refurnishing of the Capitol after it was destroyed by the British during the War of 1812. New desks are faithful copies of these.

Especial interest attaches to the desks of Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Jefferson Davis, and Charles Sumner, the latter now known as the Massachusetts desk, having been used also by Senator Lodge.

The gavel is small, but highly effective. Carved from an elephant's tusk, in shape like an hour-glass, and without a handle, either end fitting comfortably into the hand. It is yellowed with age, having been used to call the Continental Congress to order, and by every presiding officer of the Senate since the days of John Adams, the first Vice-President of the United States.

THE END

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Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know

?

FROM the Caucasus, through Europe, and to California, with stop-overs at various places, not the least interesting of which is Yonkers, New York. That is the itinerary of this week's information tour.

Answers to the following twenty questions may be found in next week's LIBERTY, and one of these will disclose the reason for the Yonkers visit.

1—What President of the United States was the oldest at the time of taking office?

2—How many Germans did Sergeant York capture in his famous raid?

3—What was the Black Death?

4—What is the name of the highest mountain in Europe?

5—How many English Popes have there been?

6—Why is the laurel wreath a symbol of personal victory?

7—What is the largest body of fresh water on the globe?

8—What is the most valuable gem?

9—What is the greatest distance a baseball has been thrown?

10—What is a furlong?

11—What is pellagra?

12—How did a blend of liquors become known as a cocktail?

13—What is the flagship of the United States navy?

14—What deer provides a substance for making perfumes?

15—Are the orange, lemon, and grapefruit native American fruits?

16—What Pennsylvania city other than Philadelphia was once the capital of the United States?

17—Which is larger: the lion or the tiger?

18—How many facets has a perfectly cut diamond?

19—Approximately, how many members of the Union Army in the Civil War are still alive?

20—How long is a fathom?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What member of the United States Supreme Court has had the longest term of service?
A.—Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was appointed in 1902.

2—What is the effective range of the present United States army rifle?
A.—About 5,000 yards. The extreme range is about 6,000 yards—nearly three miles and a half.

3—Why are actors sometimes called Thespians?
A.—Thespis, the "father of Greek tragedy," introduced the drama in the sixth century B. C.

4—How many men signed the Declaration of Independence?
A.—Fifty-six.

5—What is mace?
A.—Ground husks of nutmeg.

6—When does the heart rest?
A.—Between beats. The actual contraction of the heart muscle takes about a tenth of a second. It rests until the next contraction, about eight-tenths of a second later.

7—What great American university was once called King's College?
A.—Columbia University. Founded in 1756, it changed its name after the Revolution.

8—How long is the longest shark?
A.—The largest species, the great basking shark, sometimes attains a length of fifty feet.

9—Where was the Mormon religion founded?
A.—At Fayette, New York, in 1830. Moving westward, the Mormons finally settled on Great Salt Lake in 1847.

10—Who was the first woman to wear a pair of machine-made silk stockings?
A.—Queen Elizabeth of England. They were given to her by the Rev. William Lee of Nottinghamshire, inventor of the first knitting-machine.

11—When were trade-unions first formed in the United States?
A.—Shipwrights, carpenters, and printers formed labor-unions in New York City between 1802 and 1807.

12—What is the largest lake in Europe?
A.—Lake Ladoga, in northern Russia, on the border of Finland. It has an area of about 7,000 square miles, approximately the size of Lake Ontario.

13—What is the greatest number of former Presidents who have been alive at one time?
A.—Five. Between 1861 and 1862, former Presidents Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan all were alive.

14—Why was Stonewall Jackson so called?
A.—The name dates from the Battle of Bull Run, when a Confederate general restored confidence in his men by shouting: "There stands Jackson like a stone wall!"

15—Who said: "If this be treason, make the most of it"?
A.—Patrick Henry, in his speech of protest against the Stamp Act.

16—What is "common law"?
A.—It is a law based upon custom and tradition. Much of English common law derives from the medieval period, when a custom was held to be a law after it had been observed "from a time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

17—What great composer became so deaf he could not hear his own compositions?
A.—Beethoven.

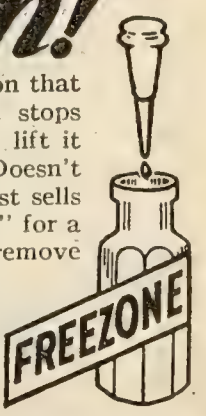
18—How large a vocabulary was used in translating the King James version of the Bible?
A.—Seven thousand two hundred different words.

19—What is the largest library in the world?
A.—The Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, the national library of France. It contains more than 5,000,000 books, manuscripts, maps, and prints.

20—How many shots can a machine gun fire in one minute?
A.—For an up-to-date gun, the number of shots a minute ranges up to 600.

"Oh! that Corn!"

Drop a little "Freezone" on that aching corn, instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers! Doesn't hurt one bit! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot callouses, without soreness or irritation.



He Lost $1,000,000 a Day for 130 Days

And thus began the collapse of the house of Armour. The story of the founding of the great meat dynasty by P. D. Armour, who built his packing company from nothing to a $200,000,000 company, and the wild speculations of J. Ogden Armour who doubled and redoubled the fortune, only to lose it all in speculations and post-war deflation, is one of the great modern business tragedies. How the fortune was built and lost is told in

The Fall of the House of Armour

By Edward Doherty

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK

Once Upon a TIME

Lazarnick photo

As Dictated by TONI, Jr., to

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 5 minutes 10 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

I'm going to tell you a story today. It's one my Aunty told me about a friend of hers when the friend was a little girl. I'll have to tell it my own way, which means that it must begin with " once upon a time."

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Fanny. Fanny's father had met with an accident. Fanny's Mama had to go to work so that Fanny and her small brother and sister would have something to eat.

Fanny's house was the simplest one in the block. But the children used to love to con-gregate in front of it, because Fanny's father, who had to sit in a wheel-chair on the porch all day, didn't mind how loudly they screamed when they played.

It cheered him to look on. And sometimes he carved dolls out of chestnuts for the little girls, and all kind of toys for the boys out of little bits of wood.

In the biggest house at the other end of the street there lived Tricia of the golden curls and the large blue eyes. Tricia's Daddy was very rich, and Tricia had a little pony and a lovely wicker carriage.

Many times she took Fanny to ride with her, for there sprang up between these two little girls a deep attach-ment. Tricia had no little brothers or sisters, and she used to love to come and help Fanny bathe and dress Bobby and Janey.

On Tricia's seventh birthday her Mama planned a beautiful party for her. Fanny was invited; but, with tears in her eyes, her mother told her that she could not go because she did not have a party dress to wear.

Fanny's heart was broken. When she heard her playmates all talking about the party and the new dresses each was having made, poor little Fanny would run away and hide so she wouldn't hear them.

She did not want to tell the reason why she wouldn't be able to go. She didn't want any one to know that her Mama and her Papa were having such a hard time, because her Mama felt very badly about it.

Fanny didn't even tell she wasn't going to be there, for fear they'd ask questions. Only to Nancy, good old Nancy with the rag body and the rag head, whom she let in on all her secrets. To her she'd say:

" Never mind, Nancy, we'll have a party all our own. Just you and me out here under the big chestnut tree. I'll make you a new dress out of the two pocket handkerchiefs I got for Christmas.

" And I'll pick a flower for your hair. And we'll have ice-cream with bright red cherries on it in the biggest dishes we can find. And lovely cake!

" And we'll have races," Fanny promised Nancy—" and games an' everything. We'll pin the tail on the donkey. The pump can be the donkey and the handle its tail. We won't even have to pin it on. And Daddy will cut you a chestnut doll to remember the party with.

" You won't forget your manners, Nancy," Fanny challenged. " You'll say ' please ' and ' thank you ' and ' I had a very nice time at your party.' "

Thus Fanny and Nancy planned every day what they would do at their make-believe party, while the other little girls were being fitted for pretty new dresses.

When the big day came, and the little girls who were playing hop-scotch in front of Fanny's door were called by their mothers to come and get ready for the party, Fanny's courage nearly broke down. She fought and fought to keep her tears back, and only a few did trickle out.

But these she wiped away quickly, because she didn't want her Mama to know that they had been there; for every time Fanny cried she noticed a look of deep pain pass over her Mama's face.

" Now," she said to Nancy, " we'll have to hurry for our party, too. First we must pick the flower for your hair, and then make your dress. And then we'll get the dish-pan for the ice-cream—"

At the mention of it, Fanny thought of the real ice-cream that would be at Tricia's party. And at the same moment Fanny remembered that she hadn't told anybody she wasn't going to the party.

" Maybe Tricia's Mama thinks I'm coming," she said to herself. " If she doesn't know I'm not coming she may wait for me. And the party will be so late—all because I forgot to tell Tricia's Mama I could not be there."

TRICIA stole both arms around Fanny.

THE clown balanced Nancy on his nose.

SO, without saying anything to anybody, and with Nancy under her arm, all dressed up, Fanny ran up to Mrs. Moffet's house.

There on the lawn were all the children she knew, the girls in their new frocks. Fanny hurried up the walk, not daring to look to the right or to the left, for fear some one would notice the crack in her shoes, or call out and ask her how she dared to come to a party in her old blue dress.

Up the steps she went, so fast she almost tripped on the top step. Instead, she fell breathlessly into the arms of Tricia's mother.

" I was so afraid you weren't coming, Fanny dear," said Mrs. Moffet. " I was just going to send Hannah down to see—"

" I can't come to the party, Mrs. Moffet," Fanny blurted out, trying hard to keep her little chin from quivering. " I haven't a party dress and that's why I can't come."

" Why, my dear, you have a lovely dress on. And Nancy! Could any one be more beautifully dressed for a party? Of course you're going to stay."

" I must go home now, Mrs. Moffet."

" Tricia, Tricia, come quickly," her mother called, holding Fanny's hand in a tight clasp. " Fanny says she can not stay for your party."

" I won't have a party if Fanny can't come," said Tricia, stealing both arms around Fanny.

Before Fanny could protest any more, which down in her heart she didn't want to do anyway, she was out in the group on the lawn, laughing and clapping her hands as loudly and as happily as any other little girl there.

The clown around whom they were circled, seeing Nancy under Fanny's arm, grabbed her and balanced her on his nose. Then he gave her a ride on his shoulder, and announced that Nancy was his girl and he was going to run away with her, but if any one could catch him then she'd be winner.

AROUND the lawn they ran, Fanny close on the heels of the clown all the time. Finally the clown fell down exhausted, and Fanny won her Nancy back.

Fanny's mother came home from work early that afternoon, and whether she didn't miss Fanny or only pretended she didn't miss her, nobody knows. Anyway, Fanny did stay for the ice-cream and cake, which she ate so much of, she was afraid it would show when she got up from the table, for she knew she bulged all over.

At Fanny's place at the table was a present tied up in gay tissue-paper, with ribbons around it. What do you think it was? A gold piece hiding away in a small box. On the box was Fanny's name, written plainly.

" They did expect me," Fanny said, when she saw her name spelled out there. " Oh, it would not have been nice at all had I not come to the party! "

When Fanny was leaving, Hannah was waiting, with a large package, to escort her home. In the package was a cake and a big brick of ice-cream, with Mrs. Moffet's love enclosed for Fanny's Mama.

So when Fanny got home there was another party.

Her Mama laughed de-light-edly when Fanny told her all about the clown's antics, and she brushed her eyes when Fanny showed the prize she got for pinning on the donkey's tail.

Not a word was said by Fanny about her not having a pretty new dress, because she didn't even remember that she didn't have one, such a good time did she have.

" And that," as Mom says, " is the end."

Toni's moved. And it's a very moving story she makes of it in next week's LIBERTY.

VOX POP

Sharkey Clicks

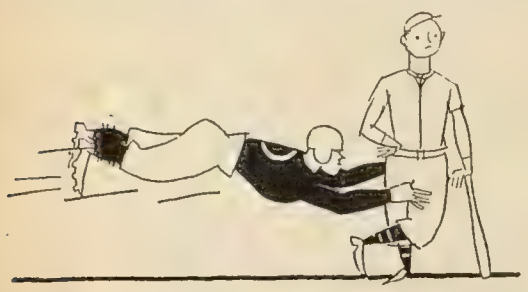
WRITTEN ON THE DEMPSEY-TUNNEY FIGHT SPECIAL FROM LOUISIANA, ONE DAY OUT—Your first article on Tom Sharkey, by Hugh Fullerton, is a *click*. Please have him write up Joe Choynski, the Battling Jew—one of the gamest fighters that ever lived. He only weighed 165 pounds—and once spotted the great Jeffries 60 pounds and got a draw.

He also had the great Fitzsimmons on the floor—and had the honor of being the only man to K. O. Jack Johnson (until he grew fat, old, and shaky and got K. O.'d by Jess Willard).—*Milt F.*

Diamond versus Gridiron

WOODCLIFF, N. J.—As a lover of sports I was interested in reading your editorial, King Football.

I think you are very much in error when you say: "Baseball used to be



our national game." It *still is* and always will be our national game.

It is true that football has had a remarkable growth, but it still must be classed solely as a college and school sport, and does not have the popular appeal for the man in the street that baseball has.

Another thing I doubt is that professional football will ever become a huge success. When you take the game away from the college or school atmosphere, it loses much of the color that makes the big games so interesting.—*Thos. E. Lang.*

Asks Advice—

ALAMEDA, CALIF.—It has taken me eight months to work up courage to send you a letter, and I will be very greatfull if you will publish my case.

I am unlucky with the wimmin. In my four years of High School I asked 27 girls out and each one refused. What is it? I have tried my best to act like the heroes in your love stories but I havent got "it."

My assets are very low as I have big feet, look awkward, blink, have a big nose, and am fat. Please give a love-sick young bachelor some advice on love.—*S. B. H.*

—And Gets It

SAN LEANDRO, CALIF.—Enter the scowling sheik—more foam on our permanent crime wave. Meaning, of course, your article, Mussolini—Idol of Women, by Alice Rohe.

We might ignore the warning against this silent ingress into our domestic coliseum, but the duce of it is, our daughters, wives, and sweethearts—God bless 'em—are falling for the lure.

Register: Broad, sullen brow. The eye of scorn. Sensual lips—two of them. Naughty stare. Impelling salute.

There, now hold it, men!—*R. E. C.*

Man-Haters

BUTLER, PA.—Where does Alice Rohe get that stuff that Mussolini is the Idol of Women? If there is anything that gets my goat, it's a man that thinks he's the berries.

Why not have some articles about the women who do not care about the men, and let the men get our point of view? This applies to the men all over the world, such as Lindbergh, Tunney, and the Prince of Wales.—*M. S.*

A Happy Home for a Dime

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.—Your weekly is the best and most inter-

esting magazine ever offered to the public.

My wife and I used to have an argument every Monday as to who would read it first, but—everything is rosy now! I buy two.—*W. K. Near.*

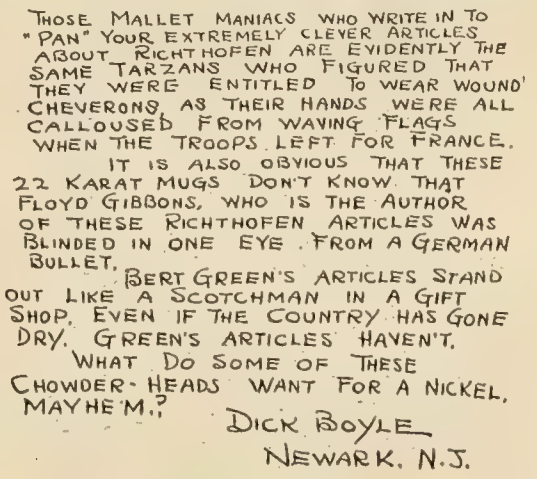
On Lady Cussers

NASHVILLE, TENN.—In a recent Vox Pop, P. B. B., of Pittsburgh, asserts that he has traveled below the Mason-Dixon line—whatever that is—and hastens to insinuate that while so doing he saw women smoking and heard them cursing.

Now, P. B. B., with whom were you associating while visiting below that mythical border?

Smoking *per se* is neither immoral nor detrimental so far as this writer knows. Perhaps cursing is not, though we doubt it. The fact remains that the better class of women in the South do neither. The habit simply has not percolated through their old-fashioned skulls as yet. Whether this is to their credit or otherwise, why, you tell 'em!—*A. B. Manning.*

Dedicated to Knickel-Knockers



Early Birds

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Congratulations! You sure are setting the styles for public reading these days. We are now snowed under with stories dealing with the airplane's activities in the World War. I fully believe you were the cause of this, with your wonderful thrilling, yet tragic diary, War Birds.—*A. V. Hueston.*

We Ought to Charge More

MARSHALLTOWN, IA.—Who's the clever individual who holds the stopwatch on the stories in LIBERTY?

In that article, The World's Biggest Laundry Bill—by Sidney Sutherland—he gave me eight minutes flat, and I lost! Yes, sir, I went four and one-half seconds over!

I got so badly jagged on those huge figures as I rushed past that I'm still light-headed from such a kaleidoscopic escapade. Never mind—that seems to be an interesting article.

I have proven myself to be almost as smart as that gink with the phony clock, so I'm going to sneak another look at it and read what it's all about!—*R. C. Edmonds.*

Distinguished Critics

GREENWICH, CONN.—We would like to hear more from Viña Delmar. Her story, She Has a Little Girl, is, without doubt, the best short story we have ever read.

It has what this so-called "modern generation" wants in the way of short stories—modernism, realism, and action. It is a relief to read a tale that isn't a stupid love-affair made up of a collection of impossible happenings, and one that doesn't knock this generation.

We think Miss Delmar could win any prize offered for an original short story and we would like to know something about her. Why not publish an article entitled: "Miss Delmar"?—*Ann and "Mac."*

Daring!

HACKETTSTOWN, N. J.—Not until I just read She Has a Little Girl, by Viña Delmar, have I felt like registering a "kick." I waded through it by sheer force of will. It is the most damnable piece of utter nonsense that I ever read, and this Delmar person should be squelched.

I know that any clean-minded person would not like such a literary "nightmare." I don't suppose you will print this, but I *dare* you to!—*Dr. Earl B. Townsend.*

Woman to Woman

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Viña Delmar! What a wonderfully human person you must be to meet! I like you! Or should I say your stories—all of them? Especially She Has a Little Girl—perhaps because it strikes a resounding chord in my life.

Your people live. They have what Elinor Glyn calls "It."

Good luck to you, and come often. —*Ethel Van Orden (a trouper).*

Wants Change for a Nickel

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Let's have a good Western story for a change!—*J. A. G.*

Beginning Our "Worst Story" Contest

ELDORADO, ILL.—Of all the poor stories that were in LIBERTY, I think that Why a Million Women Write to Me was about the rottenest I ever read! If you print any more bunk like that I think I shall find a different magazine for my nickel.—*N. V. Augustus.*

Tribute to a Wife

ROSELLE PARK, N. J.—A word of praise to Helen Christine Bennett for the article entitled If the Business Man Kept House.

I am a business man, have been married over forty years, and am in a

position to realize and appreciate the truth of all that Helen Bennett says. I have my business tribulations and cares; but how my wife manages, I am free to confess, I don't know. To me her management has always been a mystery. I couldn't do half so well. My hat is off to the housewife!—*H. A. Miles.*

BEG PARDON

In LIBERTY for October 1 appeared a short story, Murder, by Arnold Bennett. This tale carried an illustration of the murder scene, and a diagram of the billiard-room where the crime was committed. The picture and the diagram were in disagreement on the following points: First, according to the plan of the billiard-room, the body shown in the illustration was lying across the wrong side of the billiard-table. Second, the window should have been approximately where the cue-rack was and the cue-rack should have been on a different side of the room. Third, there should have been pockets—characteristic of the English game—in the billiard-table. Artistic license!

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"That's *Real* Pie"

Pie made with Heinz Mince Meat has that old time home-cooked flavor, but is made in the quick new fashioned way, because Heinz does most of the work.

From all over the world come good things to go into Heinz Mince Meat:—carefully selected spices bought by Heinz own buyers in far off lands where they grow best. Plump raisins—"Four Crown" Valencia from Spain. Grecian Case Currants. Candied Leghorn fruits—Citron, Orange Peel, Lemon Peel. Big red apples. Cider. Prime beef. All carefully selected, carefully prepared, carefully blended by Heinz.

With Heinz Mince Meat you can make—with no trouble at all—the very best pie your family ever ate. The taste is the test • • *When in Pittsburgh visit the Heinz Kitchens*

HEINZ MINCE MEAT

HEINZ PLUM PUDDING

Once upon a time women had to spend hours to make a plum pudding as good to eat as this. Now they buy Heinz Plum Pudding, heat it a few minutes and serve it with one of the two delicious sauces which the label tells how to make.

HEINZ FIG PUDDING

This delicious dessert is made of choice, luscious Smyrna figs. Just heat it a few moments and serve. It is rich with fruity flavor but very light and fluffy and easy to digest. There's a recipe on the label for a delicious sauce.

AND REMEMBER—HEINZ 57 VARIETIES ARE REASONABLE IN PRICE · *H. J. HEINZ CO.*

The tall can, diluted, makes an overflowing quart of pure rich milk

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LIBERTY'S Four-Color Printing *MAKES THIS APPETIZING BREAKFAST SEEM REAL*

THIS picture is a sample of LIBERTY's superior four-color printing, and it conspires with appetite to create sales of Carnation Milk.

Reprinted *exactly* as the original ad appeared in LIBERTY, on the *same paper,* from the advertiser's own plates. LIBERTY uses *58-pound cover stock* for *all* four-color advertising—over 15 pounds heavier than paper the Saturday Evening Post uses.

Hunger is a functional impulse; but appetite comes largely through the eye. LIBERTY's fine four-color printing increases food-product sales by creating forceful appetite appeal.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Friendly Fireside SUPPERS

By ETHEL SOMERS

FOR entertaining a group of kindred spirits or for building friendship with those whom you wish to know better, nothing can quite equal the cheery fireside supper. Whether served from a gate-leg living-room table, a tea-table, or a tea-cart pushed up before the fire, it is immensely cozy and homelike.

Menu for an Elaborate Fireside Supper

Tangerine Appetizer
Chow Mein with Fried Noodles — Rice Border
Orange Marmalade — Hot Ice-Box Rolls
Hot Savory Fruited Tea
Pineapple Ice-Box Cake
Toasted Marshmallows

Chow Mein

2 tablespoons fat from meat, or butter
1 cup chopped onions
1¼ cups sliced celery } or 3 cups celery
1½ cups mushrooms }
2 cups bean sprouts
¼ cup Chinese sauce
2 cups or 1 pound meat cut 1 by ½ by 1/16 inch (lamb, beef, pork, or chicken may be used)
1 cup water chestnuts (if desired)
1 cup bamboo sprouts (if desired)
4 cups Chinese fried noodles
Lettuce to garnish
2 hard-cooked eggs
½ cup shredded almonds

CHOW mein is as simple to make as chop-suey, except that there are more ingredients. Place the rectangular pieces of meat with the onions, mushrooms, bean sprouts, and bamboo sprouts (if used) in the hot fat in a frying-pan. Fry for 10 minutes or until the contents are brown and savory. Do *not* continue the frying until the food dries out. Add the celery and water chestnuts, if the latter are used, and enough water to cover the mixture. Cook these ingredients at a low temperature until tender. Do not permit boiling, as that toughens the meat. The whole cooks tender in about 30 minutes. Add the Chinese sauce and serve on a hot platter, arranging the rice in a border, shaping the hot fried noodles in a mound with the chow-mein meat mixture over the top. Or place the meat directly on the platter and combine the border of rice and hot fried noodles. Decorate with the lettuce and sliced hard-cooked eggs. Sprinkle blanched almonds over the top and serve with additional Chinese sauce if desired.

PREPARING meals is made easier, quicker, and simpler by following recipes given in 100 Standard Recipes. Too, Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks and A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes offer many delightful suggestions for lighter meals. Each book 10 cents, but you may have all three for 25 cents. Use coupon, please.

LIBERTY COOK BOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢. ☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I enclose.....cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name .....

Street or R. F. D.....

City..... State.....

11-5-27

Border Rice
(Chinese Method)

2 cups rice
2 teaspoons salt
1½ quarts water

WASH the rice thoroughly by rubbing under cold water. Add the rice to the boiling salted water in a *large* kettle. Cover the mixture tightly and boil rapidly until the water has been absorbed. An occasional stirring will prevent the rice from sticking to the kettle. Remove the cover and turn the fire low, leaving the rice to dry out. Cover the kettle, remove from the fire, and let stand in a warm place for 10 minutes to steam, or rinse quickly with boiling water and serve at once.

FIRESIDE tea-wagon suppers are an easy means of entertaining.

Chinese Fried Noodles

2 eggs slightly beaten
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups flour

No liquid other than the eggs

BEAT eggs slightly. Add flour gradually to form a stiff dough. Knead for 3 to 5 minutes, working in more flour if it is needed. This depends on the size of the eggs. The dough should be stiff enough that it will not stick to the board when rolled out thin. When the dough is thoroughly kneaded, wrap in a floured cloth and let stand for ½ hour. This overcomes "killed dough." Roll the dough to sheet-paper thinness. The board should be floured as lightly as possible and yet enough that the dough will not stick. Let stand 15 minutes, covered with a towel. Turn the dough over and let stand another 15 minutes to dry. Cut into various shapes or fine strips. Dry for a minute or two and place in a wire basket for deep-fat frying. Immerse in the hot fat (375° F.) for about 1 minute, or until delicately browned. Sprinkle with salt as soon as removed from the fat. Keep on absorbent paper in a warm place until ready to serve.

Savory Fruited Tea may be made by adding ½ tablespoon of lemon- or orange-juice to each cup of tea. Serve with thin slices of lemon or orange, and sugar. This may be prepared more simply by adding 1 teaspoon of orange marmalade or pineapple preserves as the sweetening.

Pineapple Ice-box Cake

¼ cup sugar
¼ cup water
4 egg yolks
¾ cup butter
2 cups confectioner's sugar
4 egg whites
1 to 2 cups grated pineapple, well drained
Sponge-cake or lady-fingers
1 cup cream, whipped
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons powdered sugar

COOK the sugar and water until the sugar is dissolved. Very gradually mix in the beaten yolks, stirring constantly. Cook about 5 minutes. Cool. Cream the butter and gradually work in confectioner's sugar. When well creamed add this to the cooked mixture and mix well. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites and 1 to 2 cups, as desired, of drained grated pineapple, fresh or canned. Pour into one large or individual molds lined with sponge-cake or lady-fingers. A good method is to make a sponge-cake recipe and bake in a thin sheet, spreading the dough to a 1/3-inch thickness before baking. From this baked sponge sheet cut circles to fit the bottom of the mold. Cut the remaining cake with a lady-finger-shaped cutter and arrange *à la* palisade about the edge. Set in the ice-box for 24 hours, and then garnish with whipped cream flavored with powdered sugar and vanilla. Use candied pineapple and cherries for decorations. Toasted coconut sprinkled over the top or mixed in with the whipped cream adds a great deal of flavor and color to the service.

Hot Ice-box Rolls

1 cup mashed potatoes
2 cups flour
¾ cup butter and lard
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
2 eggs, well beaten
1 tablespoon sugar
1 yeast-cake
½ cup lukewarm water
4 cups flour, additional

MIX the hot mashed potatoes and fat. Cool to lukewarm and add yeast, softened in ½ cup lukewarm water. Heat the milk, sugar, and salt to boiling. Cool to lukewarm and add to the potato-butter-yeast mixture. Beat in the well beaten eggs, and lastly mix in the 2 cups flour. Let stand in a warm place. When light, add the additional flour; knead and let rise. When doubled in bulk, roll the dough to ⅛-inch thickness for tiny rolls, or for larger ones to a ¼-inch thickness. Cut with a 2-inch or 3-inch floured biscuit-cutter. Crease each roll through the center. Spread half of the top of each roll with butter which has been melted and cooled to lukewarm. Fold each roll on the crease and pinch the edges together. Place in the ice-box immediately, before the rolls have a chance to rise. One hour before serving, remove the rolls from the ice-box and let rise in a warm place (80° F.) for 30 minutes, or until they are more than doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) for 20 minutes, or until brown. Open the hot rolls and butter before serving. Orange marmalade also may be used, if desired. Cover with a cloth and serve hot.

Tangerine Appetizer

6 tangerines
1 cup powdered sugar

PEEL the tangerines and remove every part of fiber from the outside. Chill thoroughly. Arrange these in flower-like positions about an upright cone of powdered sugar centered on an appetizer plate. Keep the service chilled until ready to serve. To shape the cone of powdered sugar, pack the sugar into a pastry-tube, a tiny wine-glass or a cone made of stiff paper. If the sugar has been packed tightly it will slip out readily on to the service plate.

Thin ICE

Willoughby Stakes Her Future Against an Hour's Happiness

A Serial by

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

(Reading time: 23 minutes.)

WILLOUGHBY CHAMBERLAIN was indifferent to her husband. When she fell in love with another man she planned a divorce—and got the shock of her rather placid life.

It came about in this way: Tom, her husband, idle, ineffectual, left her and their children and sailed for Europe on a summons from his mother, who was ill.

He could hardly have disregarded the maternal request, since it was the generosity of Mrs. Chamberlain the elder that made possible his delightful California home and all the luxuries that went with it.

When he got back, six months later, it would have taken a duller man than he not to realize that his wife's heart had strayed.

Willoughby confessed, almost with a touch of pride, that she had met and learned to love Andrew Fernald, an architect from Philadelphia, and that what she wanted was, first, her freedom, and then a second marriage.

Tom agreed, quite calmly, that she might have the divorce as soon as it could be arranged. Then came the jolt. The children, he announced, would thereafter be his — all three of them: Richie, age four, and the little girls, Willa and Patsy. It was his one condition.

Willoughby's heart was torn by the warring of two loves—and her children won. She wrote to Andrew that she could not see him again.

The finality of this wore on her cruelly. Her understanding sister, Dr. Mary Menzies, arriving for lunch, found her nerves in shreds. Mary was a nerve specialist. Her prescription for Willoughby was one last meeting, alone with Andrew. A dinner for two.

It was to take place in an apartment Mary had rented.

The tortured wife was to have her hour.

PART FOUR

THE change in Willoughby amazed, and slightly alarmed, Mary, who watched this metamorphosed sister during the remainder of the day furtively, with somewhat puzzled eyes.

Willoughby moved on air. She dismissed the subject of Andrew Fernald completely, and made no further allusion to the dinner engagement. A tremulous and radiant beauty had taken possession of her. Her eyes shone with a strange, liquid blue fire; her cheeks displayed the dewy bloom of apricots; she was all gentleness, all laughter, all sweetness. Mary thought she had never seen her so charming with her children. She played with them, drew them out, went into gales of gaiety over their responses.

At 4 o'clock she dressed, coming out of her room rather pale, rather silent, wrapped snugly in her squirrel furs, with the becoming plain fur cap drawn down to the film of rich gold hair that touched her evenly arched eyebrows. She put on a heavy pair of gloves, disappeared in the direction of the garage, and came

"Dead," she said aloud, softly, audibly. "He's dead."

back driving the small closed car.

The children had to be kissed; were sent back from the rainy patio into the warm house again. Willoughby turned the car from the drive, where wheel-tracks were marked with two long, parallel lines of coffee-colored water, and reached the broad highway, shining wet and black in the last of the day's somber light.

And now, briskly moving along in the shifting stream of the traffic, she showed her sister that delightfully sympathetic and intelligent interest that Willoughby had always taken in the lives of those she loved, and that Mary had missed for months.

She wanted all the news of her niece Mimsie, and Mimsie's husband and babies; Mary's cases, Mary's friends in Sacramento. Even the history of the San Mateo and Menlo Park houses, whose formal great gates they passed, was full of conversational openings for Willoughby this afternoon. She stopped to buy violets from a roadside stand; chattered joyously, excitedly, in a voice that almost threatened to break into song-notes.

And now and then, in a pause, a breathless, ecstatic "Oh, Mary!" burst from her almost unawares, and she laughed faintly, tenderly, with the sound of silver bells.

"You know you are taking a risk, Bill dear," the older sister said, when they came into the twinkling, streaming, dripping lights of the inky black city.

"I'll take it," Willoughby answered serenely, joy rising in her voice.

"I can not," Doctor Menzies mused—"I can not conceive *how* Tom Chamberlain, or anybody else, could possibly suspect anything. The man at the door admits you, takes you up. You tell him you are my sister; you could even say that you expect me, and are also expecting a gentleman to call—"

"Mary dearest, don't worry. It will all go off perfectly, *perfectly*—and by ten o'clock tomorrow I'll be home again! I might even, if the rain stops, go back tonight, on account of Richie's cold."

"I may have made the greatest mistake of my life in suggesting this," Mary Menzies murmured dubiously.

"Well, you didn't, darling! Why, Mary, I'm not a baby—I'm not a fool! If Andrew had been at a hotel I would probably have come in and had dinner with him in his room—I was just desperate enough to try it! As it was, he was at a club, and it couldn't be thought of. This solves everything—this solves everything," exulted Willoughby. "Mary," she added practically, in a tone that closed the subject, "where do you go—to the ferry?"

"No; drop me on Octavia—Dr. Muller's house. I want to see him. I'll call a taxi there."

"Not," Willoughby said amusedly, "old Fuzz-buzz?"

"Old Fuzz-buzz, as you used to call him, you bad girl!"

"Oh, Mary, don't tell me he's still alive!"

"Alive? He's only sixty. And he has a most affectionate recollection of you, too. He's retired—"

Mary enlarged upon the subject, but Willoughby was not listening. She set her sister down before an old-fashioned, small, bay-windowed house in Octavia Street, typically the comfortable, rather stuffy, conservative mansion of a retired old family doctor.

"Here, Mary," said Willoughby then, laughing and detaching the bouquet of violets from her shoulder, "take him these, and tell him I sent them with my love! I'll—I'll have some more!"

She was so mischievous, so strangely, palpitatingly alight, that Mary paused, in the very act of getting out of the car, and said, with a little rueful half-laugh:

"Willoughby, I needn't say—" She stopped.

Willoughby's warm, finely nervous hand, from which she had stripped the glove, touched her lips.

"No, goose, you needn't say it."

"There are certain questions, Willoughby," Mary said seriously, "that I haven't asked you."

Willoughby's delicious laugh rippled out.

"Don't ask them," she pleaded.

"I know," Mary murmured—"I know I can trust you!"

The other woman did not answer. Before Mary had rung the doctor's bell, the lights of the little closed car had picked up the reach of shining black street, wheeled dizzily at the corner, illuminated the open grocery doorway and the delicacy store, and disappeared.

II

OUT of the wetness and slipperiness and darkness came Willoughby, into the warm, dimly lighted peace of a square, stuffy foyer.

"Dr. Menzies' apartment?"

"Yes'm. Five. But she ain't in. Her boy's there."

"I know she's not in," Willoughby smiled. "I'm her sister. And I'm expecting a gentleman. Will you show him straight upstairs?"

"Don't want him 'nounced?" the hallboy asked, having brought the elevator, with herself inside, to the third floor.

"No, I don't think so. Just bring him up."

She went in. A delicious big, dark room, with one enormous window over the bay. A fire, unlighted, but Hong, who was shuffling about in a great state of contented hospitality, would light it. Lamps, books, rugs, even flowers—delicately sweet freesia lilies—

"Miss Mary tell you get flowers, when she telephone, Hong?" Willoughby asked.

Her heart was beginning to thump slowly and thickly with the suffocating joy of anticipation. Everything was fraught with a too-perilous sweetness tonight. Even chatting with Hong, even taking off one's rain-spattered furs, was mysteriously, dangerously a delight.

"No; I catchem."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THIN ICE
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

"You good boy catchem," Willoughby answered approvingly, in the idiom that is like a supplementary language to Californians. "You got good dinner?" she inquired.

The Chinese, old, leathery, agile, clad in stiff white, emitted a sinister chuckle.

"You wait see!"

She was content to wait and see. She sat down before the dressing-table in the bedroom, and studied herself in the hinged mirrors.

It was a beautiful face that looked gravely back at her, and she was perfectly conscious of it, although she did not often think of herself in any such terms. The rain had curled her mop of bright chestnut hair to a mass of exquisite silken rings; she lifted them on her brush, and they fell into whorls and films again about her forehead. Her eyes looked dark, shadowy; there were delicate amber circles about them; her cheeks were scarlet from the long run in the cold and wet.

And even as she looked at herself a smile—the triumphant, mysterious smile of the loved woman—twitched at the chiseled corners of her mouth, and deep sapphire lights sparkled and shone starrily in her eyes.

She had dressed for the part quite deliberately, in a plain, simple frock of dark golden-brown velvet; just such a dress as she might properly have worn to a home dinner or formal tea. But the point of the low-cut neck exquisitely displayed her flawless breast and the smooth round column of her throat; and the short skirt set off to perfection the slender ankles in gold stockings, and the childish round-toed, buckled brown-velvet slippers.

Golden-brown hair, all ruffles and curves; warm golden skin stained with apricot pink; golden-brown dress and slippers. She had been lovely in her life before, she would be in days to come; but she knew she never had touched and never would touch again this peak of glowing and shining and radiating beauty—this ripeness and perfectness of youth and love.

JUST before seven she went into the long, lamp-lighted apartment that was living- and dining-room in one. At the kitchen end, before the wood fire, Hong had set the small square table: the lamp beside it sent twinkles and sparkles among the glasses and forks. The swinging door into the kitchen was braced open. The Chinese was coming and going busily, with butter-balls, olives, ice. The air in the big room was warm, sweet, scented with pleasant things: rolls, pie-crust from the kitchen, and the pungent piny smell of the drowsing fire.

Willoughby went to the dark, wide window, and looked out into the night. The rain had stopped for a little while; a wind was moving strongly over the city; and high above, among tumbling masses of heavy clouds, a few stars twinkled uncertainly in the black sky.

Below her lay the long, irregular line of the piers: red lights, green lights, moved slowly along the dark water-front. A ferry-boat, pouring light from a hundred windows, plowed its course toward the prison island, toward the two shadowy points of land that framed the Gate. Across the bay the spangled lines of Berkeley and Oakland lay like thick chains of jewels on the gloom, twinkling, pulsing, throbbing in the night.

The moments throbbed by, too, like jewels on a chain in the dark. Every instant was bringing Andrew—bringing Andrew—to this exquisite room, this exquisite hour, this waiting room. Willoughby rested her burning face against the firm, black ivory of the pane; the golden-headed woman reflected there bent to meet her, and their cheeks touched.

LITTLE commonplace ferry-boats weaving their way to the dark tentacles of the Oakland docks; hundreds, thousands of tired, insignificant city workers going home—home to the five-room, six-room, plaster-faced cottages that were peppered all over those Berkeley and Alameda and Oakland and Piedmont hills. Cottages built like miniature haciendas, with patios and pipe-tile roofs; cottages built like tiny Colonial mansions, with green blinds and red shingles; every variety of arched doorway, Moorish grille, breakfast ingle, built-in and built-out garage.

And over each and every one of them a man and a woman had thrilled, seeing in a proud dream the pitiful half-dozens of the wedding silver laid out upon the little near-Colonial table, seeing the hooded baby-coach sunning in the microscopic back yard, seeing admiring friends enjoying the parlor set of two chairs and a davenport, enjoying the little logs that blazed in the miniature fireplace.

Suddenly, as if the thought of all this had acted upon her with the definiteness of a drug, a wave of utter distaste for what she was doing smote Willoughby, and she stood bewildered, sickened, for a minute, still staring out of the wide window, upon whose blackness was reflected the rich warmth and comfort and beauty of the room behind her.

A sense of tameness—staleness—flatness smote her thrilling mood like a blighting wind. What was she doing—Willoughby Chamberlain—posing here like a play-actress, with curled hair, pearls, perfume, Mary's apartment, and a man who was not her husband to complete the utterly theatrical setting?

Little babies in high-chairs, little kitchen ingles with silver spoons and napkin-rings in them, little window-boxes and garden paths—these were real. All these shabby, dull clerks plodding home to ordinary little bobbed-headed women in bright bungalow aprons, to imitation Spanish and Dutch Colonial homes, were real. But she, Willoughby, *wasn't real!*

The absurdity of it, the childishness of it—a grown woman, with a husband and home and three children, rushing through rain and dark to meet with eloquent, eager hands, with broken, theatrical phrases, with loving, desirous looks, a middle-aged man—Andrew was forty-seven—as hungry for flattery, forbidden words, forbidden looks, forbidden kisses, as she!

Shame flushed her face and strangely chilled her heart. It was not like her, it was not characteristic of the finely built, carefully disciplined person she had known for years as herself, to seek with this artless weakness and vanity for what meant only pleasure to herself—what could only rob and hurt every one else involved.

She felt cold, dull, heavy; and, in a deeper sense than she had ever known before, she felt herself Tom Chamberlain's wife.

"Cinderella," she said, half aloud, with a wild impulse toward flight—flight home again to Richie's cold and Kitty's stupidity and Patsy's idiotic rendition of her prayers. "Cinderella," said Willoughby, "the clock is striking twelve!"

THE clock in the room struck seven as she spoke, and with it the door-bell buzzed. Willoughby turned as Andrew Fernald came into the room. With one quick movement, his anxious eyes on her face, he took off his top-coat and handed it with his hat to Hong, and, putting the familiar square box down on a table, took Willoughby's hands in his own.

The fineness, the strength, the definiteness of him braced her instantly. She raised to his eyes her own blue eyes, luminous with an infinite content.

"Before you sit down, Andrew," she said, conscious of Hong's presence, "come here to the window and see Mary's view. Look—that's Berkeley, and Oakland there to the right. And over here—can you see Tamalpais?"

They stood in the shadow by the window, looking out. Andrew did not touch her; his fine head was bent, his eyes fixed upon the panorama below them.

As they looked the stars went out, and fresh rain showered soft and wet against the big window, breaking the reflected room into a thousand runnels of black and silver.

"Deena leddy, missy gir'," Hong said; and as they sat down at the small square table,

THE change in her amazed Mary, who watched this metamorphosed sister during the remainder of the day.

and Willoughby shook out her napkin, she told Andrew about the Menzies family, in which Hong had been employed for forty years, and that years and years before, when her sister Mary had been married to Wallace Menzies, Hong had christened the bride's little sister, eight years old, "missy gir'," and had never called her anything else.

"And he made my wedding-cake for me, too," she went on, quite innocently—and again the unwelcome sense of flatness and stupidity smote her. What was she made of, to discuss family matters—details that touched her present partnership—with this man whose very presence here belied all its sacredness and stability?

"Your father and mother were dead then—"

"Oh, when I was a baby! Mary was only eleven when we lost them both. My Uncle Joe took us—he was a bachelor doctor—up on a ranch in the San Joaquin. He was an angel to us. Mary met her husband there—Wallace was a young medical student; his health broke down, and he came up to the ranch to get well. She was seventeen then! I wish you could meet her—"

"I won't meet her now," Andrew said, with a little inclination of the head, a gesture of regret.

"You go tomorrow?"

He sighed, braced himself quite visibly, and raised his eyes to smile at her.

"I go tomorrow."

There was a short silence. Willoughby felt baffled, chilled; Cinderella's clock had indeed struck midnight, she thought ruefully; the enchantment was strangely gone.

WHEN Hong had taken away the dinner dishes and had put the table back against the wall, she and Andrew took the two big chairs on either side of the fire, and the man lighted a cigaret. Willoughby sat thoughtful, staring into the fire, and the full, soft rushes of the rain pattered and slipped on the black window-panes.

"You know, Willoughby," Andrew said presently, out of a silence, "when you telephoned this morning, I was ready—I had braced myself to be ready—to say that I could not meet you tonight."

Astonishment kept her silent for a moment. Then she said:

"You—you *thought* I would telephone!"

He raised unsmiling eyes, looked back at the fire.

"I thought you—might."

"Then," she said, after a pause—"then why *didn't* you say you couldn't?"

"Because," Andrew answered deliberately, again giving her one of his brief, serious glances—"because it was physically *impossible.*"

Her heart began its happy, thick beating again, and she looked down and made no reply.

"You have bewitched me!" Andrew confessed, with the sudden breaking of his olive-skinned, handsome face into its sunny smile. "You are not the first siren who has put her spell upon a helpless mariner! I am—frankly—bewitched. The world—the world has come to be—just Willoughby; no more and no less."

Willoughby brought her eyes quickly to his.

"So there is nothing but—to forget!" he said.

Willoughby looked at him, looked away, and was silent.

"I was thinking, Andrew," she began after a while, almost timidly, a little disconcerted at his controlled attitude, at the lack of passion or incoherence in his voice, "that—that a man and a woman oughtn't to go as far as we did—oughtn't feel free to talk of changes and plans—until they have thought it all out pretty seriously—if you know what I mean," she floundered.

"I know exactly what you mean!" Andrew said, in definite, quick approval, as she hesitated.

"It seemed to me the most important thing in the world," Willoughby went on, "our finding each other—finding such sympathy, such congeniality—such—" Her eyes watered, and she gulped, and smiled courageously, and struggled on. "It seemed so important—" she said simply; "but—but perhaps it wasn't."

He leaned back in his chair, folded his arms, and stared through narrowed lids into space.

"Perhaps it was not," he conceded briefly.

"You think it might possibly—" Willoughby began, and stopped. "Could it possibly be more—more constructive, more permanent—to *be* unhappy?" she began again. "To plod on, hating some of the things one does, bored—adoring the children, of course, and the garden, and spring, and runs in the car, and new hats—" she summarized it, with a little forlorn laugh, "but—but missing the real thing, the joy of loving, of having a companion beside one who—who makes even a lunch on a ferry-boat a great adventure—"

"So there is nothing but—to forget!" he said.

Andrew was silent for so long that she thought he had not felt the wavering and unfinished sentence a question and that his musing had carried him elsewhere.

But after a while he said, very low:

"Willoughby, it might be so."

A SORT of desolateness came over her, and she saw the fire through dazzles and arrows of light.

"We have to give it all up—get over it, somehow?" she said.

"Willoughby, we knew that."

And after another long silence, he said:

"I would give you love, God knows. There has never been a woman like you in my life—never anything so beautiful, so loving, so—so much what I have dreamed. But that isn't enough for a woman like you! I've come to see that—just in these last terrible days.

"I'd put you in my home in Philadelphia; I'd adore you. The world would gather about you. You and I would travel to little places in odd parts of the world, pick up tapestries and old spoons, read books, listen to operas—

"But it wouldn't be enough! It wouldn't be enough! You would always feel that back of you there was not what—what a woman like you *must* have back of her—must pass on in turn to her children, and their children—the rights of the home, the household, the clan, the line.

"Those things—with you—go deeper than anything I could ever give you, and I'd know it, Willoughby, and it would kill me. Your little girls, your boy, the questions they would ask you: all that would change you, harden you—make you bitter as the years went by—the knowledge that you had compromised—

"I don't know—I don't know what sort of a bond marriage is!" he broke off suddenly, putting his head down in his hands and rumpling his hair boyishly. "I don't know what its secret is, or why it persists and persists and persists, through all the civilizations, through all the years—

"But I know that a woman like you, coming to me, living in my house, would feel herself only my mistress to the end, even if we had been married with bell and book and all the rest of it! Life would be heaven if Tom Chamberlain were dead, and hell if he were living!

"Willoughby, I could take care of your heart and your mind and your body, I think—make my whole life one effort to keep you the happiest woman in the world. But I couldn't satisfy the soul. And when your letter came the other day—that brief, cold little note—"

"Tom dictated it," she said, lips parted,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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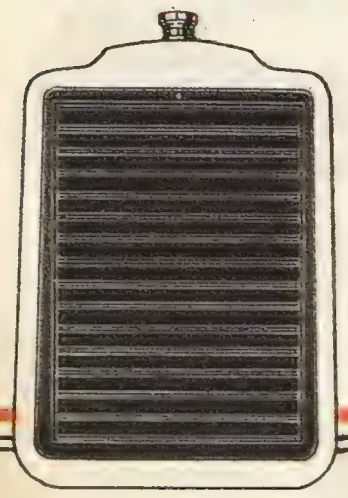

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[THIN ICE Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

eyes widened, while she hung upon his words.

"When I had that note I knew that sacrifice—unhappiness—are *real,* and that taking what one wants—isn't, somehow—is dead-sea fruit."

Real, again. Tired men going home to five-room bungalows, real. And this room, scented with violets and freesia lilies, unreal. Richie's cold, Patsy's prayers, real again. But Andrew Fernald, sitting opposite her, grave and handsome and devoted, only a shadow.

She was silent, her heavy lashes beaded with tears, her hands locked quietly in her lap, and her eyes on the fire.

The apartment was very still now. They had lingered over their dinner; it was 10 o'clock. Hong had long since ordered and locked and darkened his own special domain, and departed for the oily, odorous, teeming alleys of Chinatown. The rain fell thickly, with a soft plushy sound, against the windows. The clock ticked in the long pause.

"I'm not sorry!" Willoughby burst out suddenly, childishly, as if speaking to her own thoughts.

"No, and I'm not sorry," he said.

DRIVING in with Mary today, her fluttering thoughts had imagined a different scene here tonight; had imagined—in a series of incomplete, ecstatic flashes—Andrew kneeling beside the chair in which she was ensconced so deeply now, Andrew's arm half about her, his ardent, burning eyes upon her face. She had imagined her fingers straying in his hair, as they had so often longed to stray, and her cheek presently resting quietly against his while they stared into the fire together, murmuring, smiling, silent again.

Now, strangely, she felt as if in all the days of their acquaintance he had never been so far from kissing her, nor she from desiring that kiss. A great pity, a great sadness, for the disillusionment of life invaded her soul, and with a philosophical and rueful smile she said:

"Isn't it all much ado about nothing? What—what microbes we are!"

"Aren't we?" he asked quickly, emphatically, looking up. He leaned back in his chair, half shutting his eyes, and presently opened them to smile dreamily across at her and say:

"Heaven — heaven — heaven — to be sitting here with you, to hear your voice, to know that you—that you and I are friends."

"The most wonderful friendship of my life," Willoughby said steadily.

And the atmosphere quivered, pulsed between them like tiny tongues of flame mounting through lightly piled brush.

"Some day, if we chance to be in London together—" the man said, "we'll talk—we'll be friends again!"

"Or Philadelphia, or Washington—" Willoughby added.

"Or Milpitas!" he completed it, with a desperate, mirthless laugh.

And they talked of a day when he had met her in Berkeley, and she had driven him down to Palo Alto, where he had first seen her children, and the Spanish plastered house with the parrot in the sunshiny patio; and Foy Lung had made his famous fish-cakes for the guest. And at countrified little Milpitas they had had to wait, talking, while a tire was being changed.

From that their reminiscences went to even earlier days: the tea at Mrs. Robinson's, the summer dust blowing cool in San Francisco streets, and Willoughby and her little car taking the Philadelphia architect to his club—that club he had rarely found time to visit since.

They had talked—ah, the satisfying delight of that first talk! Willoughby had been amazed that nobody had yet taken him through Chinatown. She had three exacting babies herself, and must get home, or she would constitute herself his guide then and there, she had said.

But what about tomorrow?—he had pleaded. And Willoughby, after an instant's consideration, had agreed to show him, tomorrow, the most romantic and jumbled and odorous and picturesque bit of the Orient to be found in all America. Her girls would be in school, her boy asleep, and Mr. Chamberlain—

Mr. Chamberlain was in Paris, with his mother. She, old lady, had been taken ill over there; she lived there, except for a California visit once a year. Willoughby had been planning to go with him—she had never seen Paris—but the ubiquitous Light Infantry—

He had had a deep, significant smile from the beautiful blue eyes; he had thought what a wonderful thing a sweet young mother was.

"You have children, Mr. Fernald? Is there a Mrs. Fernald?"

And his face had clouded, grown grave.

"No children. Our boy—just an infant—died fifteen years ago. And Mrs. Fernald—" He had paused. "We were divorced about five years ago," he had admitted, "and she immediately remarried."

THEY remembered this first talk tonight, and other talks; other thrilling and trembling moments that had strengthened and tightened the bond between them. The moment, in an old book shop in Sutter Street, when Andrew had said to her huskily, unemotionally, without glancing at her:

"You see how it is with me. You see how it is with me. For God's sake—don't be angry with me—"

The violets, the books, those telephoned messages which they had lingered to prolong with every tone, every half-syllable; silences that were filled with magic—these they reviewed tonight.

The clock struck midnight, struck one; and still the mur-

mur, the half-sad, half-happy voices went on. Willoughby's hand dropped from the arm of her chair, and Andrew's big warm fingers caught it tightly, and he moved his chair, without loosing it, so that he could hold it still. And she felt the current of his touch run through her, felt her heart begin the treacherous hammer-stroke again.

"My God—if it might have been different—" he said in a strained tone. "If this—our being here—could have been right! If I might once have had you in my arms—"

Willoughby was trembling. Something kept repeating, in a frightened sort of monotone, deep within her being: "You should not have come this far—you should not have come this far, unless you expected this—it is after one o'clock—you are alone here with this man who idolizes you—"

And again she thought: "What am I doing here—Tom Chamberlain's wife?" But Tom seemed a vague dream—very far away—

She said to herself that if Andrew came to kneel beside her chair *now*, to half-circle her with his arm *now*, in the dreamy silence and warmth and shadowy darkness of this room—

And as the thought came, as if he shared it, he moved from his chair and was beside her, and their arms were locked together, and his cheek was pressed against her own, tightly—tightly—until she almost could have cried out with the pain of arrested breath, crushed lips, crushed breast.

"My God—my God—my God!" she heard him murmur. "You belong to me—you are mine!"

"Andrew!" she said in a sharp whisper. And as she pushed his face away, with her fingers pressing his cheek, he rose, and walked to the window and stood looking out into the dark.

Willoughby sat motionless, her thoughts racing about like small trapped animals seeking an escape—from this room, from Andrew, from herself. She ought to get out—she ought to get away—

SHE sat paralyzed. And across the futile jumbling of thoughts and senses she heard his voice, cool and cutting and hard:

"I'm going now."

He did not turn from the window. Willoughby tried to speak; she felt as if she were in some dream—she could neither move nor use her voice.

This seemed to last for a long, long time. And then she moved, got to her feet, and went—with some blind idea of going to stand beside him, to say some commonplace, simple thing in good-by. And as she reached him he turned.

The room seemed to lurch, for Willoughby, in that second, with the cosmic horror that turns human brains. Andrew's face—Andrew's *face*—his mouth working—trying to speak—his eyes—

He tottered slowly toward her, like a thing pivoted, and, as she put out both her hands to brace him, slipped—slipped—

"*Andrew!*" she said.

The sharp, sibilant whisper cut through the room like a blade. The clock ticked, the last pink ashes settled wearily in the fireplace with a little sigh. The rain fell in irregular swishing showers against the windows.

But the man who had fallen before her on the rug did not move. Willoughby stood, for one heart-splitting second, staring at him as he lay there, the fingers of one hand pressed tightly into her cheek, her other hand over her heart.

The clock struck the half-hour after one. Suddenly she sank on her knees beside him, shaking him, trying to bring back to the unconscious face the life that had been here—here in this room!—only a few seconds ago.

The color had drained from his cheeks; they were the tone of old ivory. His eyes were not shut, the lids were half lowered; there was a terrible—a hideous—lack of response in the line of cloudy, dull blue that showed beneath them.

WILLOUGHBY'S sharp whisper went through the quiet room like a bullet:

"Andrew! My God—answer me! *Andrew!*"

The world seemed to jar with a sudden and fearful clamor; black shadows swept about her, in the reeling vertigo of her fear and horror. Willoughby fought madly, blindly, to preserve her senses, her reason.

She dropped his hand, the hand she had been frantically chafing, the cool, lax hand that fell so dully, so without direction, to the floor. Still kneeling, she backed slowly away from him, then sank to the floor, dilated eyes fixed fearfully upon his dull unmoving face, her fingers clawing at her dry throat.

"Dead," she said aloud, softly, audibly. "He's dead."

And then for terrible seconds there was no sound in the room.

This for a long, long time. Then Willoughby spoke aloud again, clearly, in a tone into which there had crept something of an animal's note of blind terror:

"Ah, my God, no! No! Not dead! Andrew—"

A few minutes ago he had been sitting there, before the dying fire, talking to her quietly, naturally. And now, with the violence of a cannon-ball crashing through these peaceful walls, something else had come in—

Something that had taken away Andrew Fernald, vital, strong, intelligent, responsive, and had left, in his place, that black thing—that strange motionless shadow so close to Willoughby's feet. Something that had split her world in two for her, never—howsoever she might patch the pieces—to be the same world again.

A man's life, ending, has tangled the threads of a woman's future. Willoughby's heartbreak and dazed horror are overshadowed by fear—fear of the tongue of gossip. Will it be let loose against her? See next week's instalment.

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LIL WATCHES HER STEP!

And Plays the Feminine Lead in a Risky Office Drama

A Chapter of Business in LIBERTY'S Popular Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

LIL was in her usual before-lunch mental vacuum, just following her morning's dictation and preceding the noon extras.

"Get me a tuna fish on rye with Russian dressing," she told the office-boy, "and coffee in a container. I've got to shop this noon." And she added "Sawdust for polishing engagement ring" to an already extensive shopping-list.

The telephone!

"Miss Morse—I mean Mrs. Jenkins—speaking," she murmured.

"Well, don't sound so blah-blah," a voice said between chewing-gum chews. It was her freckle-faced cousin, Jane Brown, who worked in the telegraph office and got all big news ahead of time. "I called up to tell you they found that opera-singer's plane."

"They did?" Lil gasped. "Where under the—"

"Give me a chance, dearie. It seems she does all her practising up in the air, an' she was singing encores over Ohio an' forgot where she was flying—and landed in a pumpkin-field in Jersey."

"Oh, Jane, did you ever?" Lil asked.

"I bought a little cactus garden for the sideboard," her cousin added. "Only four ninety-eight. An' I just saw Sandy go by with a woman."

"Oh!" Lil cried. "What did she look like?"

"As if she needed to reduce," Jane giggled. "It was your mother!" And she shut right off, leaving Lil in a kink of laughter.

"Here's your tuna fish," the office-boy announced.

The boss' door squeaked. An unfortunate omen. Lil hurriedly hid her business-girl's repast in the bottom desk drawer, between her rubbers and the valance of a glazed cretonne curtain she hoped to match some day. She sniffed three times.

"M-m-m-m," she thought. "Bay rum!" And she knew the boss was right in back of her.

"Lil," he said, in a deep voice. Then he added, "my dear!" quite dramatically.

"Yes?" Lil asked, reaching for a shorthand book.

Her boss walked to the window, looked across at Collins' Garage park-your-car-and-have-it-washed-here sign, and then came back to Lil's desk via the water-cooler. By stepping cater-cornered on the linoleum his shoes just fitted into every other black square!

"I have a little—er—a little gift. A—a—a belated Hallowe'en present," he told her. He sounded impressive. Lil had often thought that he had a Broadway manner, and once she caught him at 5 o'clock in a Thespian spasm. He was reciting

"The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn."

Now he placed a package on her desk. Instinctively she wiggled her engagement and wedding rings. A gold vanity box!

"It's just a business gift, Lil," the boss said. "And I hope you won't think I'm overstepping the bounds of convention if I also invite you out to lunch today?"

Lil suddenly felt like *Bertha*, the sewing-machine girl, getting a bid for the Ritz. If she went, how would Sandy take it?

"Oh, I do thank you," she murmured. "It's really beautiful. But I can't accept your invitation, too. I've already dined."

She wondered if the strong odor of tuna fish in her desk was as evident to the boss as it was to her!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Restful Movies

Little Carter went to the movies Saturday afternoon, which is children's matinée. The little ones are an interested audience and lustily cheer for the hero and hiss the villain.

When Carter came home we asked him if it was very noisy. He replied:

"Gee, yes! As close as I was to myself, I couldn't hear myself yell."—Mrs. E. Engelman, 236 Ashdale St., Olney, Philadelphia, Pa.

All Kinds

Little Suzanne came beaming in to kindergarten one morning and exclaimed with pride:

"Our dog has four dear little puppies, Miss Speed."

"How lovely!" said the teacher. "What kind are they, Suzanne?"

Suzanne thought just a moment, and replied:

"Shes and hims."—C. K. Ryan, 1969 Deer Park Ave., Louisville, Ky.

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No Watching
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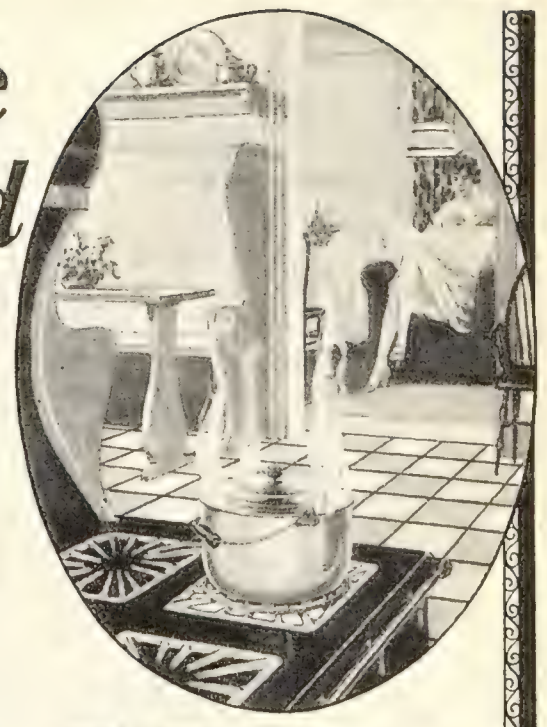
No More Ruined Kitchen Ware



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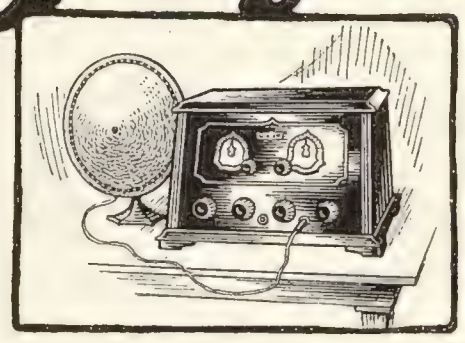
Boys ~



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CLOTHES that Make Your DREAMS Come True

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, October 9.

CLOTHES are the first introduction to the real woman. Before the words, "Allow me to present Mrs. ——," or "Miss ——," can be spoken, the clothes the lady wears have introduced her, and have awakened a desire to know her better, or the reverse.

The woman who wears clothes having an air of distinction creates an impression more potent than a coroneted visiting-card. She may have been born in a sod house or a slum. That has nothing to do with the case. Everybody believes instantly that her distinguished clothes bespeak a distinctive personality. They want to know her. She has been well presented.

The surest way to become what you want to be is to look the part. Clothes help you to success because they make you radiate prosperity, even though they deplete the purse. But to have prosperous-looking clothes is not nearly enough as an introduction to whet the appetite for further acquaintance.

Taste, charm, and personality must be present in well balanced proportions.

Taste and even charm can be bought in the clothes marts, but personality has to be carefully tended to bloom as it should. All, however, are possible acquisitions for any woman who wants to get them incorporated into her clothes.

There is no relation between the two sexes, whether personal, commercial, or merely polite, which is not affected by the element of dress—on both sides. There is no career, business or professional, that is not aided or hampered to a degree by the clothes you wear.

Where women fail most frequently to get the complete power that perfection in dress can give is in the ensemble from head to heel-plates. Many women can choose a dress, a coat, or an ensemble which combines successfully an exclusive chic, taste, and charm, and even personality. Other women have a real talent for hats, and others for shoes and accessories. Not one woman in a thousand will put all of these together and produce an effect of real distinction.

Anything that is smart is beautiful because it is smart, because it belongs completely to, and expresses perfectly, the moment. A smart wardrobe speaks of success and the prestige of success as no other thing can.

Made of grege satin, this bridge frock has graceful lines.

This Lelong ensemble of black velvet and white crepe satin with ermine produces an effect of opulence, taste, and charm.

Chantal unites a jacket of diagonal wool with a tweed skirt flared by set-on panels.

Of rare distinction is this Suzanne Talbot evening frock of black chiffon with a narrow belt of rhinestones.

If you want to be well introduced to business or sports, wear such an ensemble as is shown in our Chantal sports costume, which has the chic of newness and taste and charm. The tweed skirt, in brown and white, is much smarter than any plaited skirt, with its set-on curved panels with inverted box plaits down the center. The brown diagonal-wool jacket is shorter than the jacket of last season, giving new and intriguing proportions.

A simple blouse of white crepe de Chine is worn beneath this jacket. A plain brown felt hat with a big bow of satin on the right side is the right millinery note, and beige hose with plain brown pumps are the proper foot notes. Beige slip-on gloves and a simple brown leather bag make the rare perfect sports ensemble. No jewelry except a simple string of pearls.

The introduction for the afternoon, in toilette form, is much more luxurious and exotic. The Lucien Lelong ensemble is a highly successful type. The black velvet coat is collared with ermine and lined with plaited white crepe satin in dull and lustrous bands. The blouse is of tucked and plain bands of crepe satin with a rhinestone-buckled belt. The skirt is of finely plaited black velvet. With this are worn beige hose, black slippers, a white felt hat, and several strings of pearls. A black antelope bag and white gloves are completing details.

FOR all of the between-dark-and-daylight occasions slightly more brilliant clothes, of softer textures and more flowing lines, create the atmosphere of impelling personality. The bridge frock at the extreme left explains the type to choose.

Evening is the time for subtlety rather than jeweled embroideries. The Suzanne Talbot evening gown is the individual gown that is most alluring. Made of black chiffon, the skirt is laid in fluted panels. A bow on the left shoulder has a long, flaring panel end, and a narrow belt of rhinestones marks a normal waistline.

Mme. Talbot created the silver helmet cap that adds so much charm to this toilette.

WINTER STYLES Are In

By
MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

AT last the autumn demoiselle is emerging into something distinctly definite in outline, color, and even in point of view. She is longer-skirted, demurer, and withal more tolerant than her flapper predecessor of recent years. Her head is swathed in what you might think was a bathing-cap, except that it is of felt or ribbon velvet. At any rate, she obeys the fashionable dictate that one must look as if ready to swim the Channel if the reward is large enough.

This cap is drawn farther back on the head than hats have been worn recently. It covers the hair line along the neck, binds the temples, and leaves the eyebrows free, in a movement that is very becoming. Old-fashioned prettiness is verily coming into style again.

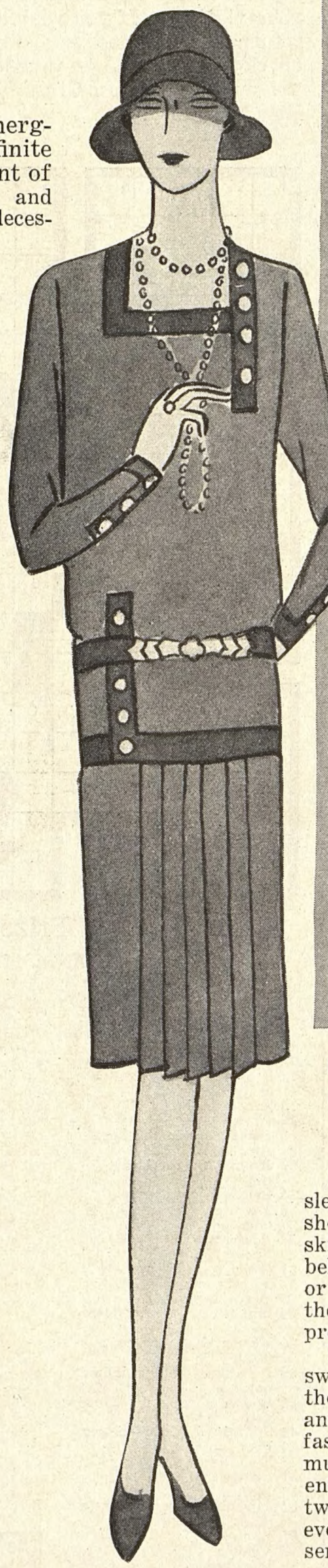
She is arranging her costuming so that her boy friends can borrow a phrase from Thomas Percy—if they ever heard of him—and call her "the nut-brown maid." For this is the pre-eminently fashionable color of autumn. The color of the dead leaf is the color of the very live young woman. Once again gray has made a bid for popularity and failed to achieve it. One sees it in the shops of Paris and one sees it on the streets. It is acknowledged; it is even accepted. But beige and brown and black are the colors that dominate the fashions, with a very great deal of a new shade of greenish blue.

The nineteen-twenty-eight model of the flapper will perhaps follow a very significant fashion note and have her costume of two colors, as in our sketch that combines a black velvet jacket-shaped blouse with a beige jersey skirt. In this case, her stockings are of beige with black heels. She may wear a circular skirt, as in this model. Or she may have all of the fulness drawn forward, in a movement first introduced in evening clothes. She may even have a godet inserted in the front half.

In accepting any of these devices, she bows to the most important fashion dictate of the day: she waves farewell to her beloved plaits that she has clung to for so long while the various couturiers, combined and separately, have tried to take them away from her, and she has bidden the straight silhouette good night.

She wears her waistline higher than it was last season, but still scarcely up to normal, and she accepts the movement introduced by Louiseboulanger in evening clothes—of a comparatively low beltline in the back which mounts as it comes toward the front. This is good now, even on sports clothes. At any rate, she is pretty sure to wear a belt of some sort or description, and this is the newest winter model of our young woman as she is seen racing round over two continents.

One is becoming, of course, interested in the "little dress to wear under the fur coat"; but if one is now arrayed in a costume complete unto itself and the season, one wears an ensemble in four parts, or instalments, as some one said.



DARK blue bands and ivory-colored buttons give this dress of Alice blue crepe a charming distinction.

A BLACK velvet jacket-blouse and a beige jersey skirt are worn with beige stockings and a small black velvet hat.

THIS dress is in a new autumn shade of greenish-blue crepella, trimmed with inset braid; suitably worn under a fur coat.

For example, the long-sleeved sweater and the short-sleeved gilet and the skirt and the long coat all belonging in one cluster or family, according to the figure of speech you prefer to employ.

The skirt and the sweater are of one color, the gilet and the coat of another, based on the fashion mandate that there must be either two different kinds of material or two different colors in every well-set-up ensemble.

Jersey in rose beige is probably the most widely accepted material in the world today, and all of the feminine part of Paris is running round in it, in one form or another.

The material is lovely when combined with brown velvet.

Aside from the features above mentioned, all of the new points of interest lie in details.

The third model incorporates one of these, which consists in the use of braid, not set on but set in, or "inset," as the technical phrase goes.

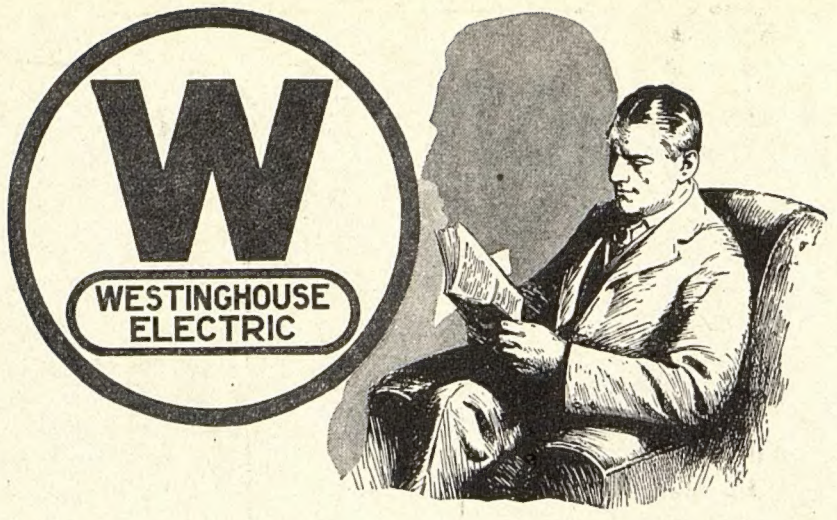
That is to say, designers clash the material, as they are so fond of doing today, and use the braid as if it were the insertion that we used to trim our lingerie with.

From the model thus incorporating it (by Premet) one gathers that the V line is still popular, and all three illustrations show the well established collarless neck.

THE frock of the new bluish green—or is it greenish blue?—crepella is excellent to wear under a fur coat. In case of the absence of this latter feature, one of the dressmaking houses is making a lovely coat in black cloth trimmed in black caracal especially to accompany a dress of this shade.

Long-sleeved lace dinner dresses are popular, and flowers ought to match your jewels, of which you should wear as many, particularly round the wrist, as you can assemble.

The dress of Alice blue crepe is trimmed with dark blue bands and ivory-colored buttons.



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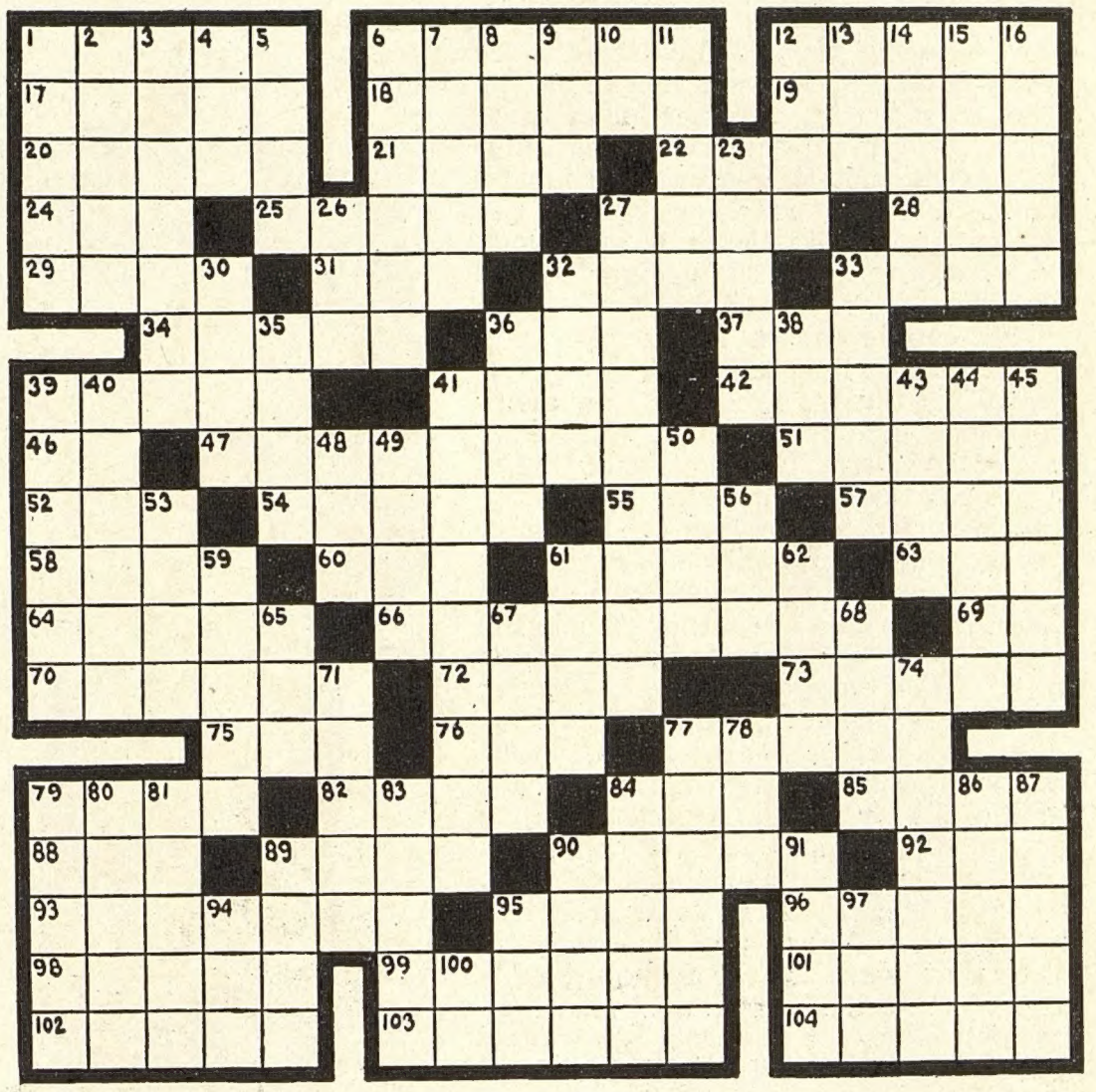
WHEN you go after that $25, it is necessary to keep in mind a few simple rules: Size of puzzle—not more than twenty-one nor less than fifteen squares in breadth or height. Words—any that may be found in an English dictionary; use few, if any, abbreviations. If you wish a question answered, or your contribution returned, please enclose a stamped, addressed envelop (attach stamp to envelop). The $25 is awarded for the best puzzle—*not* for a solution to a puzzle. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 61

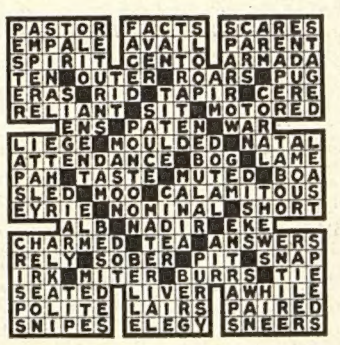
By URANIA M. SHELDON, New York City

HORIZONTAL

1 Antic
6 The Muse of astronomy
12 Hesitate
17 A genus of tropical plants
18 Reception-hall
19 Apart
20 Pertaining to the nose
21 American Indians
22 Having no certain course
24 Printer's measures
25 Town in Belgium
27 One
28 Performance
29 Spoke
31 Over (poetical)
32 Insects
33 A singing voice
34 Maker of a solemn promise
36 Fine, soft, hairy coat
37 Eagle
39 Polishing and grinding powder
41 Desert mostly in Mongolia
42 Slightly defective paper
46 Pronoun
47 Evening of yesterday
51 Bridge supports
52 Plan
54 Thornlike growth on a plant
55 Limb
57 Vehicle
58 Paradise
60 High in the musical scale
61 Otherwise called
63 Beetle
64 Molding in the base of a column
66 Primary
69 Egyptian sun-god
70 Lines cut by a scythe
72 Gazed intently
73 Dirty; vile
75 Beverage
76 Humanity in general
77 Hurls
79 Entreat
82 Day of the ancient Roman month
84 Hastened
85 Lowest portion of a mine-shaft
88 Cereal grain
89 Norse god
90 South American rodents
92 Long, narrow inlet
93 Student at Eton College
95 Every
96 Document
98 Parents
99 Beard
101 Plant of the rose family
102 In architecture, certain narrow passage
103 Penetrates
104 Concise

VERTICAL

1 Stems of a palm
2 Genus of lizards
3 Apathetic
4 Feminine proper name
5 Depend upon
6 Exacter of high interest
7 Classifier
8 Beverages
9 Negatives
10 Large moth
11 Concerning
12 Excrescence on the skin
13 Masculine proper name
14 Relating to life
15 Official public notice
16 The right-hand page
23 Upright part of a step
26 American author
27 Peerless
30 Flat-bottomed boat
32 River in France
33 Caper
35 Y-shaped things
36 Toward the front
38 Ribbed fabric
39 Ants
40 Grassland
41 Well bred persons of good character
43 Perused
44 Misplays in baseball
45 Stray animal
48 Spring
49 Piece of baked clay
50 Ireland
53 Suburb of Constantinople
56 Entangle
59 Having a flavor like nuts
61 Word of solemn ratification
62 East Indian timber trees
65 Pronoun
67 Month of the Jewish calendar
68 Small parcels of land
71 Town in Turkey
74 One who seizes illegally
77 Hiding-places
78 Collection of facts
79 Writings in verse
80 A rating for assessment
81 A mite
83 A dent
84 A snake
86 Airs
87 Analyze and describe grammatically
89 River in France
90 Part of the head
91 Unimportant quarrel
94 Siesta
95 Devour
97 Salutation
100 Upon



Answer to Puzzle No. 60

Don't sing a song of six-pence
A nickel is enough!
And when you bake the blackbirds
If you should find them tough
Just get a pack of Double Mint
Let everybody *sing*
"Wrigley's after every meal
Is just the very thing!"
MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

For a Real Peppermint Treat get Wrigley's Double Mint and enjoy this new and better Peppermint flavor.

WRIGLEY'S Double Mint is good—and good for your teeth, mouth, breath, appetite and digestion.

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H83

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